

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXV.



BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1870.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

R
051

At

V. 25

Jan.-June 1870

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Accident, The Value of	Charles Collins 172
Adventurers and Adventuresses in New York	Henri Junius Brown 312
Alpine Home, An	Angelo Tacchella 498
Americanism in Literature	T. W. Higginson 56
Among the Isles of Shoals, II., III., IV.	Mrs. Celia Thaxter 16, 204, 579
Blue-Jay Family, The	T. M. Brewer 480
Blue River Bank Robbery, The	W. G. Woods 332
By Horse-Car to Boston	W. D. Howells 114
California Earthquakes	N. S. Shaler 351
Captain Ben's Choice	Mrs. Francis Lee Pratt 337
Channel Islands, The	Mrs. Lynn Linton 354
Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte, The	James Parton 712
Drives from a French Farm, I.	P. S. Hamerton 656
Duel of the Spanish Bourbons, The	Richard West 626
Duluth, A Week at	J. T. Trowbridge 605
English Governess at the Siamese Court, The I., II., III.	396, 554, 739
Father Mériel's Bell.	J. K. Hosmer 179
French and English Illustrated Magazines.	Eugene Benson 681
From Pennsylvania Hills to Minnesota Prairies	J. T. Trowbridge 272
Gods of Wo Lee, The	Sidney Andrews 469
In Behalf of the Birds	T. M. Brewer 257
Is Marriage Holy?	Henry James 360
Hazlitt, William	H. T. Tuckerman 664
Hopes of a Spanish Republic	Richard West 365
Joseph and his Friend, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.	Bayard Taylor 30, 129, 262, 385, 513, 642
Lauson Tragedy, The I., II.	J. W. De Forrest 444, 565
Let us be Cheerful	Mrs. Lynn Linton 694
Life in the Brick Moon	Edward Everett Hale 215
Logic of Marriage and Murder, The	Henry James 744
Lumberwoman, A	424
Master Treadwell	J. E. Babson 699
Military Ball at Goulacaska, The	283
Minor Theatres of London, The	Pierce Egan 294
Money Problem, Our	615
My Secretaryship	Mrs. J. M. Church 542
Night in a Typhoon, A	343
Oldtown Fireside Stories, I.	Mrs. H. B. Stowe 688
Peter Pitchlynn, Chief of the Choctaws	Charles Lanman 486
Pressure upon Congress, The	James Parton 145
Quaff	J. W. Palmer 159
Reviving Virginia	James Parton 432
Right and Left	Burt G. Wilder 455
Romance of Real Life, A	W. D. Howells 305
Signs and Showcases of New York	Charles Dawson Shanly 526
Stanton, Edwin M.	Henry Wilson 234
Street-Cries of New York	Charles Dawson Shanly 199
Study of History, The	Goldwin Smith 44
"The Woman Thou gavest with me"	Henry James 66
Through the Woods to Lake Superior	J. T. Trowbridge 411
Time works Wonders	Burt G. Wilder 321
Under the Midnight Sun	I. I. Hayes 102
Was he Dead?	86
What to do with the Surplus	Francis A. Walker 72
Wo Lee and his Kinsfolk	Sidney Andrews 223

V12501

POETRY.

Advent Preacher, The	Marian Douglass	410
Aspromonte	T. W. Parsons	614
Balder's Wife	Alice Cary	304
Cathedral, The	J. R. Lowell	1
Courage	Mrs. Celia Thaxter	423
Descent of Neptune to aid the Greeks, The	W. C. Bryant	113
Even-Song	Oliver Wendell Holmes	349
Idler's Idyl, An	Hiram Rich	711
Il Guido Rospigliosi	T. W. Parsons	43
In June	Norah Perry	680
Legend of Jubal, The	George Eliot	589
Lost Art	T. B. Aldrich	525
May grown a-Cold	Wm. Morris	553
May-time Pastoral, A	Bayard Taylor	575
My Triumph	J. G. Whittier	467
Nauhaught, the Deacon	J. G. Whittier	64
Nearing the Snow-Line	Oliver Wendell Holmes	86
Rhyme slayeth Shame	Wm. Morris	144
Risk	Charlotte F. Bates	198
Song	George Cooper	687
Way to Sing, The	Mrs. Helen Hunt	214
Winter Woods	George Cooper	171

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Alcott's (Louisa M.) An Old-fashioned Girl	752
Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy	124
Bible in the Public Schools, and Clark's Question of the Hour	638
Björnson's Tales	504
Chinese Classics, The	764
Cox's Search for Winter Sunbeams	761
Doyle's The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence	759
Ellking's Memoirs of Major-General Riedesel	248
Father Hyacinthe's Discourses	250
Frothingham's (Ellen) Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea	761
Galton's Hereditary Genius	753
Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp	633
Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition	383
Help's Casimir Maremma	637
Hunt's A Day by the Fire	639
Identification of the Artisan and the Artist, The	125
Jarves's Art-Thoughts	252
Konewka's Midsummer Dream	246
Leland's Hans Breitmann in Church	640
Lindsley's Elements of Tachygraphy	251
Lowell's Among my Books	757
McCarthy's My Enemy's Daughter	763
Memoir and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli	251
Morris's The Earthly Paradise	750
Parkman's Discovery of the Great West	122
Phelps's (Elizabeth Stuart) Hedged In	756
Pope and the Council, The	384
Pumpelly's Across America and Asia	382
Red as a Rose is She	512
Ruskin's Mystery of Life and its Arts	635
Sweet's Twilight Hours in the Adirondacks	753
Tennyson's Holy Grail	249
Thackeray's Miscellanies	247
Thies's Catalogue of the Gray Collection of Engravings	127
Unforgiven	762

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXV.—JANUARY, 1870.—NO. CXLVII.

THE CATHEDRAL.

FAR through the memory shines a happy day,
Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,
And simply perfect from its own resource,
As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air.
Such days are not the prey of setting suns,
Nor ever blurred with mist of afterthought;
Like words made magical by poets dead
Wherein the music of all meaning is
The sense hath garnered or the soul divined,
They mingle with our life's ethereal part,
Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore,
By beauty's franchise disenthralled of time.

I can recall, nay, they are present still,
Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind,
Days that seem farther off than Homer's now,
Ere yet the child had loudened to the boy,
And I, recluse from playmates, found perforce
Companionship in things that not denied
Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's wont,
Who, safe in uncontaminate reserve,
Lets us mistake our longing for her love,
And mocks with various echo of ourselves.

These first sweet frauds upon our consciousness,
That blend the sensual with its imaged world,
These virginal cognitions, gifts of morn,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 147.

I

Ere life grow noisy, and slow-footed thought
 Can overtake the rapture of the sense,
 To thrust between ourselves and what we feel,
 Have something in them secretly divine.
 Vainly the eye, once schooled to serve the brain,
 With pains deliberate studies to renew
 The ideal vision: second-thoughts are prose;
 For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
 As the wave's poise before it break in pearl.
 Our own breath dims the mirror of the sense,
 Looking too long and closely: at a flash
 We snatch the essential grace of meaning out,
 And that first passion beggars all behind,
 Heirs of a tamer transport prepossessed.
 Who, seeing once, has truly seen again
 The gray vague of unsympathizing sea
 That dragged his fancy from her moorings back
 To shores inhospitable of eldest time,
 Till blank foreboding of earth-generated powers,
 Pitiless seignories in the elements,
 Omnipotences blind that darkling smite,
 Misgave him, and repaganized the world?
 Yet, by some subtler touch of sympathy,
 These primal apprehensions, dimly stirred,
 Perplex the eye with pictures from within.
 This hath made poets dream of lives foregone
 In worlds fantastical, more fair than ours;
 So memory cheats us, glimpsing half-revealed.
 Even as I write she tries her wonted spell
 In that continuous redbreast boding rain:
 The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
 But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
 Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
 Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
 That threads my undivided life and steals
 A pathos from the years and graves between.

I know not how it is with other men,
 Whom I but guess, deciphering myself, —
 For me, once felt is so felt nevermore.
 The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
 Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
 One spring I knew as never any since:
 All night the surges of the warm southwest
 Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms,
 And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
 Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
 Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
 And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song:
 One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
 Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,
 And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while aloof

An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,
Denouncing me an alien and a thief:
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year:
And once I learned how gracious winter was,
When, past the fence-rails downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the nightlong sun:
Instant the unsullied chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sovran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescos of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from Nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself.
Thenceforward I must stand outside the gate;
And paradise was paradise the more,
Known once and barred against satiety.
I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
Rasher of surfeit than a humming-bird,
In things indifferent purveyed by sense;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experience,—
This unthrift housekeeping that will not brook
A dish warmed-over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.
Nor matters much how it may go with me
Who dwell in Grub Street and am proud to drudge
Where men, my betters, wet their crust with tears:
Use can make sweet the peach's shady side
That only by reflection tastes of sun.
But she, my Princess, who will sometimes deign
My garret to illumine till the walls,
Narrow and dingy, scrawled with hackneyed thought
(Poor Richard slowly elbowing Plato out),
Dilate and drape themselves with tapestries
Such as Nausikaa stooped o'er, while, between,
Mirrors, effaced in their own clearness, send
Her only image on through deepening deeps
With endless repercussion of delight,—
Bringer of life, witching each sense to soul,
That sometimes almost gives me to believe
I might have been a poet, gives at least
A brain desaxtonized, an ear that makes

Music where none is, and a keener pang
 Of exquisite surmise outleaping thought,—
 Her will I pamper in her luxury:
 No crumpled rose-leaf of too careless choice
 Shall bring a northern nightmare to her dreams,
 Vexing with sense of exile; hers shall be
 The invitate firstlings of experience,
 Vibrations felt but once and felt lifelong:
 O, more than half-way turn that Grecian front
 Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell,
 On the plain fillet that confines thy hair
 In gracious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
 The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's badge!

One feast for her I secretly designed
 In that Old World so strangely beautiful
 To us the disinherited of eld,—
 A day at Chartres, with no soul beside
 To roil with pedant prate my joy serene
 And make the minster shy of confidence.
 I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care,
 First ordered dinner at the pea-green inn,
 The flies and I its only customers,
 Till by and by there came two Englishmen,
 Who made me feel, in their engaging way,
 I was a poacher on their self-preserve,
 Intent constructively on lese-anglicism.
 To them (in those old razor-ridden days)
 My beard translated me to hostile French;
 So they, desiring guidance in the town,
 Half condescended to my baser sphere,
 And, clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase,
 Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul.
 "Esker vous ate a nabitang?" he asked;
 "I never ate one; are they good?" asked I;
 Whereat they stared, then laughed,—and we were friends.
 The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed,
 Abolished in the truce of common speech
 And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue.
 Like escaped convicts of Propriety,
 They furtively partook the joys of men,
 Glancing behind when buzzed some louder fly.

Escaping these, I loitered through the town,
 With hope to take my minster unawares
 In its grave solitude of memory.
 A pretty burgh, and such as fancy loves
 For bygone grandeurs, faintly rumorously now
 Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm
 Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof,
 That mingle with our mood but not disturb.
 Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers' walks,

Look down unwatchful on the sliding Eure,
 Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,
 Lispering among his shallows homelike sounds
 At Concord and by Bankside heard before.
 Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
 Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,
 Blessing the Frenchman for his simple art
 Of being domestic in the light of day.
 His language has no word, we growl, for Home;
 But he can find a fireside in the sun,
 Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
 By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.
 He makes his life a public gallery,
 Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back
 In manifold reflection from without;
 While we, each pore alert with consciousness,
 Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
 And each by-stander a detective were,
 Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

So, musing o'er the problem which was best,
 With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
 I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
 Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
 Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
 Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
 Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
 Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
 That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
 Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell,
 Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
 It rose before me, patiently remote
 From the great tides of life it breasted once,
 Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
 I stood before the triple northern port,
 Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
 Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
 Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.

I seem to have heard it said by learned folk
 Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 A faucet to let loose a wash of words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
 But, being convinced by much experiment
 How little inventiveness there is in man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire

My pleasure's pedigree, if it but please,
 Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty world,
 Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout,
 As if a miracle could be encored.
 But ah ! this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
 As full of morals half-divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone,—
 With one long sigh of infinite release
 From pedantries past, present, or to come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
 Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate,—souls self-confident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy of record
 In monumental pomp ! No Grecian drop
 Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
 After long exile, to the mother-tongue.

Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome
 Of men invirile and disnatured dames
 That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed,
 Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race
 Whose force rough-handed should renew the world,
 And from the dregs of Romulus express
 Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
 Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
 In verse that clanks like armor in the charge,—
 Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn.
 And they could build, if not the columned fane
 That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
 Something more friendly with their ruder skies :
 The gray spire, molten now in driving mist,
 Now lulled with the incommunicable blue ;
 The carvings touched with snow to meanings new,
 Or commented with fleeting grace of shade ;
 The painted windows, frecking gloom with glow,
 Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
 Meet symbol of the senses and the soul ;
 And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's thought
 Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee,—
 These were before me : and I gazed abashed,
 Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
 Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past
 And twittering round the work of larger men,

As we had builded what we but deface.
Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
To call the worshippers who never came,
Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes.
I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the solemn rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.
The service over, I was tranced in thought:
Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me,
Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint,
Or brick, sham-pious with a marble front;
Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
The clustered stems that spread in boughs disleaved,
Through which the organ blew a dream of storm,—
Though not more potent to sublime with awe
And shut the heart up in tranquillity,
Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch
The conscious silences of windless woods,
Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk:
Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
Irreparable loss, uncertain what:
Was all this grandeur but anachronism,—
A shell divorced of its informing life,
Where the priest housed him like a hermit-crab,
An alien to that faith of elder days
That gathered round it this fair shape of stone?
Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day?
Is there no corner safe from peeping doubt
Since Gutenberg made thought cosmopolite
And stretched electric threads from mind to mind?
Nay, did Faith build this wonder? or did Fear,
That makes a fetish and misnames it God
(Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
Contrive this coop to shut its tyrant in,
Appeased with playthings, that he might not harm?
I turned and saw a beldame on her knees;
With eyes astray, she told mechanic beads
Before some shrine of saintly womanhood,
Bribed intercessor with the far-off judge,—
Such my first thought, by kindlier soon rebuked,
Pleading for whatsoever touches life
With upward impulse: be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts;
And happy they that wander not lifelong
Beyond near succor of the household faith,
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines!
Their steps find patience in familiar paths

Printed with hope by loved feet gone before
 Of parent, child, or lover, glorified
 By simple magic of dividing Time.
 My lids were moistened as the woman knelt,
 And, was it will, or some vibration faint
 Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will,
 My heart occultly felt itself in hers,
 Through mutual intercession gently leagued.

Or was it not mere sympathy of brain?
 A sweetness intellectually conceived
 In simpler creeds to me impossible?
 A juggle of that pity for ourselves
 In others, which puts on such pretty masks
 And snares self-love with bait of charity?
 Something of all it might be, or of none:
 Yet for a moment I was snatched away
 And had the evidence of things not seen;
 For one rapt moment; then it all came back,
 This age that blots out life with question-marks,
 This nineteenth century with its knife and glass
 That make thought physical, and thrust far off
 The Heaven, so neighborly with man of old,
 To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.

'T is irrecoverable, that ancient faith,
 Homely and wholesome, suited to the time,
 With rod or candy for child-minded men:
 No theologic tube, with lens on lens
 Of syllogism transparent, brings it near,—
 At best resolving some new nebula,
 And blurring some fixed-star of hope to mist.
 Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
 Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
 And arm her with the weapons of the time.
 Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought,
 For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
 And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.
 Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
 That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust
 The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
 Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
 Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas?
 The armed eye that with a glance discerns
 In a dry blood-speck between ox and man,
 Stares helpless at this miracle called life,
 This shaping potency behind the egg,
 This circulation swift of deity,
 Where suns and systems inconspicuous float
 As the poor blood-disks in our mortal veins.
 Each age must worship its own thought of God,
 More or less earthy, clarifying still

With subsidence continuous of the dregs ;
Nor saint nor sage could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable Best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought :
To-day's eternal truth To-morrow proved
Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane.
Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inaccessible,
At Thought's own substance made a cage for Thought,
And Truth locked fast with her own master-key ;
Nor didst thou reck what image man might make
Of his own shadow on the flowing world ;
The climbing instinct was enough for thee.
Or wast Thou, then, an ebbing tide that left
Strewn with dead miracle those eldest shores,
For men to dry, and dryly lecture on,
Thyself thenceforth incapable of flood ?

Idle who hopes with prophets to be snatched
By virtue in their mantles left below ;
Shall the soul live on other men's report,
Herself a pleasing fable of herself ?
Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense
But Nature still shall search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from that Source
Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures.
This life were brutish did we not sometimes
Have intimation clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent
And upward yearnings of unstilled desire ;
Fruitless, except we now and then divined
A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through
The secular confusions of the world,
Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours.
No man can think nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hill-side, always unforewarned,
A grace of being, finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone, a larger life
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles luminous with mind
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge.
Who that hath known these visitations fleet
Would strive to make them trite and ritual ?
I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,

Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
 That perfect disenthralment which is God;
 Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
 Him who on speculation's windy waste
 Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
 By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
 Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
 With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
 The soul's east-window of divine surprise.
 Where others worship, I but look and long;
 For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
 Its forms to me are weariness, and most
 That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
 Still pumping phrases for the ineffable,
 Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.
 Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
 From the best passion of all bygone time,
 Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
 Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires,
 Can they, so consecrate and so inspired,
 By repetition wane to vexing wind?
 Alas! we cannot draw habitual breath
 In the thin air of life's supream heights,
 We cannot make each meal a sacrament,
 Nor with our tailors be immortal souls,—
 We men, too conscious of earth's comedy,
 Who see two sides, with our posed selves debate,
 And only on great days can be sublime!
 Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
 We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
 And, seeing where God *has* been, trust in Him.

Brave Peter Fischer there in Nuremberg,
 Moulding Saint Sebald's miracles in bronze,
 Put saint and stander-by in that quaint garb
 Familiar to him in his daily walk,
 Not doubting God could grant a miracle
 Then and in Nuremberg, if so He would;
 But never artist for three hundred years
 Hath dared the contradiction ludicrous
 Of supernatural in modern clothes.
 Say it is drift, not progress, none the less,
 With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
 We shape our courses by new-risen stars,
 And, still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
 Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
 Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, Time.
 Change is the mask that all Continuance wears
 To keep us youngsters harmlessly amused;
 Meanwhile some ailing or more watchful child,
 Sitting apart, sees the old eyes gleam out,
 Stern, and yet soft with humorous pity too.

Whilere, men burnt men for a doubtful point,
As if the mind were quenchable with fire,
And Faith danced round them with her war-paint on,
Devoutly savage as an Iroquois;
Now Calvin and Servetus at one board
Snuff in grave sympathy a milder roast,
And o'er their claret settle Comte unread.
This is no age to get cathedrals built—
Did God, then, wait for one in Bethlehem?

Worst is not yet: lo, where his coming looms,
Of Earth's anarchic children latest born,
Democracy, a Titan who has learned
To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunderbolts—
Could he not also forge them, if he would?
He, better skilled, with solvents merciless,
Loosened in air and borne on every wind,
Saps unperceived: the calm Olympian height
Of ancient order feels its bases yield,
And pale gods look for help to gods as pale.
What will be left of good or worshipful,
Of spiritual secrets, mysteries,
Of fair religion's guarded heritage,—
Heirlooms of soul, passed downward unprofaned
From eldest Ind? This western giant coarse,
Scorning refinements which he lacks himself,
Loves not nor heeds the ancestral hierarchies,
Each rank dependent on the next above
In orderly gradation fixed as fate.
For him no tree of knowledge is forbid,
Or sweeter if forbid. How save the ark,
Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day
From his unscrupulous curiosity
That handles everything as if to buy,
Tossing aside what fabrics delicate
Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his ways?
What hope for those fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?

The born disciple of an elder time
To me sufficient, friendlier than the new,
I thank benignant nature most for this,—
A force of sympathy, or call it lack
Of character firm-planted, loosing me
From the pent chamber of habitual self
To dwell enlarged in alien modes of thought,
Haply distasteful, wholesomer for that,
And through imagination to possess,
As they were mine, the lives of other men.
This growth original of virgin soil,

By fascination felt in opposites,
 Pleasés and shocks, entices and perturbs.
 In this brown-fisted rough, this shirt-sleeved Cid,
 This backwoods Charlemagne of empires new,
 Whose blundering heel instinctively finds out
 The goutier foot of speechless dignities,
 Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would slap his back,
 Call him "Old Horse," and challenge to a drink,
 My lungs draw braver air, my breast dilates
 With ampler manhood, and I front both worlds,
 Of sense and spirit, as my natural fiefs,
 To shape and then reshape them as I will.
 It was the first man's charter; why not mine?
 How forfeit? when deposed in other hands?

Thou shudder'st, Ovid? Dost in him forebode
 A new avatar of the large-limbed Goth,
 To break, or seem to break, tradition's clew,
 And chase to dreamland back thy gods dethroned?
 I think man's soul dwells nearer to the east,
 Nearer to morning's fountains than the sun;
 Herself the source whence all tradition sprang,
 Herself at once both labyrinth and clew.
 The miracle fades out of history,
 But faith and wonder and the primal earth
 Are born into the world with every child.
 Shall this self-maker with the prying eyes,
 This creature disenchanting of respect
 By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
 Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch,
 Not one day feel within himself the need
 Of loyalty to better than himself,
 That shall ennoble him with the upward look?
 Shall he not catch the Voice that wanders earth,
 With spiritual summons, dreamed or heard,
 As sometimes, just ere sleep seals up the sense,
 We hear our Mother call from deeps of time,
 And, waking, find it vision,—none the less
 The benediction bides, old skies return,
 And that unreal thing, pre-eminent,
 Makes air and dream of all we see and feel?
 Shall he divine no strength unmade of votes,
 Inward, impregnable, found soon as sought,
 Not cognizable of sense, o'er sense supreme?
 His holy places may not be of stone,
 Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught
 By artist feigned or pious ardor reared,
 Fit altars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.
 Doubtless his church will be no hospital
 For superannuate forms and mumping shams,
 No parlor where men issue policies

Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind,
 Nor his religion but an ambulance
 To fetch life's wounded and malingerers in,
 Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
 To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome,
 And old Judæa's gift of secret fire,
 Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
 And worship some ideal of himself,
 Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
 Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
 Pleased with his world, and hating only cant.
 And, if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
 That, in a world, made for whatever else,
 Not made for mere enjoyment, in a world
 Of toil but half-requited, or, at best,
 Paid in some futile currency of breath,
 A world of incompleteness; sorrow swift
 And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er
 The form of building or the creed professed,
 The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
 Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
 Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.

The kobold Thought moves with us when we shift
 Our dwelling to escape him; perched aloft
 On the first load of household-stuff he went;
 For, where the mind goes, goes old furniture.
 I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye
 And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
 Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred
 Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest.
 Here once there stood a homely wooden church,
 By slow devotion nobly changed for this
 That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.
 By suffrage universal it was built,
 As practised then, for all the country came
 From far as Rouen, to give votes for God,
 Each vote a block of stone securely laid
 Obedient to the master's deep-mused plan.
 Will what our ballots rear, responsible
 To no grave forethought, stand so long as this?
 Delight like this the eye of after days
 Brightening with pride that here, at least, were men
 Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew?
 Can our religion cope with deeds like this?
 We, too, build Gothic contract-shams, because
 Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
 And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
 Of plaster painted like an Indian squaw.
 Shall not that western Goth, of whom we spoke,
 So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
 Find out some day that nothing pays but God,

Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
 In work obscure done honestly, or vote
 For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
 To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
 Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
 I know not; but, sustained by sure belief
 That man still rises level with the height
 Of noblest opportunities, or makes
 Such, if the time supply not, I can wait.
 I gaze round on the windows, pride of France,
 Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild
 Who loved their city and thought gold well spent
 To make her beautiful with piety.
 I pause, transfigured by some stripe of bloom,
 And my mind throngs with shining auguries,
 Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
 With golden trumpets silent, that await
 The signal to blow news of good to men.

Then the revulsion came that always comes
 After these dizzy elations of the mind:
 I walked forth saddened; for all thought is sad,
 And leaves a bitterish savor in the brain,
 Tonic, it may be, not delectable,
 And turned, reluctant, for a parting look
 At those old weather-pitted images
 Of bygone struggle, now so sternly calm.
 About their shoulders sparrows had built nests,
 And fluttered, chirping, from gray perch to perch,
 Now on a mitre poisoning, now a crown,
 Irreverently happy. While I thought
 How confident they were, what careless hearts
 Flew on those lightsome wings and shared the sun,
 A larger shadow crossed; and, looking up,
 I saw where, nesting in the hoary towers,
 The sparrow-hawk slid forth on noiseless air,
 With sidelong head that watched the joy below,
 Grim Norman baron o'er this clan of Kelts.
 Enduring Nature, force conservative,
 Indifferent to our noisy whims! Men prate
 Of all heads to an equal grade cashiered
 On level with the dullest, and expect
 (Sick of no worse distemper than themselves)
 A wondrous cure-all in equality;
 Meanwhile, long-suffering, imperturbable,
 Thou quietly complet'st thy syllogism,
 And from the premise sparrow here below
 Draw'st sure conclusion of the hawk above,
 Pleased with the soft-billed songster, pleased no less
 With the fierce beak of natures aquiline.

Thou, beautiful Old Time, now hid away

In the Past's valley of Avilion,
 Perchance, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
 Then to reclaim the sword and crown again !
 Thrice beautiful to us ; perchance less fair
 To who possessed thee, as a mountain seems
 To dwellers round its bases but a heap
 Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm
 And the avalanche's silent bolt holds back
 Leashed with a hair, — meanwhile some far-off clown,
 Hereditary delver of the plain,
 Sees it an unmoved vision of repose,
 Nest of the morning, and conjectures there
 The dance of streams to idle shepherds' pipes,
 And fairer habitations softly hung
 On breezy slopes, or hid in valleys cool,
 For happier men. No mortal ever dreams
 That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
 Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
 And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
 Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
 For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,
 Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
 As the lost opportunity of song.

O Power, more near my life than life itself
 (Or what seems life to us in sense immured),
 Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
 Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
 Of sunshine and wide air and winged things
 By sympathy of nature, so do I
 Have evidence of Thee so far above,
 Yet in and of me ! Rather Thou the root
 Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
 Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
 If sometimes I must hear good men debate
 Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
 As if there needed any help of ours
 To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
 Blown out, as 't were a candle, by men's breath,
 My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
 To change her inward surety for their doubt
 Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof :
 While she can only feel herself through Thee,
 I fear not Thy withdrawal ; more I fear,
 Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with thought
 Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,
 Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
 Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

II.

"THESE islands bore some of the first footprints of New England Christianity and civilization. They were for a long time the abode of intelligence, refinement, and virtue, but were afterwards abandoned to a state of semi-barbarism." The first intelligence of the place comes to us from the year 1614, when John Smith is supposed to have discovered them. The next date is of the landing of Christopher Leavitt, in 1623. In 1645, three brothers, Robert, John, and Richard Cutts, emigrated from Wales, and on their way to the continent paused at the Isles of Shoals, and, finding them so pleasant, made their settlement here. Williamson mentions particularly Richard Gibson, from Topsham, England, and various other men from England and Wales. Many people speedily joined the little colony, which grew yearly more prosperous. In 1650, the Rev. John Brock came to live among the islanders, and remained with them twelve years. All that we hear of this man is so fine, he is represented as having been so faithful, zealous, intelligent, and humane, that it is no wonder the community flourished while he sat at the helm. It was said of him, "He dwells as near Heaven as any man upon earth." Cotton Mather thus quaintly praises him: "He was a good *grammarian*, chiefly in this, that he still *spoke the truth from his heart*. He was a good *logician*, chiefly in this, that he *presented himself unto God with a reasonable service*. He was a good *arithmetician*, chiefly in this, that he *so numbered his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom*. He was a good *astronomer*, chiefly in this, that *his conversation was in Heaven*. . . . So much belonged to this *good man*, that so *learned a life* may well be judged worthy of being a *written one*." After him came a long procession of the

clergy, good, bad, and indifferent, up to the present time, when "divine service," so called, has seemed a mere burlesque as it has been often carried on in the little church at Star. On the Massachusetts records there is a paragraph to the effect that, in the year 1653, Philip Babb of Hog Island was appointed constable for all the islands of Shoals, Star Island excepted. To Philip Babb we shall have occasion to refer again. "In May, 1661," says Williamson, "being places of note and great resort, the General Court incorporated the islands into a town called Appledore, and invested it with the powers and privileges of other towans." There were then about forty families on Hog Island, but between that time and the year 1670 these removed to Star Island and joined the settlement there. This they were induced to do partly through fear of the Indians, who frequented Duck Island, and thence made plundering excursions upon them, carrying off their women while they were absent fishing, and doing a variety of harm; but, as it is expressly stated that people living on the mainland sent their children to school at Appledore that they might be safe from the Indians, the statement of their depredations at the Shoals is perplexing. Probably the savages camped on Duck to carry on their craft of porpoise-fishing, which to this day they still pursue among the islands on the eastern coast of Maine. Star Island seemed a place of greater safety, and probably the greater advantages of landing and the convenience of a wide cove at the entrance of the village, with a little harbor wherein the fishing-craft might anchor with some security, were also inducements. William Pepperell, a native of Cornwall, England, emigrated to the place in the year 1676, and lived there upwards of

twenty years and carried on a large fishery. "He was the father of Sir William Pepperell, the most famous man Maine ever produced." For more than a century previous to the Revolutionary War there were at the Shoals from three to six hundred inhabitants, and the little settlement flourished steadily. They had their church and school-house, and a court-house; and the usual municipal officers were annually chosen and the town records regularly kept. From three to four thousand quintals of fish were yearly caught and cured by the islanders; and, beside their trade with Spain, large quantities of fish were also carried to Portsmouth, for the West India market. In 1671 the islands belonged to John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges. This indomitable old Spaniard always greatly interested me. He must have been a person of great force of character, strong, clear-headed, full of fire and energy. He was appointed governor-general of New England in 1637. Williamson has much to say of him: "He and Sir Walter Raleigh, whose acquaintance was familiar, possessing minds equally elastic and adventurous, turned their thoughts at an early period of life towards the American hemisphere." And so he came over, and, among other places, set his lordly feet upon these rocks. I can imagine his proud, dark, haughty figure standing on the lonely shore, in the quaint dress of the times; with plumed hat, short cloak, long boots, and a bright sword sheathed in its scabbard by his side. Perhaps the spell of the place may have touched him for a moment, and made him pause in the midst of his ambitious dreams; and, looking out with "a sad level gaze o'er the ocean," which challenges thought, whether men are disposed to think or not, he may have felt the emptiness of his brilliant schemes and the paltriness of the motives that controlled his life. Williamson thus laments over him: "Fame and wealth, so often the idols of superior intellects, were the prominent objects of this aspiring man. Constant

and sincere in his friendships, he might have had extensively the estimation of others, had not selfishness been the centre of all his efforts. His life and name, though by no means free from blemishes, have just claims to the grateful recollections of the Eastern Americans and their posterity."

From 1640 to 1775, says a report to the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America," the church at the Shoals was in a flourishing condition and had a succession of ministers, — Messrs. Hull, Brock, Belcher, Moody, Tucke, and Shaw, all of whom were good and faithful men; two, Brock and Tucke, being men of learning and ability, with peculiarities of talent and character admirably fitting them for their work on these islands. Tucke was the only one who closed his life and ministry at the Shoals. He was a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1723, was ordained at the Shoals July 20, 1732, and died there August 12, 1773, — his ministry thus covering more than forty years. His salary in 1771 was paid in merchantable fish, a quintal to a man, when there were on the Shoals from ninety to one hundred men, and a quintal of fish was worth a guinea. His grave was accidentally discovered in 1800, and the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, who interested himself most charitably and indefatigably for the good of these islands, placed over it a slab of stone, with an inscription which still remains to tell of the fine qualities of the man whose dust it covers; but year by year the rain-drops with delicate touches wear away the deeply cut letters, for the stone lies horizontal: even now they are scarcely legible, and soon the words of praise and appreciation will exist only in the memory of a few of the older inhabitants.

At the time of Mr. Tucke's death, the prosperity of the Shoals was at its height. But in less than thirty years after his death a most woful condition of things was inaugurated.

The settlement flourished till the

breaking out of the war, when it was found to be entirely at the mercy of the English, and obliged to furnish them with recruits and supplies. The inhabitants were, therefore, ordered by government to quit the islands; and as their trade was probably broken up, and their property exposed, most of them complied with the order, and settled in the neighboring seaport towns, where their descendants may be found to this day. Some of the people settled in Salem, and the Mr. White, so horribly murdered there many years ago, was born at Appledore. Those who remained, with a few exceptions, were among the most ignorant and degraded of the people, and they went rapidly down into untold depths of misery. "They burned the meeting-house, and gave themselves up to quarrelling, profanity, and drunkenness, till they became almost barbarians"; or, as Mr. Morse expresses it, "were given up to work all manner of wickedness with greediness." In no place of the size has there been a greater absorption of "rum," since the world was made. Mr. Reuben Moody, a theological student, lived at the Shoals for a few months in the year 1822, and his description of the condition of things at that time is really frightful. He had no place to open a school; one of the islanders provided him with a room, fire, etc.; giving as a reason for his enthusiastic furtherance of Mr. Moody's plans, that his children made such a disturbance at home that he could not sleep in the day-time! An extract from Mr. Moody's journal affords an idea of the morals of the inhabitants at this period:—

"*May 1st.*—I yet continue to witness the Heaven-daring impieties of this people. Yesterday my heart was shocked at seeing a man about seventy years of age, as devoid of reason as a maniac, giving way to his passions; striving to express himself in more blasphemous language than he had the ability to utter, and being unable to express the malice of his heart in words, he would *run at* every one he saw. All was tu-

mult and confusion,—men and women with tar-brushes, clenched fists, and stones; one female who had an infant but eight days old, with a stone in her hand and an oath on her tongue, threatened to dash out the brains of her antagonists. . . . After I arrived among them some of them dispersed, some led their wives into the house, others drove them off, and a calm succeeded."

In another part of the journal is an account of an old man who lived alone, and drank forty gallons of rum in twelve months. In less than three months six hundred gallons were consumed by forty-seven men. This statement shows what was the great trouble at the Shoals; and though time has modified, it has not eliminated the apparently hereditary bane whose antidote is not yet discovered. The misuse of strong drink still proves a whirlpool more awful than the worst terrors of the pitiless ocean that hems the islanders in.

As may be seen by Mr. Moody's journal, the clergy had a hard time of it among the heathen at the Isles of Shoals; but they persevered, and many brave women at different times have gone among the people to teach the school and reclaim the little children from wretchedness and ignorance. Miss Peabody of Newburyport, who came to live with them in 1823, did wonders for them during the three years of her stay. She taught the school, visited the families, and on Sundays read to such audiences as she could collect, took seven of the poorer female children to live with her at the parsonage, instructed all who would learn in the arts of carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, braiding mats, etc. Truly she remembered what Satan finds for "idle hands to do," and kept all her charges busy and consequently happy. All honor to her memory: she was a wise and faithful servant. There is still an affectionate remembrance of her among the present inhabitants of Star, whose mothers she helped out of their degradation into a better life. I saw in one of the houses not long ago a sampler, blackened by

age, but carefully preserved in a frame; and was told that the dead grandmother of the family had made it when a little girl, under Miss Peabody's supervision. In 1835, the Rev. Origen Smith went to live at Star, and remained perhaps ten years, doing much good among the people. He nearly succeeded in banishing the great demoralizer, liquor, and restored law and order. He is reverently remembered by the islanders. In 1855, an excellent man by the name of Mason occupied the post of minister for the islanders, and from his report to the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America," I make a few extracts. He says: "The kind of business which the people pursue and by which they subsist affects unfavorably their habits, physical, social, and religious. Family discipline is neglected, domestic arrangements very imperfect, much time apparently wasted is spent in watching for favorable indications to pursue their calling. . . . A bad moral influence is excited by a portion of the transient visitors to the Shoals during the summer months." This is very true. He speaks of the people's appreciation of the efforts made in their behalf; and says that they raised subscriptions among themselves for lighting the parsonage, and for fuel for the singing-school (which, by the way, was a most excellent institution) and mentions their surprising him by putting into the back kitchen of the parsonage a barrel of fine flour, a bucket of sugar, a leg of bacon, etc. "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," he says; and this little act shows that they were far from being indifferent or ungrateful. They were really attached to Mr. Mason, and it is a pity he could not have remained with them.

Within the last few years they have been trying bravely to help themselves, and they persevere with their annual fair to obtain money to pay the teacher who saves their little children from utter ignorance; and many of them show a growing ambition in fitting up their

houses and making their families more comfortable. Of late, continually recurring fires, kindled in drunken madness by the islanders themselves, or by the reckless few who have joined the settlement, have swept away nearly all the old houses, which have been replaced by smart new buildings, painted white, with green blinds, and with modern improvements, so that yearly the village grows less picturesque; which is a charm one can afford to lose, when the external smartness is indicative of better living among the people. Twenty years ago Star Island Cove was charming, with its tumble-down fish-houses, and ancient cottages with low-shelving roofs, and porches covered with the golden lichen that so loves to embroider old weather-worn wood. Now there is not a vestige of those dilapidated buildings to be seen; almost everything is white and square and new; and they have even cleaned out the cove and removed the great accumulation of fish-bones which made the beach so curious.

The old town records are quaint and interesting, and the spelling and modes of expression so peculiar that I have copied a few. Mr. John Muchamore was the moderator of a meeting called "March ye 7th day, 1748. By a Legall town meeting of ye Free holders and Inhabitate of gosport, dewly quallefide to vote for Tiding men Collers of fish, Corders of wood. Addition to ye minister's sallery Mr John Tucke, 100 lbs old tenor."

In 1755, it was "Agred in town meating that if any person shall spelth [split] any fish above hie water marck and leave their heads and son bones [sound-bones] their, shall pay ten lbs new tenor to the town, and any that is above now their, they that have them their, shall have them below hie warter in fortinets time or pay the same." In another place "it is agreed at ton meating evry person that is are kow [has a cow] shall carry them of at 15 day of may, keep them their til the 15 day of October or pay 20 shillings lawfull money." And "if any person that have any hogs, If

they do any damg, hom [whom] they do the damg to shall keep the hog for sattisfaxcon."

The cows seem to have given a great deal of trouble. Here is one more extract on the subject:—

"This is a Leagel vot by the ton meeting, that if any presson or pressons shall leave their Cowks out after the fiftenth day of May and they do any Dameg, they shall be taken up and the owner of the kow shall pay teen shillings old tenor to the kow constabel and one half he shall have and the other shall give to the pour of the place.

"MR DAINEL RANDEL
"Kow Constabel."

"On March 11th 1762. A genarel free Voot past amongst the inhabents that every fall of the year when Mr Rev^d John Tucke has his wood to Carry home evary men will not com that is abel to com shall pay forty shillings ould tenor."

But the most delightfully preposterous entry is this:—

"March 12th 1769. A genarel free voot past amongst the inhabents to cus [cause] tow men to go to the Rev^d Mr John Tucke to hear wether he was willing to take one Quental of fish each man, or to take the price of Quental in ould tenor which he answered this that he thought it was easer to pay the fish than the money which he consented to talk the fish for the year insuing."

"On March ye 25 1771. "then their was a meating called and it was *gurned* until the 23rd day of apirel.

"MR DEEKEN WILLAM MUCHMORE
"Moderator."

Among the "offorsers" of "Gos-pored" were, besides "Moderator" and "Town Clarke," "Seelekt meen," "Counstauble," "Tidon meen" (Tithing-men) "Coulears of fish,"—"Coulear" meaning, I suppose, culler, or person appointed to select fish,—and "Sealers of Whood," oftener expressed cords of wood.

In 1845 we read that Asa Caswell was chosen highway "sovaire."

Very ancient tradition says that the

method of courtship at the Isles of Shoals was after this fashion:—If a youth fell in love with a maid, he lay in wait till she passed by, and then pelted her with stones, after the manner of our friends of Marblehead; so that if a fair Shoaler found herself the centre of a volley of missiles, she might be sure that an ardent admirer was expressing himself with decision certainly, if not with tact! If she turned and exhibited any curiosity as to the point of the compass whence the bombardment proceeded, her doubts were dispelled by another shower; but if she went on her way in maiden meditation, then was her swain in despair, and life, as is usual in such cases, became a burden to him.

Within my remembrance an occasional cabbage-party made an agreeable variety in the life of the villagers. I never saw one, but have heard them described. Instead of regaling the guests with wine and ices, pork and cabbage were the principal refreshments offered them; and if the cabbage came out of the garden of a neighbor, the spice of wickedness lent zest to the entertainment,—stolen fruit being always the sweetest.

It would seem strange that, while they live in so healthy a place, where the atmosphere is absolutely perfect in its purity, they should have suffered so much from ill health, and that so many should have died of consumption, the very disease for the cure of which physicians send invalids hither. The reasons are soon told. The first and most important is this, that, as nearly as they could, they have in past years hermetically sealed their houses, so that the air of heaven should not penetrate within. An open window, especially at night, they would have looked upon as madness, a temptation of Providence; and during the winter they have deliberately poisoned themselves with every breath, like two thirds of the rest of the world. I have seen a little room containing a whole family, fishing-boots and all, bed, furniture, cooking-stove in full blast, and an oil lamp with a wick so high that the deadly smoke

rose steadily, filling the air with what Browning might call "filthiest gloom," and mingling with the incense of ancient tobacco-pipes smoked by both sexes (for nearly all the old women used to smoke); every crack and cranny was stopped, and if by any chance the door opened for an instant, out rushed a fume in comparison with which the gusts from the lake of Tartarus might be imagined sweet. Shut in that dead-air a part of the family slept, sometimes all. What wonder that their chests were hollow, their faces haggard, and that apathy settled upon them! Then their food was hardly selected with reference to health, saleratus and pork forming two of the principal ingredients in their daily fare. Within a few years past they have probably improved in these respects. Fifteen years ago I was passing a window one morning, at which a little child two years old was sitting, tied into a high chair before a table drawn close to the window, eating his breakfast alone in his glory. In his stout little fist he grasped a large iron spoon, and fed himself from a plate of beans swimming in fat, and with the pork cut up in squares for his better convenience. By the side of the plate stood a tin mug of bitter-strong black coffee sweetened with molasses. I spoke to his mother within; "Ar'n't you afraid such strong coffee will kill your baby?" "O no," she answered, and held it to his lips; "there, drink that," she said, "that'll make you hold your head up!" The poor child died before he grew to be a man, and all the family have fallen victims to consumption.

Very few of the old people are left at the present time, and the village is very like other fishing-villages along the coast. Most of the peculiar characteristics of the race are lost in the present generation of young women, who are addicted to the use of hoops and waterfalls, and young men, who condescend to spoil their good looks by dyeing their handsome blond beards with the fashionable mixture which inevitably produces a lustre like stove-blackening. But

there are sensible fellows among them, fine specimens of the hardy New England fisherman, Saxon-bearded, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and bronzed with shade on shade of ruddy brown. The neutral blues and grays of the salt-water make perfect backgrounds for the pictures these men are continually showing one in their life about the boats. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the blendings and contrasts of color and the picturesque effect of the general aspect of the natives in their element. The eye is often struck with the richness of the color of some rough hand, glowing with blended red, brown, and orange, against the gray blue water, as it grasps an oar perhaps, or pulls in a rope. It is strange that the sun and wind, which give such fine tints to the complexions of the lords of creation, should leave such hideous traces on the faces of women. When they are exposed to the same salt wind and clear sunshine they take the hue of dried fish, and become objects for men and angels to weep over. To see a *bona-fide* Shoaler "sail a boat" (when the craft is a real boat and no tub) is an experience. The vessel obeys his hand at the rudder as a trained horse a touch on the rein, and seems to bow at the flash of his eye, turning on her heel and running up into the wind, "luffing" to lean again on the other tack, obedient, graceful, perfectly beautiful, yielding to breeze and to billow, yet swayed throughout by a stronger and more imperative law. The men become strongly attached to their boats, which seem to have a sort of human interest for them, — and no wonder. They lead a life of the greatest hardship and exposure, during the winter especially, setting their trawls fifteen or twenty miles to the eastward of the islands, drawing them next day if the stormy winds and waves will permit, and taking the fish to Portsmouth to sell. It is desperately hard work, trawling at this season, with the bitter wind blowing in their teeth, and the flying spray freezing upon everything it touches, — boats, masts, sails, decks, clothes,

completely cased in ice, and fish frozen solid as soon as taken from the water. The inborn politeness of these fishermen to stranger-women is something delightful to witness. I remember once landing in Portsmouth, and being obliged to cross three or four schooners just in (with their freight of frozen fish lying open-mouthed in a solid mass on deck) to reach the wharf. No courtly gentlemen could have displayed more beautiful behavior than did these rough fellows, all pressing forward, with real grace, because the feeling which prompted them was a true and lofty feeling, to help me over the tangle of ropes and sails and anchors to a safe footing on shore. There is a ledge forty-five miles east of the islands, called Jeffrey's Ledge, where the Shoalers go for spring fishing. During a northeast storm in May, part of the little fleet came reeling in before the gale; and, not daring to trust themselves to beat up into the harbor (a poor shelter at best), round the rocky reefs and ledges, the fishermen anchored under the lee of Appledore, and there rode out the storm. They were in continual peril; for, had their cables chafed apart with the shock and strain of the billows among which they plunged, or had their anchors dragged, which might have been expected (the bottom of the sea between the islands and the mainland being composed of mud, while all outside is rough and rocky), they would have inevitably been driven to their destruction on the opposite coast. It was not pleasant to watch them as the early twilight shut down over the vast weltering desolation of the sea, to see the slender masts waving helplessly from one side to another,—sometimes almost horizontal, as the hulls turned heavily this way and that, and the long breakers rolled in endless succession against them. They saw the lights in our windows a half-mile away; and we in the warm, bright, quiet room, sitting by a fire that danced and shone, fed with bits of wreck such as they might scatter on Rye Beach before morning, could hardly think of anything else than

the misery of those poor fellows, wet, cold, hungry, sleepless, full of anxiety till the morning should break and the wind should lull. No boat could reach them through the terrible commotion of waves. But they rode through the night in safety, and the morning brought relief. One brave little schooner "toughed it out" on the distant ledge, and her captain told me that no one could stand on board of her, the pressure of the wind down on her decks was so great that she shuddered from stem to stern, and he feared she would shake to pieces, for she was old and not very seaworthy. Some of the men had wives and children watching them from lighted windows at Star. What a fearful night for them! They could not tell from hour to hour, through the thick darkness, if yet the cables held; they could not see till daybreak whether the sea had swallowed up their treasures. I wonder the wives were not white-haired when the sun rose and showed them those little specks yet rolling in the breakers! The women are excessively timid about the water, more so than landswomen. Having the terror and might of the ocean continually encircling them, they become more impressed with it and distrust it, knowing it so well. Very few accidents happen, however: the islanders are a cautious people. Years ago, when the white sails of their little fleet of whale-boats used to flutter out of the sheltered bight and stand out to the fishing-grounds in the bay, how many eyes followed them in the early light and watched them in the distance through the day, till toward sunset they spread their wings to fly back with the evening wind! How pathetic the gathering of women on the headlands, when out of the sky swept the squall that sent the small boats staggering before it, and blinded the eyes already drowned in tears, with the sudden rain that hid sky and sea and boats from their eager gaze! What wringing of hands, what despairing cries which the wild wind bore away while it caught and fluttered the homely draperies and unfastened the locks

of maid and mother, to blow them about their pale faces and anxious eyes ! Now no longer the little fleet goes forth, for the greater part of the islanders have stout schooners, and go trawling with profit if not with pleasure. A few solitaires fish in small dories, and earn a slender livelihood thereby. The sea has helped these poor people, by bringing fuel to their very doors : the waves continually deposit driftwood in every cove and fissure of the rocks. But sad, anxious lives they have led, especially the women, many of whom have grown old before their time with hard work and bitter cares.

The local pronunciation of the Shoalers is very peculiar, and a shrewd sense of humor is one of their leading characteristics. Could De Quincey have lived among them, I think he might have been tempted to write an essay on swearing as a fine art, for it has reached a pitch hardly short of sublimity in this favored spot. They seemed to have had a genius for it, and some of them really devoted their best powers to its cultivation. The language was taxed to furnish them with prodigious forms of speech wherewith to express the slightest emotion of pain, anger, pleasure, or amusement ; and though the blood of the listener was sometimes chilled in his veins, overhearing their unhesitating profanity, the prevailing sentiment was likely to be one of amazement mingled with intense amusement, — the whole thing was so grotesque and monstrous, and their choice and arrangement of words so comical, and generally so very much to the point. The real Shoals phraseology existing in past years was something not to be described ; it is impossible by any process known to science to convey an idea of the intonations of their speech, quite different from Yankee drawl or sailor-talk, perfectly unique in itself. Why they should have called a swallow a "swallick," and a sparrow a "sparrick," I never could understand. Anything that ends in *y* or *e* they still pronounce *ay*, with great breadth : for instance, "Benny" is *Bennaye* ; "Billy,"

Billaye ; and so on. A man by the name of Beebe, the modern "missionary," was always spoken of as Beebay, when he was n't called by a less respectful title. Their sense of fun showed itself in the nicknames with which they designated any person possessing the slightest peculiarity. For instance, twenty years ago a minister of the Methodist persuasion came to live among them ; his wife was unreasonably tall and thin. With the utmost promptitude and decision the irreverent christened her "Legs," and never spoke of her by any other name. "Laigs has gone to Portsmouth," or "Laigs has got a new gown," etc. ! A spinster of very dark complexion was called "Scip," an abbreviation of Scipio, a name supposed to appertain particularly to the colored race. Another was called "Squint," because of a defect in the power of vision ; and not only were they spoken of by these names, but called so to their faces habitually. One man earned for himself the title of "Brag," so that no one ever thought of calling him by his real name. His wife was Mrs. Brag ; and constant use so robbed these names of their offensiveness, that the bearers not only heard them with equanimity, but would hardly have known themselves by their true ones. One man was called "Hing" ; one of two brothers "Bunker," and the other "Shot-head" ; an ancient scold was called "Zeke," a flabby old woman "Flut," and so on indefinitely. Grandparents are addressed as Grans, and Gwammaye, Grans being an abbreviation of grand-sire. "Tell yer grans his dinner's ready," calls some woman from a cottage door. A woman, describing how ill her house was put together, said : "Lor, 'twa' n't never built, 'twas only hove together." "I don' know whe'r or no it's best or no to go fishing whiles mornin'," says some rough fellow, meditating upon the state of winds and waters. Of his boat another says, "She strikes a sea and comes down like a pillow," describing her smooth sailing. Some one relating the way the civil authorities used to take political mat-

ters into their own hands, said that "if a man did n't vote as they wanted him to, they took him and hove him up agin the meetin'-us," by way of bringing him to his senses. Two boys in bitter contention have been known to call each other "Nasty-faced chowder-heads!" With pride a man calls his boat a "pretty piece of wood," and to test the sailing-capacities of their schooners I have been told that they used to have a method peculiar if not unique. Trying a vessel in a heavy sea, they melted a quantity of lard in a frying-pan on the tiny stove in the cabin, and if, in the plunging of her stormy course, the fat was "hove" out of the frying-pan and the pan remained on the stove, she was considered to be a first-rate sailor. "Does she heave the fat?" anxiously inquires the man at the helm of the watchers at the frying-pan below; and if the answer is in the affirmative, great is the rejoicing, and the character of the craft is established.

Nearly all the Shoalers have a singular gait, contracted from the effort to keep their equilibrium while standing in boats, and from the unavoidable gymnastics which any attempt at locomotion among the rocks renders necessary. Some stiff-jointed old men have been known to leap wildly from broad stone to stone on the smooth, flat pavements of Portsmouth town, finding it out of the question to walk evenly and decorously along the straight and easy way. This is no fable. Such is the force of habit. Most of the men are more or less round-shouldered, and seldom row upright, with head erect and shoulders thrown back. They stoop so much over the fish-tables, — cleaning, splitting, salting, packing, — that they acquire a permanent habit of stooping.

Twenty years ago, an old man by the name of Peter was alive on Star Island. He was said to be a hundred years old; and anything more grisly in the shape of humanity it has never been my lot to behold. So lean and brown and ancient, he might have been Methuselah, for no one knew how long

he had lived on this rolling planet. Years before he died he used to paddle across to our light-house, in placid summer days, and, scanning him with a child's curiosity, I used to wonder how he kept alive. A few white hairs clung to his yellow crown, and his pale eyes, "where the very blue had turned to white," looked vacantly and wearily out, as if trying faintly to see the end of the things of this world. Somebody, probably old Nabbaye, in whose cottage he lived, always scoured him with soft soap before he started on his voyage, and in consequence a most preternatural shine overspread his blank forehead. His under jaw had a disagreeably suggestive habit of dropping, he was so feeble and so old, poor wretch! Yet would he brighten with a faint attempt at a smile when bread and meat were put into his hands, and say, over and over again, "Ye're a Christian, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am, thank ye," thrust all that was given him, no matter what, between his one upper garment — a checked shirt — and his bare skin, and then, by way of expressing his gratitude, would strike up a dolorous quaver of —

"Over the water and over the lea
And over the water to Charlie,"

in a voice as querulous as a Scotch bagpipe.

Old Nabbaye, and Bennaye, her husband, with whom Peter lived, were a queer old couple. Nabbaye had a stubbly and unequal growth of sparse gray hair upon her chin, which gave her a most grim and terrible aspect, as I remember her, with the grizzled locks standing out about her head like one of the Furies. Yet she was a good enough old woman, kind to Peter and Bennaye, and kept her bit of a cottage tidy as might be. I well remember the grit of the shining sand on her scoured floor beneath my childish footsteps. The family climbed at night by a ladder up into a loft, which their little flock of fowls shared with them, to sleep. Going by the house one evening, some one heard Nabbaye call aloud to Bennaye up aloft, "Come, Bennaye, fetch me down

them heens' aigs!" To which Bennaye made answer, "I can't find no aigs! I've looked een the bed and een under the bed, and I can't find no aigs!"

Till Bennaye grew very feeble, every summer night he paddled abroad in his dory to fish for hake, and lonely he looked, tossing among the waves, when our boat bore down and passed him with a hail which he faintly returned, as we plunged lightly through the track of the moonlight, young and happy, rejoicing in the beauty of the night, while poor Bennaye only counted his gains in the grisly hake he caught, nor considered the rubies the light-house scattered on the waves, or how the moon sprinkled down silver before him. He did not mind the touch of the balmy wind that blew across his weather-beaten face with the same sweet greeting that so gladdened us, but fished and fished, watching his line through the short summer night, and, when a blush of dawn stole up in the east among the stars, wound up his tackle, took his oars, and paddled home to Nabbaye with his booty,—his "fare of fish" as the natives have it. Hake-fishing after this picturesque and tedious fashion is done away with now; the islands are girdled with trawls, which catch more fish in one night than could be obtained in a week's hard labor by hand.

When the dust of Bennaye and Nabbaye was mingled in the thin earth that scarce can cover the multitude of the dead on Star Island, a youthful couple, in whom I took great interest, occupied their little house. The woman was remarkably handsome, with a beautiful head and masses of rich black hair, a face regular as the face of a Greek statue, with eyes that sparkled and cheeks that glowed,—a beauty she soon exchanged for haggard and hollow looks. As their children were born they asked my advice on the christening of each, and, being youthful and romantic, I suggested Frederick as a sounding title for the first-born boy. Taylor being the reigning Presi-

dent, his name was instantly added, and the child was always addressed by his whole name. Going by the house one day, my ears were assailed by a sharp outcry: "Frederick Taylor, if you don't come into the house this minute, I'll slat your head off!" The tender mother borrowed her expression from the fishermen, who disengage mackerel and other delicategilled fish by "slatting" them off the hook.

All this family have gone, and the house in which they lived has fallen to ruin; only the cellar remains, just such a rude hollow as those scattered over Appledore.

The people along the coast rather look down upon the Shoalers as being beyond the bounds of civilization. A young islander was expressing his opinion on some matter to a native of Rye, who answered him with great scorn: "You don't know nothin' about it! What do *you* know? *You* never see an apple-tree all blowed out!" A Shoaler, walking with some friends along a road in Rye, excited inextinguishable laughter by clutching his companion's sleeve as a toad hopped innocently across the way, and crying: "Mr. Berraye, what kind of a bug do you call that? D—d if I ever see such a bug as that, Mr. Berraye!" in a comical terror. There are neither frogs nor toads at the Shoals. "Set right down and help yourselves," said an old fellow at whose door some guests from the Shoals appeared at dinner-time. "Eat all you can. I ain't got no manners; the girl's got the manners, and she ain't to hum."

One old Shoaler, long since gone to another world, was a laughable and curious character. A man more wonderfully fulfilling the word "homely" in the Yankee sense, I never saw. He had the largest, most misshapen cheekbones ever constructed, an illimitable upper lip, teeth that should not be mentioned, and little watery eyes. Skin and hair and eyes and mouth were of the same pasty yellow, and that grotesque head was set on a little thin

and shambling body. He used to be head singer at the church, and "pitched the tune" by whistling when the parson had read the hymn. Then all who could joined in the singing, which must have been remarkable, to say the least. So great a power of brag is seldom found in one human being as that which permeated him from top to toe, and found vent in stories of personal prowess and bravery unexampled in history. He used to tell a story of his encounter with thirteen "Spanish grandeers" in New Orleans, he having been a sailor a great part of his life: He was innocently peering into a theatre, when the grandeers fell upon him out of the exceeding pride of their hearts. "Wall, sir, I turned, and I laid six o' them grandeers to the right and seven to the left, and then I put her for the old brig, and I heerd no mbre on 'em!"

He considered himself unequalled as a musician, and would sing you ballad after ballad, sitting bent forward with his arms on his knees, and his wrinkled eyelids screwed tight together, grinding out the tune with a quiet steadiness of purpose that seemed to betoken no end to his capacities. Ballads of love and of war he sang, — the exploits of "Brave Wolf," or, as he pronounced it, "Brahn Wolf," and one famous song of a naval battle, of which only two lines remain in my memory: —

"With sixteen brass nineteens the Lion did growl,
With nineteen brass twenties the Tiger did howl."

At the close of each verse he invariably dropped his voice, and said, instead of sung, the last word, which had a most abrupt and surprising effect, to which a listener never could become accustomed. The immortal ballad of Lord Bateman he had remodelled with beautiful variations of his own. The name of the coy maiden, the Turk's only daughter, Sophia, was Susan Fryan, according to his version, and Lord Bateman was metamorphosed into Lord Bakum. When Susan Fryan crosses the sea to Lord Bakum's castle and knocks so loud that the gates do ring, he makes the bold young porter, who was so ready for to let her in, go to his

master, who sits feasting with a new bride, and say: —

"Seven long years have I tended your gate, sir,
Seven long years out of twenty-three,
But so fair a creature as now stands waitin'
Never before with my eyes did see.

"O, she has rings on every finger,
And round her middle if she's one she has three;
O, I'm sure she's got more good gold about her
Than would buy your bride and her companie!"

The enjoyment with which he gave this song was delightful to witness. Of the many he used to sing, one was a doleful story of how a youth of high degree fell in love with his mother's fair waiting-woman, Betsy, who was in consequence immediately transported to foreign lands. But alas for her lover, —

"Then he fell sick and like to have died;
His mother round his sick-bed cried,
But all her crying it was in vain,
For Betsy was a-ploughing the raging main!"

The word "main" was brought out with startling effect. Another song about a miller and his sons I only half remember: —

"The miller he called his oldest son,
Saying, 'Now my glass it is almost run,
If I to you the mill relate,
What toll do you resign to take?'"

"The son replied: 'My name is Jack,
And out of a bushel I'll take a peck.'
'Go, go, you fool,' the old man cried,
And called the next to his bedside.

"The second said: 'My name is Ralph,
And out of a bushel I'll take a half.'
'Go, go, you fool,' the old man cried,
And called the next to his bedside.

"The youngest said: 'My name is Paul,
And out of a bushel I'll take it all!'
'You are my son,' the old man cried,
And shot up his eyes and died in peace."

The manner in which this last verse was delivered was inimitable, the "died in peace" being spoken with great satisfaction. The singer had an ancient violin, which he used to hug under his wizened chin, and from which he drew such dismal tones as never before were heard on sea or land. He had no more idea of playing than one of the codfish he daily split and salted, yet he christened with pride all the shrieks and wails he drew out of the wretched instrument with various high-sounding titles. After he had entertained his

audience for a while with these aimless sounds he was wont to say, "Wall, now I'll give yer Prince Esterhazy's March," and forthwith began again precisely the same intolerable squeak.

After he died, other stars in the musical world appeared in the horizon, but none equalled him. They all seemed to think it necessary to shut their eyes and squirm like nothing human during the process of singing a song, and they "pitched the tune" so high that no human voice ever could hope to reach it in safety. "Tew high, Bill, tew high," one would say to the singer, with slow solemnity; so Bill tried again. "Tew high agin, Bill, tew high." "Wull, *you* strike it, Obed," Bill would say in despair; and Obed would "strike," and hit exactly the same impossible altitude, whereat Bill would slap his knee and cry in glad surprise, "D—d if he ain't got it!" and forthwith catch Obed and launch on his perilous flight, and grow red in the face with the mighty effort of getting up there and remaining there through the intricacies and variations of the melody. One could but wonder whence these queer tunes came, how they were created; some of them reminded one of the creaking and groaning of windlasses and masts, the rattling of rowlocks, the whistling of winds among cordage, yet with less of music in them than these natural sounds. The songs of the sailors heaving up the anchor are really beautiful often, the wild chant that rises sometimes into a grand chorus, all the strong voices borne out on the wind in the cry of

"Vo ho, the roaring river!"

But these Shoals performances are lacking in any charm, except that of the broadest fun.

The process of dunning, which made the Shoals fish so famous a century ago, is almost a lost art, though the chief fisherman at Star still "duns" a few yearly. A real dunfish is handsome, cut in clear transparent strips, the color of brown sherry wine. The process is a tedious one: the fish are piled in the storehouse and undergo a period of

"sweating" after the first drying, then are carried out into sun and wind, dried again slightly, and again piled in the warehouse, and so on till the process is complete. Drying fish in the common fashion is more difficult than might be imagined: it is necessary to watch and tend them continually as they lie on the picturesque "flakes," and if they are exposed at too early a stage to a sun too hot they burn as surely as a loaf of bread in an intemperate oven, only the burning does not crisp, but liquefies their substance.

For the last ten years fish have been caught about the Shoals by trawl and seine in such quantities that they are thinning fast, and the trade bids fair to be much less lucrative before many years have elapsed. The process of drawing the trawl is very picturesque and interesting, watched from the rocks or from the boat itself. The buoy being drawn in, then follow the baited hooks one after another. First perhaps a rockling shows his bright head above water; a pull, and in he comes flapping, with brilliant red fins distended, gaping mouth and indigo-colored eyes, and richly mottled skin; a few futile somersets, and he subsides into slimy dejection. Next, perhaps, a big whelk is tossed into the boat; then a leaden gray haddock, with its dark stripe of color on each side; then perhaps follow a few bare hooks; then a hake, with horrid, cavernous mouth; then a large purple star-fish; or a clattering crab; then a ling, a yellow-brown, wide-mouthed piece of ugliness never eaten here, but highly esteemed on the coast of Scotland; then more cod or haddock, or perhaps a lobster, bristling with indignation at the novel situation in which he finds himself; then a cusk, long, smooth, compact, and dark; then a catfish. Of all fiends commend me to the catfish as the most fiendish! Black as night, with thick and hideous skin, which looks a dull, mouldy green beneath the water, a head shaped as much like a cat's as a fish's head can be, in which the devil's own eyes seem to glow with a dull, malicious gleam,—

and such a mouth! What terrible expressions these cold creatures carry to and fro in the vast dim spaces of the sea! All fish have a more or less imbecile and wobegone aspect, but this one looks absolutely evil, and Schiller might well say of him that he "grins through the grate of his spiky teeth," and sharp and deadly are they; every man looks out for his boots when a catfish comes tumbling in, for they bite through leather, flesh and bones. They seize a ballast-stone between their jaws, and their teeth snap and fly in all directions. I have seen them bite the long blade of a sharp knife so fiercely, that when it was lifted and held aloft they kept their furious gripe, and dangled, flapping all their clumsy weight, hanging by their teeth to the blade. Sculpins abound and are a nuisance on the trawls. Ugly and grotesque as are the full-grown fish, there is nothing among the finny tribe more dainty, more quaint and delicate than the baby sculpin. Sometimes in a pool of crystal water one comes upon him unawares, — a fairy creature, the color of a blush-rose, striped and freaked and pied with silver and gleaming green, hanging in the almost invisible water as a bird in air, with broad transparent fins suffused with a faint pink color, stretched wide like wings to upbear the supple form. The curious head is only strange, not hideous as yet, and one gazes marveling at all the beauty lavished on a thing of so little worth.

Wolf-fish, first cousins to the catfish, are found also on the trawls, and dog-fish, with pointed snouts and sand-paper skins, abound to such an extent as to drive away everything else sometimes. Sand-dabs, a kind of flounder, fasten their sluggish bodies to the hooks, and a few beautiful red fish, called bream, are occasionally found; also a few blue-fish and sharks; frequently halibut, — though these latter are generally caught on trawls which are made especially for them. Sometimes a monstrous creature of horrible aspect, called the nurse-fish, is caught on a trawl, — an immense fish weighing twelve hundred pounds,

with a skin like a nutmeg-grater, and no teeth; a kind of sucker, hence its name. I asked a Shoaler what the nurse-fish looked like, and he answered promptly, "Like the Devil!" One weighing twelve hundred pounds has "two barrels of liver," as the natives phrase it, which is very valuable for the oil it contains. One of the fishermen described a creature which they call mud-eel, — a foot and a half long, with a mouth like a rat, and two teeth. The bite of this water-snake is poisonous, the islanders aver, and tell a story of a man bitten by one at Mount Desert last year, "who did not live long enough to get to the doctor." They bite at the hooks on the trawl, and are drawn up in a lump of mud, and the men cut the ropes and mangle their lines to get rid of them. Huge sun-fish are sometimes harpooned, lying on the top of the water, — a lump of flesh like cocoanut meat encased in a skin like rubber cloth, with a most dim and abject hint of a face roughly outlined on the edge, absurdly disproportionate to the size of the body. Sword-fish are also harpooned, weighing eight hundred pounds and upward; they are very delicate food. A sword-fish swimming leaves a wake a mile long on a calm day, and bewilders the imagination into a belief in sea-serpents. There's a legend that a torpedo was caught here once upon a time, and the thrasher, fox-shark, or sea-fox occasionally alarms the fisherman with his tremendous flexible tail, that reaches "from the gunnel to the mainmast-top" when the creature comes to the surface. Also they tell of skip-jacks that sprang on board their boats at night when they were hake-fishing, "little things about as large as mice, long and slender, with beaks like birds." Sometimes a huge horse-mackerel flounders in and drives ashore on a ledge, for the gulls to scream over for weeks. Mackerel, herring, porgies, and shiners used to abound before the seines so thinned them. Bonito and blue-fish and dog-fish help drive away the more valuable varieties. It is a

lovely sight to see a herring-net drawn in, especially by moonlight, when every fish hangs like a long silver drop from the close-set meshes. Perch are found in inexhaustible quantities about the rocks, and lump or butter fish are sometimes caught; pollock are very plentiful, — smooth, graceful, slender creatures! It is fascinating to watch them turning somersets in the water close to the shore in full tides, or following a boat at sunset, and breaking the molten gold of the sea's surface with silver-sparkling fin and tail. The rudder-fish is sometimes found, and alewives and menhaden. Whales are more or less plentiful in summer, "spouting their foam-fountains in the sea." Beautiful is the sparkling column of water rising suddenly afar off and falling noiselessly back again. Not long ago a whale twisted his tail in the cable of the schooner "Vesper," lying to the eastward of the Shoals, and towed the vessel several miles, at the rate of twenty knots an hour, with the water boiling all over her from stem to stern!

Last winter some of the Shoalers were drawing a trawl between the Shoals and Boone Island, fifteen miles to the eastward. As they drew in the line and relieved each hook of its burden, lo! a horror was lifted half above the surface, — part of a human body, which dropped off the hooks and was gone, while they shuddered and stared at each other, aghast at the hideous sight.

Porpoises are seen at all seasons. I never saw one near enough to gain a knowledge of its expression, but it always seemed to me that these fish led a more hilarious life than the greater part of their race, and I think they must carry less dejected countenances than most of the inhabitants of the sea.

They frisk so delightfully on the surface, and ponderously plunge over and over with such apparent gayety and satisfaction! I remember being out one moonless summer night beyond the light-house island, in a little boat filled with gay young people. The sea was like oil, the air was thick and warm, no star broke the upper darkness, only now and then the light-house threw its jewelled track along the water, and through the dense air its long rays stretched above, turning solemnly like the luminous spokes of a gigantic wheel, as the lamps slowly revolved. There had been much talk and song and laughter, much playing with the warm waves (or rather smooth undulations of the sea, for there was n't a breath of wind to make a ripple), which broke at a touch into pale green phosphorescent fire. Beautiful arms, made bare to the shoulder, thrust down into the liquid darkness, shone flaming silver and gold; from the fingers playing beneath, fire seemed to stream; emerald sparks clung to the damp draperies; and a splashing oar-blade half revealed sweet faces and bright young eyes. Suddenly a pause came in talk and song and laughter, and in the unaccustomed silence we seemed to be waiting for something. At once out of the darkness came a slow tremendous sigh that made us shiver in the soft air, as if all the woe and terror of the sea were condensed in that immense and awful breath; and we took our oars and pulled homeward, with the weird fires flashing from our bows and oar-blades. "Only a porpoise blowing," said the initiated, when we told our tale. It may have been "only a porpoise blowing," but the leviathan himself could hardly have made a more prodigious sound.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

"The better angel is a man right fair;
The worse spirit a woman colored ill."

Shakespeare, Sonnets.

CHAPTER I.

RACHEL MILLER was not a little surprised when her nephew Joseph came to the supper-table, not from the direction of the barn and through the kitchen, as usual, but from the back room up stairs, where he slept. His work-day dress had disappeared; he wore his best Sunday suit, put on with unusual care, and there were faint pomatum odors in the air when he sat down to the table.

Her face said—and she knew it—as plain as any words, "What in the world does this mean?" Joseph, she saw, endeavored to look as though coming down to supper in that costume were his usual habit; so she poured out the tea in silence. Her silence, however, was eloquent; a hundred interrogation-marks would not have expressed its import; and Dennis, the hired man, who sat on the other side of the table, experienced very much the same apprehension of something forthcoming, as when he had killed her favorite speckled hen by mistake.

Before the meal was over, the tension between Joseph and his aunt had so increased by reason of their mutual silence, that it was very awkward and oppressive to both; yet neither knew how to break it easily. There is always a great deal of unnecessary reticence in the intercourse of country people, and in the case of these two it had been specially strengthened by the want of every relationship except that of blood. They were quite ignorant of the fence, the easy thrust and parry of society, where talk becomes an art; silence or the bluntest utterance were their alternatives, and now the one had neutralized the other. Both felt

this, and Dennis, in his dull way, felt it too. Although not a party concerned, he was uncomfortable, yet also internally conscious of a desire to laugh.

The resolution of the crisis, however, came by his aid. When the meal was finished and Joseph betook himself to the window, awkwardly drumming upon the pane, while his aunt gathered the plates and cups together, delaying to remove them as was her wont, Dennis said, with his hand on the door-knob: "Shall I saddle the horse right off?"

"I guess so," Joseph answered, after a moment's hesitation.

Rachel paused, with the two silver spoons in her hand. Joseph was still drumming upon the window, but with very irregular taps. The door closed upon Dennis.

"Well," said she, with singular calmness, "a body is not bound to dress particularly fine for watching, though I would as soon show him that much respect, if need be, as anybody else. Don't forget to ask Maria if there's anything I can do for her."

Joseph turned around with a start, a most innocent surprise on his face.

"Why, aunt, what are you talking about?"

"You are not going to Bishop's, to watch? They have nearer neighbors, to be sure, but when a man dies, everybody is free to offer their services. He was always strong in the faith."

Joseph knew that he was caught, without suspecting her manœuvre. A brighter color ran over his face, up to the roots of his hair. "Why, no!" he exclaimed; "I am going to Warriner's to spend the evening. There's to be a little company there,—a neighborly gathering. I believe it's been talked of this long while, but I was only in-

vited to-day. I saw Bob, in the road-field."

Rachel endeavored to conceal from her nephew's eye the immediate impression of his words. A constrained smile passed over her face, and was instantly followed by a cheerful relief in his.

"Is n't it rather a strange time of year for evening parties?" she then asked, with a touch of severity in her voice.

"They meant to have it in 'cherry-time,' Bob said, when Anna's visitor had come from town."

"That, indeed! I see!" Rachel exclaimed. "It's to be a sort of celebration for — what's-her-name? Blessing, I know, — but the other? Anna Warner was there last Christmas, and I don't suppose the high notions are out of her head yet. Well, I hope it'll be some time before they take root here! Peace and quiet, peace and quiet, that's been the token of the neighborhood; but town ways are the reverse."

"All the young people are going," Joseph mildly suggested, "and so —"

"O, I don't say you should n't go, *this* time," Rachel interrupted him; "for you ought to be able to judge for yourself what's fit and proper, and what is not. I should be sorry, to be sure, to see you doing anything and going anywhere that would make your mother uneasy if she were living now. It's so hard to be conscientious, and to mind a body's bounden duty, without seeming to interfere."

She heaved a deep sigh, and just touched the corner of her apron to her eyes. The mention of his mother always softened Joseph, and in his earnest desire to live so that his life might be such as to give her joy if she could share it, a film of doubt spread itself over the smooth, pure surface of his mind. A vague consciousness of his inability to express himself clearly upon the question without seeming to slight her memory affected his thoughts.

"But, remember, Aunt Rachel," he said, at last, "I was not old enough, then, to go into society. She surely

meant that I should have some independence, when the time came. I am doing no more than all the young men of the neighborhood."

"Ah, yes, I know," she replied, in a melancholy tone; "but they've got used to it by degrees, and mostly in their own homes, and with sisters to caution them; whereas you're younger according to your years, and innocent of the ways and wiles of men, and — and girls."

Joseph painfully felt that this last assertion was true. Suppressing the impulse to exclaim, "Why am I younger 'according to my years'? why am I so much more 'innocent' — which is, ignorant — than others?" he blundered out, with a little display of temper, "Well, how am I ever to learn?"

"By patience, and taking care of yourself. There's always safety in waiting. I don't mean you should n't go this evening, since you've promised it, and made yourself smart. But, mark my words, this is only the beginning. The season makes no difference; townspeople never seem to know that there's such things as hay-harvest and corn to be worked. They come out for merry-makings in the busy time, and want us country folks to give up everything for their pleasure. The tired plough-horses must be geared up for 'em, and the cows wait an hour or two longer to be milked while they're driving around; and the chickens killed half-grown, and the washing and baking put off when it comes in their way. They're mighty nice and friendly while it lasts; but go back to 'em in town, six months afterwards, and see whether they'll so much as ask you to take a meal's victuals!"

Joseph began to laugh. "It is not likely," he said, "that I shall ever go to the Blessings for a meal, or that this Miss Julia — as they call her — will ever interfere with our harvesting or milking."

"The airs they put on!" Rachel continued. "She'll very likely think that she's doing you a favor by so much as speaking to you. When the

Bishops had boarders, two years ago, one of 'em said, — Maria told me with her own mouth, — 'Why don't all the farmers follow your example? It would be so refining for them!' They may be very well in their place, but, for my part, I should like them to stay there."

"There comes the horse," said Joseph. "I must be on the way. I expect to meet Elwood Withers at the lane-end. But — about waiting, Aunt — you hardly need —"

"O, yes, I'll wait for you, of course. Ten o'clock is not so very late for me."

"It might be a little after," he suggested.

"Not much, I hope; but if it should be daybreak, wait I will! Your mother could n't expect less of me."

When Joseph whirled into the saddle, the thought of his aunt, grimly waiting for his return, was already perched like an imp on the crupper, and clung to his sides with claws of steel. She, looking through the window, also felt that it was so; and, much relieved, went back to her household duties.

He rode very slowly down the lane, with his eyes fixed on the ground. There was a rich orange flush of sunset on the hills across the valley; masses of burning cumuli hung, self-suspended, above the farthest woods, and such depths of purple-grey opened beyond them as are wont to rouse the slumbering fancies and hopes of a young man's heart; but the beauty and fascination and suggestiveness of the hour could not lift his downcast, absorbed glance. At last his horse, stopping suddenly at the gate, gave a whinny of recognition, which was answered.

Elwood Withers laughed. "Can you tell me where Joseph Asten lives?" he cried, — "an old man, very much bowed and bent."

Joseph also laughed, with a blush, as he met the other's strong, friendly face. "There is plenty of time," he said, leaning over his horse's neck and lifting the latch of the gate.

"All right; but you must now wake

up. You're spruce enough to make a figure to-night."

"O, no doubt!" Joseph gravely answered; "but what kind of a figure?"

"Some people, I've heard say," said Elwood, "may look into their looking-glass every day, and never know how they look. If you appeared to yourself as you appear to me, you would n't ask such a question as that."

"If I could only not think of myself at all, Elwood, — if I could be as unconcerned as you are —"

"But I'm not, Joseph, my boy!" Elwood interrupted, riding nearer and laying a hand on his friend's shoulder. "I tell you, it weakens my very marrow to walk into a room full o' girls, even though I know every one of 'em. They know it, too, and, shy and quiet as they seem, they're unmerciful. There they sit, all looking so different, somehow, — even a fellow's own sisters and cousins, — filling up all sides of the room, rustling a little and whispering a little, but you feel that every one of 'em has her eyes on you, and would be so glad to see you flustered. There's no help for it, though; we've got to grow case-hardened to that much, or how ever could a man get married?"

"Elwood!" Joseph asked, after a moment's silence, "were you ever in love?"

"Well," — and Elwood pulled up his horse in surprise, — "well, you *do* come out plump. You take the breath out of my body. Have I been in love? Have I committed murder? One's about as dead as a secret as the other!"

The two looked each other in the face. Elwood's eyes answered the question, but Joseph's, — large, shy, and utterly innocent, — could not read the answer.

"It's easy to see *you*'ve never been," said the former, dropping his voice to a grave gentleness. "If I should say Yes, what then?"

"Then, how do you know it, — I mean, how did you first begin to find it out? What is the difference between that and the feeling you have towards

any pleasant girl whom you like to be with?"

"All the difference in the world!" Elwood exclaimed with energy; then paused, and knitted his brows with a perplexed air; "but I'll be shot if I know exactly what else to say; I never thought of it before. How do I know that I am Elwood Withers? It seems just as plain as that,—and yet—well, for one thing, she's always in your mind, and you think and dream of just nothing but her; and you'd rather have the hem of her dress touch you than kiss anybody else; and you want to be near her, and to have her all to yourself, yet it's hard work to speak a sensible word to her when you come together,—but, what's the use? A fellow must feel it himself, as they say of experiencing religion; he must get converted, or he'll never know. Now I don't suppose you've understood a word of what I've said?"

"Yes!" Joseph answered; "indeed, I think so. It's only an increase of what we all feel towards some persons. I have been hoping, latterly, that it might come to me, but — but —"

"But your time will come, like every man's," said Elwood; "and, maybe, sooner than you think. When it does, you won't need to ask anybody; though I think you're bound to tell me of it, after pumping my own secret out of me."

Joseph looked grave.

"Never mind; I was n't obliged to let you have it. I know you're close-mouthed and honest-hearted, Joseph; but I'll never ask your confidence unless you can give it as freely as I give mine to you."

"You shall have it, Elwood, if my time ever comes. And I can't help wishing for the time, although it may not be right. You know how lonely it is on the farm, and yet it's not always easy for me to get away into company. Aunt Rachel stands in mother's place to me, and maybe it's only natural that she should be over-concerned; any way, seeing what she has done for my sake, I am hindered from opposing her

wishes too stubbornly. Now, to-night, my going did n't seem right to her, and I shall not get it out of my mind that she is waiting up, and perhaps fretting, on my account."

"A young fellow of your age must n't be so tender," Elwood said. "If you had your own father and mother, they'd allow you more of a range. Look at me, with mine! Why, I never as much as say 'by your leave.' Quite the contrary; so long as the work is n't slighted, they're rather glad than not to have me go out; and the house is twice as lively since I bring so much fresh gossip into it. But then, I've had a rougher bringing up."

"I wish I had had!" cried Joseph. "Yet, no, when I think of mother, it is wrong to say just that. What I mean is, I wish I could take things as easily as you,—make my way boldly in the world, without being held back by trifles, or getting so confused with all sorts of doubts. The more anxious I am to do right, the more embarrassed I am to know what is the right thing. I don't believe you have any such troubles."

"Well, for my part, I do about as other fellows; no worse, I guess, and likely no better. You must consider, also, that I'm a bit rougher made, besides the bringing up, and that makes a deal of difference. I don't try to make the scales balance to a grain; if there's a handful under or over, I think it's near enough. However, you'll be all right in a while. When you find the right girl and marry her, it'll put a new face on to you. There's nothing like a sharp, wide-awake wife, so they say, to set a man straight. Don't make a mountain of anxiety out of a little molehill of inexperience. I'd take all your doubts and more, I'm sure, if I could get such a two-hundred-acre farm with them."

"Do you know," cried Joseph eagerly, his blue eyes flashing through the gathering dusk, "I have often thought very nearly the same thing! If I were to love,—if I were to marry—"

"Hush!" interrupted Elwood; "I

know you don't mean others to hear you. Here come two down the branch road."

The horsemen, neighboring farmers' sons, joined them. They rode together up the knoll towards the Warriner mansion, the lights of which glimmered at intervals through the trees. The gate was open, and a dozen vehicles could be seen in the enclosure between the house and barn. Bright, gliding forms were visible on the portico.

"Just see," whispered Elwood to Joseph; "what a lot of posy-colors! You may be sure they're every one watching us. No flinching, mind; straight to the charge! We'll walk up together, and it won't be half as hard for you."

CHAPTER II.

To consider the evening party at Warriner's a scene of "dissipation" — as some of the good old people of the neighborhood undoubtedly did — was about as absurd as to call butter-milk an intoxicating beverage. Anything more simple and innocent could not well be imagined. The very awkwardness which everybody felt, and which no one exactly knew how to overcome, testified of virtuous ignorance. The occasion was no more than sufficed for the barest need of human nature. Young men and women must come together for acquaintance and the possibilities of love, and, fortunately, neither labor nor the severer discipline of their elders can prevent them.

Where social recreation thus only exists under discouraging conditions, ease and grace and self-possession cannot be expected. Had there been more form, in fact, there would have been more ease. A conventional disposition of the guests would have reduced the loose elements of the company to some sort of order; the shy country nature would have taken refuge in fixed laws and found a sense of freedom therein. But there were no generally understood rules; the young

people were brought together, delighted yet uncomfortable, craving yet shrinking from speech and jest and song, and painfully working their several isolations into a warmer common atmosphere.

On this occasion, the presence of a stranger, and that stranger a lady, and that lady a visitor from the city, was an additional restraint. The dread of a critical eye is most keenly felt by those who secretly acknowledge their own lack of social accomplishment. Anna Warriner, to be sure, had been loud in her praises of "dear Julia," and the guests were prepared to find all possible beauty and sweetness; but they expected, none the less, to be scrutinized and judged.

Bob Warriner met his friends at the gate and conducted them to the parlor, whither the young ladies, who had been watching the arrival, had retreated. They were disposed along the walls, silent and cool, except Miss Blessing, who occupied a rocking-chair in front of the mantel-piece, where her figure was in half shadow, the lamp-light only touching some roses in her hair. As the gentlemen were presented, she lifted her face and smiled upon each, graciously offering a slender hand. In manner and attitude, as in dress, she seemed a different being from the plump, ruddy, self-conscious girls on the sofas. Her dark hair fell about her neck in long, shining ringlets; the fairness of her face heightened the brilliancy of her eyes, the lids of which were slightly drooped as if kindly veiling their beams; and her lips, although thin, were very sweetly and delicately curved. Her dress, of some white, foamy texture, hung about her like a trailing cloud, and the cluster of rose-buds on her bosom lay as if tossed there.

The young men, spruce as they had imagined themselves to be, suddenly felt that their clothes were coarse and ill-fitting, and that the girls of the neighborhood, in their neat gingham and muslin dresses, were not quite so airy and charming as on former occasions.

Miss Blessing, descending to them out of an unknown higher sphere, made their deficiencies unwelcomely evident: she attracted and fascinated them, yet was none the less a disturbing influence. They made haste to find seats, after which a constrained silence followed.

There could be no doubt of Miss Blessing's amiable nature. She looked about with a pleasant expression, half smiled—but deprecatingly, as if to say, "Pray, don't be offended!"—at the awkward silence, and then said, in a clear, carefully modulated voice: "It is beautiful to arrive at twilight, but how charming it must be to ride home in the moonlight; so different from our lamps!"

The guests looked at each other, but as she had seemed to address no one in particular, so each hesitated, and there was no immediate reply.

"But is it not awful, tell me, Elizabeth, when you get into the shadows of the forests? we are so apt to associate all sorts of unknown dangers with forests, you know," she continued.

The young lady thus singled out made haste to answer: "O, no! I rather like it, when I have company."

Elwood Withers laughed. "To be sure!" he exclaimed; "the shade is full of opportunities."

Then there were little shrieks, and some giggling and blushing. Miss Blessing shook her fan warningly at the speaker.

"How wicked in you! I hope you will have to ride home alone to-night, after that speech. But you are all courageous, compared with us. We are really so restricted in the city, that it's a wonder we have any independence at all. In many ways, we are like children."

"O Julia, dear!" protested Anna Warriner, "and such advantages as you have! I shall never forget the day Mrs. Rockaway called—her husband's cashier of the Commercial Bank" (this was said in a parenthesis to the other guests)—"and brought

you all the news direct from headquarters, as she said."

"Yes," Miss Blessing answered, slowly, casting down her eyes, "there must be two sides to everything, of course; but how much we miss, until we know the country! Really, I quite envy you."

Joseph had found himself, almost before he knew it, in a corner, beside Lucy Henderson. He felt soothed and happy, for of all the girls present he liked Lucy best. In the few meetings of the young people which he had attended, he had been drawn towards her by an instinct founded, perhaps, on his shyness and the consciousness of it; for she alone had the power, by a few kindly, simple words, to set him at ease with himself. The straightforward glance of her large brown eyes seemed to reach the self below the troubled surface. However much his ears might have tingled afterwards, as he recalled how frankly and freely he had talked with her, he could only remember the expression of an interest equally frank, upon her face. She never dropped one of those amused side-glances, or uttered one of those pert, satirical remarks, the recollection of which in other girls stung him to the quick.

Their conversation was interrupted, for when Miss Blessing spoke, the others became silent. What Elwood Withers had said of the phenomena of love, however, lingered in Joseph's mind, and he began, involuntarily, to examine the nature of his feeling for Lucy Henderson. Was she not often in his thoughts? He had never before asked himself the question, but now he suddenly became conscious that the hope of meeting her, rather than any curiosity concerning Miss Blessing, had drawn him to Warriner's. Would he rather touch the edge of her dress than kiss anybody else? That question drew his eyes to her lips, and with a soft shock of the heart, he became aware of their freshness and sweetness as never before. To touch the edge of her dress! Elwood had said nothing

of the lovelier and bolder desire which brought the blood swiftly to his cheeks. He could not help it that their glances met, — a moment only, but an unmeasured time of delight and fear to him, — and then Lucy quickly turned away her head. He fancied there was a heightened color on her face, but when she spoke to him a few minutes afterwards it was gone, and she was as calm and composed as before.

In the mean time there had been other arrivals; and Joseph was presently called upon to give up his place to some ladies from the neighboring town. Many invitations had been issued, and the capacity of the parlor was soon exhausted. Then the sounds of merry chat on the portico invaded the stately constraint of the room; and Miss Blessing, rising gracefully and not too rapidly, laid her hands together and entreated Anna Warriner, —

"O, *do* let us go outside! I think we are well enough acquainted now to sit on the steps together."

She made a gesture, slight but irresistibly inviting, and all arose. While they were cheerfully pressing out through the hall, she seized Anna's arm and drew her back into the dusky nook under the staircase.

"Quick, Anna!" she whispered; "who is the roguish one they call Elwood? *What* is he?"

"A farmer; works his father's place on shares."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Blessing, in a peculiar tone; "and the blue-eyed, handsome one, who came in with him? He looks almost like a boy."

"Joseph Asten? Why, he's twenty-two or three. He has one of the finest properties in the neighborhood, and money besides, they say; lives alone, with an old dragon of an aunt as housekeeper. Now, Julia dear, there's a chance for you!"

"Pshaw, you silly Anna!" whispered Miss Blessing, playfully pinching her ear; "you know I prefer intellect to wealth."

"As for that" — Anna began, but her friend was already dancing down

the hall towards the front door, her gossamer skirts puffing and floating out until they brushed the walls on either side. She hummed to herself, "O Night! O lovely Night!" from the *Desert*, skimmed over the doorstep, and sank, subsiding into an ethereal heap, against one of the pillars of the portico. Her eyelids were now fully opened, and the pupils, the color of which could not be distinguished in the moonlight, seemed wonderfully clear and brilliant.

"Now, Mr. Elwood — O, excuse me, I mean Mr. Withers," she began, "you must repeat your joke for my benefit. I missed it, and I feel so foolish when I can't laugh with the rest."

Anna Warriner, standing in the door, opened her eyes very wide at what seemed to her to be the commencement of a flirtation; but before Elwood Withers could repeat his rather stupid fun, she was summoned to the kitchen by her mother, to superintend the preparation of the refreshments.

Miss Blessing made her hay while the moon shone. She so entered into the growing spirit of the scene and accommodated herself to the speech and ways of the guests, that in half an hour it seemed as if they had always known her. She laughed with their merriment, and flattered their sentiment with a tender ballad or two, given in a veiled but not unpleasant voice, and constantly appealed to their good-nature by the phrase: "Pray, don't mind me at all; I'm like a child let out of school!" She tapped Elizabeth Fogg on the shoulder, stealthily tickled Jane McNaughton's neck with a grass-blade, and took the roses from her hair to stick into the buttonholes of the young men.

"Just see Julia!" whispered Anna Warriner to her half-dozen intimates; "did n't I tell you she was the life of society?"

Joseph had quite lost his uncomfortable sense of being watched and criticised; he enjoyed the unrestraint of the hour as much as the rest. He was rather relieved to notice that Elwood

Withers seemed uneasy, and almost willing to escape from the lively circle around Miss Blessing. By and by the company broke into smaller groups, and Joseph again found himself near the pale pink dress which he knew. What was it that separated him from her? What had slipped between them during the evening? Nothing, apparently; for Lucy Henderson, perceiving him, quietly moved nearer. He advanced a step, and they were side by side.

"Do you enjoy these meetings, Joseph?" she asked.

"I think I should enjoy everything," he answered, "if I were a little older, or — or —"

"Or more accustomed to society? Is not that what you meant? It is only another kind of schooling, which we must all have. You and I are in the lowest class, as we once were, — do you remember?"

"I don't know why," said he, "— but I must be a poor scholar. See Elwood, for instance!"

"Elwood!" Lucy slowly repeated; "he is another kind of nature, altogether."

There was a moment's silence. Joseph was about to speak, when something wonderfully soft touched his cheek, and a delicate, violet-like odor swept upon his senses. A low, musical laugh sounded at his very ear.

"There! Did I frighten you?" said Miss Blessing. She had stolen behind him, and, standing on tiptoe, reached a light arm over his shoulder, to fasten her last rosebud in the upper buttonhole of his coat.

"I quite overlooked you, Mr. Astén," she continued. "Please turn a little towards me. Now! — has it not a charming effect? I do like to see some kind of ornament about the gentlemen, Lucy. And since they can't wear anything in their hair, — but, tell me, would n't a wreath of flowers look well on Mr. Astén's head?"

"I can't very well imagine such a thing," said Lucy.

"No? Well, perhaps I am foolish:

but when one has escaped from the tiresome conventionalities of city life, and comes back to nature, and delightful natural society, one feels so free to talk and think! Ah, you don't know what a luxury it is, just to be one's true self!"

Joseph's eyes lighted up, and he turned towards Miss Blessing, as if eager that she should continue to speak.

"Lucy," said Elwood Withers, approaching; "you came with the McNaughtons, did n't you?"

"Yes: are they going?"

"They are talking of it now; but the hour is early, and if you don't mind riding on a pillion, you know my horse is gentle and strong —"

"That's right, Mr. Withers!" interrupted Miss Blessing. "I depend upon you to keep Lucy with us. The night is at its loveliest, and we are all just fairly enjoying each other's society. As I was saying, Mr. Astén, you cannot conceive what a new world this is to me: oh, I begin to breathe at last!"

Therewith she drew a long, soft inspiration, and gently exhaled it again, ending with a little flutter of the breath, which made it seem like a sigh. A light laugh followed.

"I know, without looking at your face, that you are smiling at me," said she. "But you have never experienced what it is, to be shy and uneasy in company; to feel that you are expected to talk, and not know what to say, and when you do say something, to be startled at the sound of your voice; to stand, or walk, or sit, and imagine that everybody is watching you; to be introduced to strangers, and be as awkward as if both spoke different languages, and were unable to exchange a single thought. Here, in the country, you experience nothing of all this."

"Indeed, Miss Blessing," Joseph replied, "it is just the same to us — to me — as city society is to you."

"How glad I am!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "It is very selfish

in me to say it, but I can't help being sincere towards the Sincere. I shall now feel ever so much more freedom in talking with you, Mr. Astén, since we have *one* experience in common. Don't you think, if we all knew each other's natures truly, we should be a great deal more at ease,—and consequently happier?"

She spoke the last sentence in a low, sweet, penetrating tone, lifted her face to meet his gaze a moment, the eyes large, clear, and appealing in their expression, the lips parted like those of a child, and then, without waiting for his answer, suddenly darted away, crying, "Yes, Anna dear!"

"What is it, Julia?" Anna Warriner asked.

"O, did n't you call me? Somebody surely called some Julia, and I'm the only one, am I not? I've just arranged Mr. Astén's rosebud so prettily, and now all the gentlemen are decorated. I'm afraid they think I take great liberties for a stranger, but then, you all make me forget that I am strange. Why is it that everybody is so good to me?"

She turned her face upon the others with a radiant expression. Then there were earnest protestations from the young men, and a few impulsive hugs from the girls, which latter Miss Blessing returned with kisses.

Elwood Withers sat beside Lucy Henderson, on the steps of the portico. "Why, we owe it to you that we're here to-night, Miss Blessing!" he exclaimed. "We don't come together half often enough as it is; and what better could we do than meet again, somewhere else, while you are in the country?"

"O, how delightful! how kind!" she cried. "And while the lovely moonlight lasts! Shall I really have another evening like this?"

The proposition was heartily seconded, and the only difficulty was, how to choose between the three or four invitations which were at once proffered. There was nothing better to do than to accept all, in turn, and the young peo-

ple pledged themselves to attend. The new element which they had dreaded in advance, as a restraint, had shown itself to be the reverse: they had never been so free, so cheerfully excited. Miss Blessing's unconscious ease of manner, her grace and sweetness, her quick, bright sympathy with country ways, had so warmed and fused them, that they lost the remembrance of their stubborn selves and yielded to the magnetism of the hour. Their manners, moreover, were greatly improved, simply by their forgetting that they were expected to have any.

Joseph was one of the happiest sharers in this change. He eagerly gave his word to be present at the entertainments to come: his heart beat with delight at the prospect of other such evenings. The suspicion of a tenderer feeling towards Lucy Henderson, the charm of Miss Blessing's winning frankness, took equal possession of his thoughts; and not until he had said good night did he think of his companion on the homeward road. But Elwood Withers had already left, carrying Lucy Henderson on a pillion behind him.

"Is it ten o'clock, do you think?" Joseph asked of one of the young men, as they rode out of the gate.

The other burst into a laugh: "Ten? It's nigher morning than evening!"

The imp on the crupper struck his claws deep into Joseph's sides. He urged his horse into a gallop, crossed the long rise in the road and dashed along the valley-level, with the cool, dewy night air whistling in his locks. After entering the lane leading upward to his home, he dropped the reins and allowed the panting horse to choose his own gait. A light, sparkling through the locust-trees, pierced him with the sting of an unwelcome external conscience, in which he had no part, yet which he could not escape.

Rachel Miller looked wearily up from her knitting as he entered the room. She made a feeble attempt to smile, but the expression of her face suggested imminent tears.

"Aunt, why did you wait?" said he, speaking rapidly. "I forgot to look at my watch, and I really thought it was no more than ten—"

He paused, seeing that her eyes were fixed. She was looking at the tall, old-fashioned clock. The hand pointed to half past twelve, and every cluck of the ponderous pendulum said, distinctly, "Late! late! late!"

He lighted a candle in silence, said, "Good night, Aunt!" and went up to his room.

"Good night, Joseph!" she solemnly responded, and a deep, hollow sigh reached his ear before the door was closed.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH ASTEN'S nature was shy and sensitive, but not merely from a habit of introversion. He saw no deeper into himself, in fact, than his moods and sensations, and thus quite failed to recognize what it was that kept him apart from the society in which he should have freely moved. He felt the difference of others, and constantly probed the pain and embarrassment it gave him, but the sources wherefrom it grew were the last which he would have guessed.

A boy's life may be weakened for growth, in all its fibres, by the watchfulness of a too anxious love, and the guidance of a too exquisitely nurtured conscience. He may be so trained in the habits of goodness, and purity, and duty, that every contact with the world is like an abrasion upon the delicate surface of his soul. Every wind visits him too roughly, and he shrinks from the encounters which brace true manliness, and strengthen it for the exercise of good.

The rigid piety of Joseph's mother was warmed and softened by her tenderness towards him, and he never felt it as a yoke. His nature instinctively took the imprint of hers, and she was happy in seeing so clear a reflection of herself in his innocent young heart. She prolonged his childhood, perhaps without intending it, into the years

when the unrest of approaching manhood should have led him to severer studies and lustier sports. Her death transferred his guardianship to other hands, but did not change its character. Her sister Rachel was equally good and conscientious, possibly with an equal capacity for tenderness, but her barren life had restrained the habit of its expression. Joseph could not but confess that she was guided by the strictest sense of duty, but she seemed to him cold, severe, unsympathetic. There were times when the alternative presented itself to his mind, of either allowing her absolute control of all his actions, or wounding her to the heart by asserting a moderate amount of independence.

He was called fortunate, but it was impossible for him consciously to feel his fortune. The two hundred acres of the farm, stretching back over the softly swelling hills which enclosed the valley on the east, were as excellent soil as the neighborhood knew; the stock was plentiful; the house, barn, and all the appointments of the place were in the best order, and he was the sole owner of all. The work of his own hands was not needed, but it was a mechanical exhaustion of time,—an enforced occupation of body and mind, which he followed in the vague hope that some richer development of life might come afterwards. But there were times when the fields looked very dreary,—when the trees, rooted in their places, and growing under conditions which they were powerless to choose or change, were but tiresome types of himself,—when even the beckoning heights far down the valley failed to touch his fancy with the hint of a broader world. Duty said to him, "You must be perfectly contented in your place!" but there was the miserable, ungrateful, inexplicable fact of discontent.

Furthermore, he had by this time discovered that certain tastes which he possessed were so many weaknesses—if not, indeed, matters of reproach—in the eyes of his neighbors. The de-

light and the torture of finer nerves — an inability to use coarse and strong phrases, and a shrinking from all display of rude manners — were peculiarities which he could not overcome, and must endeavor to conceal. There were men of sturdy intelligence in the community; but none of refined culture, through whom he might have measured and understood himself; and the very qualities, therefore, which should have been his pride, gave him only a sense of shame.

Two memories haunted him, after the evening at Warriner's; and, though so different, they were not to be disconnected. No two girls could be more unlike than Lucy Henderson and Miss Julia Blessing; he had known one for years, and the other was the partial acquaintance of an evening; yet the image of either one was swiftly followed by that of the other. When he thought of Lucy's eyes, Miss Julia's hand stole over his shoulder; when he recalled the glossy ringlets of the latter, he saw, beside them, the faintly flushed cheek and the pure, sweet mouth which had awakened in him his first daring desire.

Phantoms as they were, they seemed to have taken equal possession of the house, the garden, and the fields. While Lucy sat quietly by the window, Miss Julia skipped lightly along the adjoining hall. One lifted a fallen rose-branch on the lawn, the other snatched the reddest blossom from it. One leaned against the trunk of the old hemlock-tree, the other fluttered in and out among the clumps of shrubbery; but the lonely green was wonderfully brightened by these visions of pink and white, and Joseph enjoyed the fancy without troubling himself to think what it meant.

The house was seated upon a gentle knoll, near the head of a side-valley sunk like a dimple among the hills which enclosed the river-meadows, scarcely a quarter of a mile away. It was nearly a hundred years old, and its massive walls were faced with checkered bricks, alternately red and

black, to which the ivy clung with tenacious feet wherever it was allowed to run. The gables terminated in broad double chimneys, between which a railed walk, intended for a lookout, but rarely used for that or any other purpose, rested on the peak of the roof. A low portico paved with stone extended along the front, which was further shaded by two enormous sycamore-trees as old as the house itself. The evergreens and ornamental shrubs which occupied the remainder of the little lawn denoted the taste of a later generation. To the east, an open, turfy space, in the centre of which stood a superb weeping-willow, divided the house from the great stone barn with its flanking cribs and "overshoots"; on the opposite side lay the sunny garden, with gnarled grape-vines clambering along its walls, and a double row of tall old box-bushes, each grown into a single solid mass, stretching down the centre.

The fields belonging to the property, softly rising and following the undulations of the hills, limited the landscape on three sides; but on the south there was a fair view of the valley of the larger stream, with its herd-speckled meadows, glimpses of water between the fringing trees, and farm-houses sheltered among the knees of the farther hills. It was a region of peace and repose and quiet, drowsy beauty, and there were few farms which were not the ancestral homes of the families who held them. The people were satisfied, for they lived upon a bountiful soil; and if but few were notably rich, still fewer were absolutely poor. They had a sluggish sense of content, a half-conscious feeling that their lines were cast in pleasant places; they were orderly, moral, and generally honest, and their own types were so constantly reproduced and fixed both by intermarriage and intercourse, that any variation therein was a thing to be suppressed if possible. Any sign of an unusual taste, or a different view of life, excited their suspicion, and the most of them were incapable of discriminating be-

tween independent thought on moral and social questions, and "free-thinking" in the religious significance which they attached to the word. Political excitements, it is true, sometimes swept over the neighborhood, but in a mitigated form; and the discussions which then took place between neighbors of opposite faith were generally repetitions of the arguments furnished by their respective county papers.

To one whose twofold nature conformed to the common mould,—into whom, before his birth, no mysterious element had been infused, to be the basis of new sensations, desires, and powers,—the region was a paradise of peaceful days. Even as a boy the probable map of his life was drawn: he could behold himself as young man, as husband, father, and comfortable old man, by simply looking upon these various stages in others.

If, however, his senses were not sluggish, but keen; if his nature reached beyond the ordinary necessities, and hungered for the taste of higher things; if he longed to share in that life of the world, the least part of which was known to his native community; if, not content to accept the mechanical faith of passive minds, he dared to repeat the long struggle of the human race in his own spiritual and mental growth; then,—why, then, the region was *not* a paradise of peaceful days.

Rachel Miller, now that the dangerous evening was over, was shrewd enough to resume her habitual manner towards her nephew. Her curiosity to know what had been done, and how Joseph had been affected by the merry-making, rendered her careful not to frighten him from the subject by warnings or reproaches. He was frank and communicative, and Rachel found, to her surprise, that the evening at War-riner's was much, and not wholly unpleasantly, in her thoughts during her knitting-hours. The farm-work was briskly forwarded; Joseph was active in the field, and decidedly brighter in the house; and when he announced the new engagement, with an air which

hinted that his attendance was a matter of course, she was only able to say:—

"I'm very much mistaken if *that's* the end. Get a-going once, and there's no telling where you'll fetch up. I suppose that town's girl won't stay much longer,—the farm-work of the neighborhood could n't stand it,—and so she means to have all she can while her visit lasts."

"Indeed, Aunt," Joseph protested, "Elwood Withers first proposed it, and the others all agreed."

"And ready enough they were, I'll be bound."

"Yes, they were," Joseph replied, with a little more firmness than usual. "All of them. And there was no respectable family in the neighborhood that was n't represented."

Rachel made an effort and kept silence. The innovation might be temporary, and in that case it were prudent to take no further notice; or it might be the beginning of a change in the ways of the young people, and if so, she needed further knowledge in order to work successfully against it in Joseph's case.

She little suspected how swiftly and closely the question would be brought to her own door.

A week afterwards the second of the evening parties was held, and was even more successful than the first. Everybody was there, bringing a cheerful memory of the former occasion, and Miss Julia Blessing, no longer dreaded as an unknown scrutinizing element, was again the life and soul of the company. It was astonishing how correctly she retained the names and characteristics of all those whom she had already met, and how intelligently she seemed to enjoy the gossip of the neighborhood. It was remarked that her dress was studiously simple, as if to conform to country ways, yet the airy, graceful freedom of her manner gave it a character of elegance which sufficiently distinguished her from the other girls.

Joseph felt that she looked to him,

as by an innocent, natural instinct, for a more delicate and intimate recognition than she expected to find elsewhere. Fragments of sentences, parenthetical expressions, dropped in her lively talk, were always followed by a quick glance which said to him: "We have one feeling in common; I know that *you* understand me." He was fascinated, but the experience was so new that it was rather bewildering. He was drawn to catch her seemingly random looks, — to wait for them, and then shrink timidly when they came, feeling all the while the desire to be in the quiet corner, outside the merry circle of talkers, where sat Lucy Henderson.

When, at last, a change in the diversions of the evening brought him to Lucy's side, she seemed to him grave and preoccupied. Her words lacked the pleasant directness and self-possession which had made her society so comfortable to him. She no longer turned her full face towards him while speaking, and he noticed that her eyes were wandering over the company with a peculiar expression, as if she were trying to listen with them. It seemed to him, also, that Elwood Withers, who was restlessly moving about the room, was watching some one, or waiting for something.

"I have it!" suddenly cried Miss Blessing, floating towards Joseph and Lucy; "it shall be *you*, Mr. Astén!"

"Yes," echoed Anna Warriner, following; "if it could be, how delightful!"

"Hush, Anna dear! Let us keep the matter secret!" whispered Miss Blessing, assuming a mysterious air; "we will slip away and consult; and, of course, Lucy must come with us."

"Now," she resumed, when the four found themselves alone in the old-fashioned dining-room, "we must, first of all, explain everything to Mr. Astén. The question is, where we shall meet, next week. McNaughtons are building an addition (I believe you call it) to their barn, and a child has the measles at another place, and something else is

wrong somewhere else. We cannot interfere with the course of nature; but neither should we give up these charming evenings without making an effort to continue them. Our sole hope and reliance is on you, Mr. Astén."

She pronounced the words with a mock solemnity, clasping her hands, and looking into his face with bright, eager, laughing eyes.

"If it depended on myself—" Joseph began.

"O, I know the difficulty, Mr. Astén!" she exclaimed; "and, really, it's unpardonable in me to propose such a thing. But is n't it possible—just possible—that Miss Miller might be persuaded by us?"

"Julia dear!" cried Anna Warriner, "I believe there's nothing you'd be afraid to undertake."

Joseph scarcely knew what to say. He looked from one to the other, coloring slightly, and ready to turn pale the next moment, as he endeavored to imagine how his aunt would receive such an astounding proposition.

"There is no reason why she should be asked," said Lucy. "It would be a great annoyance to her."

"Indeed?" said Miss Blessing: "then I should be *so* sorry! But I caught a glimpse of your lovely place the other day, as we were driving up the valley. It was a perfect picture,—and I have such a desire to see it nearer!"

"Why will you not come, then?" Joseph eagerly asked. Lucy's words seemed to him blunt and unfriendly, although he knew they had been intended for his relief.

"It would be a great pleasure; yet, if I thought your aunt would be annoyed—"

"I am sure she will be glad to make your acquaintance," said Joseph, with a reproachful side-glance at Lucy.

Miss Blessing noticed the glance. "I am more sure," she said, playfully, "that she will be very much amused at my ignorance and inexperience. And I don't believe Lucy meant to frighten me. As for the party, we won't think

of that, now; but you will go with us, Lucy, won't you, — with Anna and myself, to make a neighborly afternoon call?"

Lucy felt obliged to accede to a request so amiably made, after her apparent rudeness. Yet she could not force herself to affect a hearty acquiescence, and Joseph thought her singularly cold.

He did not doubt but that Miss Blessing, whose warm, impulsive nature seemed to him very much what his own might be if he dared to show it, would fulfil her promise. Neither did he doubt that so much innocence and sweetness as she possessed would make a favorable impression upon his aunt; but he judged it best not to inform the latter of the possible visit.

IL GUIDO ROSPIGLIOSI.

"La concubina di Titone antico

Già s'imbiancava al balzo d'oriente,

Fuor delle braccia del suo dolce amico :

Di gemme la sua fronte era lucente —"

PURGATORIO, IX.

FORTH from the arms of her beloved now,
Whitening the orient steep, the Concubine
Of old Tithonus comes! — her lucent brow
Glistening with gems, her fair hands filled with flowers,
And from her girdle scatters wealth of pearls
Round ocean's rocks and every vessel's prow
That cuts the laughing billows' crested curls:
Behind her step the busy, sober Hours,
With much to do, and they must move apace:
Wake up, Apollo! must the women stir,
And thou be lagging? brighten up thy face!
Those eyes of Phaeton more brilliant were —
Hurry, dull God! Hyperion, to thy race!
Thy steeds are galloping, but thou seem'st slow —
Hesper, glad wretch, hath newly fed his torch,
And flies before thee, and the world cries, Go!
Light the dark woods, the drenchèd mountain scorch —
Phœbus! Aurora calls; why linger so?

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

WHEN Austria offered to recognize the French Republic, the victorious general of France replied that the Republic stood in no more need of recognition than the sun in heaven. Perhaps it is equally needless to vindicate the claim of the study of history to a place in a course of education.

To some of those who have come to be educated here, the study may be professionally useful. I refer to those destined for the profession of journalism, some of whom are pretty sure to be included in any large assemblage of the youth of so journalistic a country as this. It is quite possible that, as society advances, it may call for some political guidance more responsible and more philosophical than that of the anonymous journalist. But at present the journalist reigns. His pen has superseded not only the sceptre of kings, but the tongue of the parliamentary or congressional debater, whose speeches, predetermined and forestalled as they are by the discussions of the press, are read with a languid interest; a result which the enemies of rhetorical government, considering that the pen is usually somewhat more under control and more accurate than the tongue, may regard with a pensive satisfaction. The right education of the journalist is a matter of as much importance to the public, in a country like this, as the right education of princes is in a monarchical country. But if it is so important to the public, it is equally important to the journalist himself. A calling which society sanctions or demands, and which morality does not proscribe, must be pursued; and any inherent evils which there may be in it must be laid to the account of society, not to that of the individual writer. But those who have seen anything of

anonymous journalism will, I believe, generally be of opinion that all the safeguards which high training can afford are necessary to protect the anonymous journalist against the peril of falling into great degradation,—to save him from becoming an organ of narrow and malignant passions, possibly even of something worse. It is more difficult, to say the least, to sin against light. A man who has been raised by the study of history and its cognate subjects to the point of view where the eye and the heart take in humanity, will not find it quite so congenial to him to wallow in the mire of party fanaticism or of scurrilous personalities.

Another calling seems likely to be opened, for which the studies of a school of political science, such as the plan of our institution contemplates, would form a qualification. A movement is being made in favor of the institution of a permanent civil service. I do not wish to express an opinion on any political question relating to this country, at least from this chair. But I am so sensible of the advantages which we derive in England from the existence of such a service, by which the whole of the ordinary administration of the country is not only placed in well-trained hands, but taken almost entirely out of the influence of party and out of the category of party spoils, that I cannot help thinking that the measure will commend itself to the national mind, and that the movement will be crowned with success. In that case, our school of Political Science will become a school of preparation for the civil service. The subjects of the school will be history, studied from the political point of view; jurisprudence, including what is called, rather by anticipation than with reference to the ex-

isting state of things, international law; and political economy, embracing not only the general laws of wealth as demonstrated and illustrated by Adam Smith and his successors, but the most useful facts relating to commerce and production, especially with reference to this country.

To the mass of the students, however, the study of history must commend itself, not as one of professional utility, but as part of a course of self-culture. To the mass of students the study even of physical science can commend itself on no other ground, since the number of those who will ever make a professional use of geology, chemistry, or anatomy must be limited. And if a knowledge of physical science is necessary to self-culture, as unquestionably it is, equally necessary is a knowledge of history. If it is essential to our intellectual development, to our moral well-being, to our due discharge of the part assigned to us in life, that we should be placed in our right relations to the material world and the lower orders of animals, it is surely at least as essential that we should be placed in our right relations to humanity. If our powers of observation require to be cultivated by scientific pursuits, so do our powers of moral reasoning and our moral sympathies require to be cultivated by their appropriate training, which is the study of history. In a country like this, — with republican institutions which assume the active co-operation of all citizens in the work of government, and which, without that co-operation, lose their vitality and degenerate into a cover for wire-pullers and jobbers, — political studies, and the study of humanity generally, have an especial claim on the attention of the citizen, both as a matter of interest and of duty.

It is useless, of course, for the advocates of any particular kind of culture to address themselves to those writers on education, or, as I should rather say, against education, who, if they mean what they sometimes say, would cast all culture aside, and, under color of

making education practical (as though everything that did us good were not practical), would reduce all your universities and colleges to mere organs of industrial and commercial instruction; one result of which would be that, as the intellectual tastes and appetites of a great nation could not really be confined within a circle traced by its least cultivated members, America would have to import all the products of the higher intellect and the imagination, and would thus remain intellectually the slave of Europe, to the great detriment of Europe as well as to her own. One of the organs of this extreme utilitarianism proclaimed, the other day, as a proof of the uselessness or worse than uselessness of high culture, that there were thousands of college graduates who were unable to earn their own bread. It was meant, I suppose, that they were unable to earn their bread by manual labor; a statement scarcely true in itself, — since, if they were not crippled in any of their limbs by their knowledge of classics and mathematics, they might still take up a spade, list as soldiers, or go into service as porters, — and which, if true, would not be of much significance, since, whatever may be the case among tribes in a state of nature, in civilized countries men are able to earn their bread, and their butter too, with their brains as well as with their hands. Even a being so helpless and useless, to the merely bucolic eye, as Sir Isaac Newton, provided for himself pretty well in a less intellectual age than the present. The development of the mental faculties therefore pays just as well as that of the muscular powers. It is as the means of self-support for those who are undergoing a course of high education, not as a substitute for high education, that manual labor is encouraged in this institution. If classics have been rated too highly as instruments of mental training, if they have been studied in an irrational way and with too much attention to philological or paleographical details, if they have been allowed to take up too much time,

or even if, upon a deliberate review of the question, apart from the blind violence of iconoclasts, we should be led to the conclusion that their day is past, it does not follow that high culture altogether is to be discarded as folly, and that all our places of high education are to be turned into technological institutes, model farms, and workshops. Certainly, if any voice in the matter is to be allowed to public policy, and if public policy points to anything beyond the mere accumulation of wealth, there will be some hesitation and reflection before the preponderance of material objects, already great enough, is increased by throwing the whole weight of public education into the material scale.

Wealth is a proper object of individual pursuit so long as it is pursued honorably, which, when pursued very passionately and exclusively, it is apt, as every newspaper you take up shows you, not to be. I have no ascetic fancies on that subject, nor do I deprecate the frank avowal of the attainment of wealth as an object of education. Only let it be borne in mind that we need not alone the art of making wealth, but the art of enjoying it; and that, as the capacity of the stomach is so limited, if that is the only organ of enjoyment, wealth will be but poorly enjoyed. But the individual pursuit of wealth is a matter in which the state has little interest. The only thing in which the state has an interest, and which makes it worth the while of the state to found and endow universities, is the improvement of the students as members of the community, with due reference, of course, to its industrial objects, but also with due reference to those other objects without which a community of men would be no higher, and enjoy no more happiness, than a community of beavers or bees. The common welfare is not promoted by enabling A to rise over B's head, and to wrench the prize of life out of his hands. Perhaps some day a doubt may arise whether even individual welfare is promoted by stimulating cupidity and ambition in the

breast of youth; and the world, though it refuses to accept from theology, may accept from biological and social science, the doctrine that contentment is happiness. However this may be, the mere satisfaction of personal desires is not a public object; and when our charter tells us that this institution is founded to promote the "liberal and practical education" of those for whom it is intended, if the term "practical" points to the industrial and commercial objects of the individual student, the term "liberal" points to the object of the state. Knowledge which is directly convertible into money stands in little need of artificial encouragement.

An objection has been sometimes taken to history, on the ground of its uncertainty. This objection comes from physical science, the extreme devotees of which sometimes affect to cast doubt on all human testimony, and to maintain that nothing is worthy of belief but that which can be reproduced by experiment,—forgetting that they have no better ground than human testimony for believing that the experiment has been made before with the same result. It is true our historical judgments are continually being modified; our conceptions of history as a whole are changing; some supposed facts are being eliminated, while others are coming to light in the course of historical research. But may not something analogous be said of physical science? Are not her theories also continually undergoing change? Where are the astronomical conceptions of yesterday? They have given way to the nebular hypothesis, which, in its turn, may possibly be overthrown or absorbed by some other hypothesis,—leaving, no doubt, a residuum of truth, just as successive theories of history leave, some more, some less, of a residuum of truth, though no one of them can be said to be final. History is the scene of controversy; but is not science also? Ask Darwin and Agassiz, and the other combatants on either side of the controversy as to the origin of species. I remember a passage in

a letter written by the late Sir G. C. Lewis, a philosopher certainly not wanting in scepticism as to historical facts and the testimony on which they rest. He then held the office of Home Secretary, one of the duties of which is to advise the sovereign in the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, and he had been going into the case of Swethurst, a man convicted of poisoning on evidence of doubtful validity. Sir George Lewis remarked that the professors of moral philosophy showed more forbearance than policy in not retorting on the professors of physical science the charge of uncertainty, inasmuch as he had been consulting all the highest scientific authorities on the scientific parts of the case, and they had contradicted each other all round. Absolute and final certainty is the prerogative of no study, except the formal sciences of logic and mathematics. It has been truly said that the most important facts in history are the best ascertained. It is not about the great steps in the progress of humanity, or about their connection with each other, that we are in doubt. It is about personal details, which, though not devoid of moral interest, are of secondary importance, and the discussion of which would be trivial if it did not exercise the judicial faculties of the historian. History may safely permit Scotchmen to maintain forever the innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots, though it might not be so safe to concede the general principle, on which the defence rests, that a pretty Scotchwoman cannot do wrong. Nor ought we to overrate the proportion borne by the controverted to the uncontroverted facts. Mr. Lowe, in one of those mob orations against mental culture by which he endeavored to atone to the masses for his oligarchical opposition to the extension of the suffrage, scoffed at history, because, as he said, everything was unsettled in it, and if you asked two men for an account of Cromwell, their accounts would be so different, that you would not know that they were speaking of the same man. But this is a great exaggeration.

The two accounts would coincide as to all the leading facts: they would differ as to the moral quality or political expediency of certain actions; just as the judgments of a Republican and a Democrat would differ as to the moral quality and political expediency of certain actions of General Grant, whose existence and history are nevertheless substantial facts. And these divergences of opinion are being diminished by the gradual prevalence of more comprehensive views of history and of a sounder morality. The most extreme judgments on Cromwell's character would not be so wide apart now as were those of the Cavaliers and Roundheads in his own day.

The position that man is to be studied historically, if it be taken to mean that man is to be studied only in history, is untrue. A simple inspection of historical phenomena could never enable us to discern good from evil in human action, or furnish any standard of progress: we could never have attained the idea of progress itself in that way. But taken in the sense that a knowledge of the history of humanity is essential to a right view of any question respecting man, the position is a most momentous and pregnant truth, and one the perception of which has already begun profoundly to modify moral and political philosophy, and may further modify them to an almost indefinite extent. This prevalence of the historical method in the study of man is clearly connected with the prevalence of the Darwinian theory respecting the formation of species in natural science, as well as with our new views of geology and cosmogony, and with the discovery of those sidereal motions which indicate that progress is the law not only of the earth but of the heavens. The whole amounts to a great reconstitution of the sum of our knowledge, and of our conceptions of the universe both material and moral, on which, as I believe, a rational theology will in time be based. We have hitherto formed arbitrary notions of the Deity, and deduced theological systems from

them. We shall now begin to form our notions of the Deity from his manifestations of himself in the universe and in man. Ethics will probably undergo an analogous change, and, instead of being deduced from arbitrary principles, will be based on a real examination of human nature; and when so reformed the study will become fruitful, and enable us to frame practical rules for the formation of character, and effective cures for the maladies of our moral nature, in place of general precepts and barren denunciations.

Whatever may be the special results, to moral science, of the study of man by the historical method, it has already had the general effect of binding us more closely to humanity as a whole, of causing the monastic idea of separate salvation to give way to the idea of salvation with and in humanity, and of making us feel more distinctly that the service of humanity is the service of God. It has at the same time taught us a more grateful appreciation of the past, and repressed the self-conceit which exaggerates the powers and the importance of the generation of workers to which we happen to belong. In new countries especially, where there are no monuments to plead for the past, the study of history is eminently needed, to repress this collective egotism to which each generation is liable, and which leads not only to errors of taste and sentiment, but to more serious mischief. At the head of one of your leading organs of public opinion, I see a woodcut representing the past and the future. The past is symbolized by temples, pyramids, and the ancient implements of husbandry; the future by railroads, steam-vessels, factories, and improved agricultural machines. The two are divided from each other by a timepiece, on which the American Eagle is triumphantly perched, with his tail to the past and his head to the future. A figure representing, I presume, Young America, in an attitude of enthusiasm, is rushing into the future with the star-spangled banner in his hand. This symbolism is false,

even in the case of the most advanced nation, inasmuch as it contravenes the fact that the history of man is a continuous development, to which no one generation or epoch contributes much more than another; each transmitting to the future, with but little addition, the accumulated heritage which it has received from the past; so that, when we have done all, we are but unprofitable servants of humanity. The symbolism is also doubtful, as I venture to think, inasmuch as it assumes, in accordance with the popular impression, that an acceleration of our material progress is to be the characteristic of the coming age. Owing to the marvellous expansion of material wealth, and of the knowledge which produces it, on the one hand, and to the perplexity into which the spiritual world has been cast by the decay of ancient creeds and the collapse of ancient authorities on the other, men are at present neglecting or abandoning in despair the questions and interests symbolized by the temples, and turning to those symbolized by the railroads and the reaping-machines. But the higher nature will not in the end be satisfied with that which appeals only to the lower nature; and problems touching the estate and destiny of man may soon present themselves, no longer under the veil of Byzantine or mediæval mysticism, but in a rational and practical form, which would make the coming age one of spiritual inquiry rather than of material invention. To those who keep the experience of history in view, the predominance of material interests in this generation itself suggests their probable subordination in the next.

To the statesman, and to all who take part in politics in a free country, history is useful, not only as a record of experience, — in which point of view indeed its value may be overrated, since the same situation never exactly recurs, — but because, displaying the gradual and at the same time unceasing progress of humanity, it inspires at once hope and moderation; at once condemns the conservatism, as chimerical as any

Utopia, which strives to stereotype the institutions of the past, and the revolutionary fanaticism which, breaking altogether with the past and regardless of the conditions of the present, attempts to leap into the far-off future and makes wreck, for the time, of progress in that attempt. To adopt the terms of a more general philosophy, history teaches the politician to consider circumstance as well as will, though it does not teach him to leave will out of sight and take account of circumstance alone.

I here deal with history politically. Not that I deem politics the highest of all subjects, or the political part of history the deepest and the most vitally interesting. If the ultimate perfectibility of human nature which Christianity assumes and proclaims is to be accepted as a fact, as I think all rational inquiry into human nature tends to show that it is, the time will come, though it may be countless ages hence, when the political and legal union, which implies imperfection and is based upon force, will finally give place to a union of affection, and when politics and jurisprudence will fall into one happy grave. But for the purpose of these lectures I take the political portion of the complex movement of humanity apart from the rest, and subordinate to it the other portions, — intellectual, economical, and social, — touching on these merely as they affect political characters and events. One advantage of this course is that we shall escape the necessity of dealing with any religious question, and thus perhaps avoid collision with some good people, who, though they are thoroughly convinced that to burn men alive for their opinions is a mistake, are not yet thoroughly convinced that perfect freedom of thought and speech, unchecked by any penalties, legal or social, by fagots or by frowns, is the sole guaranty of truth, and the only hope of escape from the perplexity and distress into which all who do not bury their heads in the sand to escape danger must see that the religious world has unhappily fallen.

The nation of the political history of which I am to treat is England. English history is the subject of my professorship. But, apart from this, few would deny to England the foremost place, on the whole, in the history of political development, whatever they may think of her achievements in other spheres. The Constitution which she has worked out through so many ages of continuous effort will after all prove, I doubt not, merely transitional: it is simply the bridge over which society is passing from feudalism to democracy. But it has now been adopted in its main features by all the civilized nations of Europe, among which I do not include the half-Oriental as well as half-barbarous despotism of Russia. It was adopted by France in 1789. Since that time the Bonapartes have labored to establish in their own power a personal government after the model of the Roman Empire, the great historical antagonist of the Teutonic monarchy. But the present Emperor finds himself compelled by the spirit of the age and the force of example, as the condition of his son's succession, to lay down his personal power and reduce his monarchy to the English form. The fundamental connection between the English and the American constitution cannot fail to be seen. If on the one hand the hereditary element has been left behind by society in its transition to the New World (as it has been dropped by the more recent framers of constitutions in Europe so far as the Upper Chamber is concerned), on the other hand the monarchical element has been here reinvested with a large portion of the power of which in England it has under decorous forms been entirely deprived; and if the American form of government is compared with the English form in this respect, the American form may be said to be an elective and terminable monarchy, while the English form is a republic.

Treating merely of a segment of history, and from a special point of view, I am hardly called upon to discuss the universal theories of history which have

been recently propounded: I will, however, just indicate my position with regard to them. They are theories ignoring the existence of spiritual life, — though some of them retain and even affect the name spiritual, without any real meaning, — and involving the assumption that the history of mankind is a necessary evolution, of which human volitions are merely the steps, just as physical occurrences are the steps of a necessary evolution or development in the material world; and they seem to me to be the characteristic products of minds which, having been formed too exclusively under the influence of physical science, cannot conceive any limits to physical method, and at the same time are eager to complete, as they think, a great intellectual revolution, by extending it from the material world to humanity, and reorganizing moral and political philosophy in supposed accordance with physical science.

I am ready to enter into the verification of any hypothesis, however novel, and from whatever quarter it may come, provided that it covers the facts. But the authors of these theories of history do not attempt, so far as I am aware, to account for the phenomena of volition, for the distinction which we find ourselves compelled to make between voluntary and involuntary actions, or for morality generally, which implies that human will is free, — not free in the sense of being arbitrary, but free in the sense of being self-determined, not determined by antecedent circumstance, like the occurrences of the material world. Is the subversion of public right by a military usurper a necessary incident in an historic evolution? Is the commission of so many murders per annum the effect of an irreversible law denoted by criminal statistics? Then why denounce the usurper and the murderer? Why denounce them any more than the plague or the earthquake? It is possible that a physical explanation of all these moral phenomena may be in store for us, and that our consciousness of self-determination in our actions, commonly

denoted by the term "free-will," may prove to be an illusion; but I repeat that, so far as I am aware, no attempt to supply such an explanation has yet been made. Nor am I aware that any attempt has been made to give an account of the personality of man, and explain what this being is, which, being bound by necessary laws, yet rises to the contemplation and scrutiny of those laws, and can even, as the necessarian school admits, modify their action, though we are told he cannot change it, — as though modification were not change. The theory tacitly adopted is that of the Calvinist writers, who have labored to reconcile the moral justice of God in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked with the doctrine of predestination, but whose arguments have never, I believe, given real satisfaction even to their own minds, much less to minds which are not Calvinist, and the chief of whom has, it seems to me, recently received specific confutation at the hands of your fellow-countryman, Mr. Hazard, whose book "On the Will" I mention with pleasure as a work of vigorous and original thought, and so esteemed by judges whose opinion is of more value than mine.

The theory of Comte is that the human mind collectively (and, if I understand him rightly, that of every individual man in like manner) is compelled, by its structure and by its relation to the circumstances in which it is placed, to pass through three successive phases, — the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, — drawing with it society, which in corresponding succession is constituted, first on a theological, then on a metaphysical, and finally on a positive basis. The term "positive" will be found, on examination, to mean nothing more than scientific. The ascendancy of science is, according to this theory, the extinction of religion; the metaphysical era in which, as Comte asserts, man attributes phenomena, not to God, but to nature and other metaphysical entities, being the twilight between the theological night and the

scientific dawn. I mean, by religion, a religion with a God : for, to fill the void in the human breast, Comte invented a religion without a God, which will be found, saving this one omission, a close and even servile imitation of the Catholic Church (to which Comte was accustomed) with its sacraments and ceremonies, and above all with a priestly despotism as oppressive and as destructive of free inquiry as the Papacy itself.

I think I should be prepared to show that this hypothesis does not correspond with the facts of history in detail. But I again submit that this is unnecessary : the hypothesis is untenable on the face of it, antecedently to any process of verification. The ascendancy of science is not the extinction of religion, nor is there any incompatibility between the theological and the scientific view of the universe. Between Polytheism, which splits up the universe into the domains of a multitude of gods, and science, which demonstrates its unity, there is an incompatibility ; but between monotheism and science there is none. The two propositions, that there is an intelligent Creator, and that his intelligence displays itself in a uniformity of law throughout his creation, — the first of which is the basis of religion, the second that of science, — are as far as possible from being inconsistent with each other. The most intense belief in God and the highest science dwelt together in the minds of Pascal and Newton. Therefore the two terms of the supposed series, "theological," and "positive" or scientific, do not bear to each other the relation which the hypothesis requires, — they are not mutually exclusive ; and the hypothesis falls to the ground. So far is science from extinguishing theology, that its discoveries as to the order and motion of the universe seem likely, in conjunction with an improved philosophy of history and a more rational psychology, to render far more palpable to us than they have ever been before, the existence and the presence of God ; so that Byzantine theosophy and the

mythology of the Middle Ages will clear away only to leave theology stronger, and society more firmly founded on a theological basis than ever. Comte, familiar with Catholic miracles and legends, asserts that all religion must be supernatural : prove that, instead of contravening nature, it results from nature, and his attacks lose all their force.

The want of a well-laid foundation for Comte's theory is betrayed by his lamentations over the intellectual and social anarchy of his age, and by his denunciations of those who, as he thinks, prolong that anarchy and prevent his philosophy from regenerating the world. If law reigns absolutely, how can there be anarchy ? If the whole evolution of humanity is necessary, why is that part of the evolution with which Comte comes into angry collision, and which he styles anarchy, less necessary than the rest ? Anarchy implies a power in men of breaking through the law ; in other words, it implies free-will.

The theory of Mr. Buckle, though not clearly stated and still less clearly worked out, seems to me to be, in effect, a reproduction of that of Comte. He, too, supposes a necessary intellectual evolution which is, in fact, a gradual exodus of humanity from religion into science. Doubt, for which *scepticism* is only the Greek name, is with him the grand spring of progress, though it seems plain that doubt can never move any man or body of men to action or production. His attempts to deduce the character and history of nations from the physical circumstances of their origin are very unconnected, and often very unsuccessful. He ascribes, for instance, the superstitious tendencies of the Scotch to the influence of their mountain scenery and its attendant thunder-storms, confounding the Saxon-Scotch of the Lowlands, of whom he is throughout treating, with the Celts of the Highlands, who remained an entirely distinct people down to the middle, at least, of the last century, and whose characteristics are

fundamentally the same as those of their kinsmen, the Irish, Welsh, and Britons, while the aspect of nature varies greatly in the four countries. He assigns the frequency and destructiveness of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in Italy and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula as the explanation of what he assumes to be the fact that these are the two regions in which superstition is most rife and the superstitious classes most powerful. But we have no reason for believing that the ancient inhabitants of Italy were peculiarly superstitious: the Romans, though in the better period of their history a religious people, were never superstitious in the proper sense of the term, as compared with other ancient nations, and the more educated class became, in the end, decided free-thinkers. In later times the Papacy, supported by the forces of the Catholic kingdoms, forced superstition on the people; but we may safely say that *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* and the earthquakes of *Calabria* had very little to do with the growth of the Papal power. In the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula there are no volcanoes, and the only historic earthquakes are those of *Lisbon* and *Malaga*, both long subsequent to the culmination of superstition among the Spanish and Portuguese. The Celtiberians, the earliest inhabitants of the peninsula known to history, do not seem to have been more superstitious than the other Celts; and the influence of the bishops under the Visigothic monarchy, like that of the bishops in the empire of *Charlemagne*, was more political than religious, and denotes rather the strength of the Roman element in that monarchy than the prevalence of superstition. Spanish superstition and bigotry had their source in the long struggle against the Moors, the influence of which Mr. Buckle afterwards recognizes, though he fails to connect it with any physical cause, as well as to compare it with its historic analogue, the struggle of the Russians against the Tartars, which has left similar traces in the fanaticism

of the Russian people. In the same passage to which I have just referred, Mr. Buckle adduces another circumstance, indicative, as he says, of the connection between the physical phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes and the predominance of the imagination. "Speaking generally," he says, "the fine arts are addressed to the imagination, the sciences to the intellect: now it is remarkable that all the greatest painters and nearly all the greatest sculptors modern Europe has possessed have been produced by the Italian and Spanish peninsulas." Here again he fails to notice that, though the action of the alleged cause — the awful character of the physical phenomena — has been constant, the supposed effect has been confined within very narrow limits of time. The ancient Romans were not great painters; their excellence in any works of the imagination was small compared with that of the Greeks, whose country is remarkably free from physical phenomena of an overwhelming kind. Italian art sprang up with the wealth, taste, and intellectual activity of the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages; it sprang up, not among the *Calabrian* peasantry, but among the most advanced portions of the population, and those least under the moral influence of physical phenomena; it had its counterpart in the art which sprang up in the great cities of Germany and Flanders; and it was accompanied by a scientific movement as vigorous as the resources of the age would permit, — the two meeting in the person of *Leonardo Da Vinci*. Spanish art was a concomitant of the splendor of the Spanish monarchy, and its rise was closely connected with the possession by Spain of part of Italy and the Netherlands, from which countries not a little of it was derived. Spanish and Italian art are now dead; while England, which in those days had no painters, now, under the stimulus of wealth and culture, without any change in the physical circumstances, produces a school of painting, with the names of

Turner, Millais, and Hunt at its head, which is the full equivalent in art of Tennyson's poetry. To what influence of physical phenomena are we to trace the marvellous burst of Christian imagination in the cathedrals of the North, or the singular succession of great musical composers in Germany during the last century?

The greater part of Mr. Buckle's work is taken up with an analysis of certain portions of history,—erudite, acute, and sometimes instructive, but exhibiting no novelty in its method, assigning to persons great influence over events, bestowing praise and blame with a vehemence curiously at variance with the necessarian theory of character and action, and having, as it seems to me, no very clear thread of philosophical connection, unless it be a pervading hostility to the clergy, the consequence of Mr. Buckle's antagonism to the State Church of England, and another proof of the effect of state churches in driving criticism to extremes and producing antipathy to religion.

Mr. Buckle, while he generally coincides with Comte, has to himself the doctrine that morality does not advance, and that the progress of humanity is purely scientific. It is difficult to believe that he had ever turned his attention to the movement which followed the preaching of Christianity. Comte, on the contrary, maintains with great beauty and force that the progress of society depends on the prevalence of the unselfish over the selfish affections, though his disciples are mistaken in thinking that their master was the first author of the precept to love one another.

The force of those influences which Mr. Buckle, if he had carried out his theory consistently, would have traced everywhere is, of course, not denied. They form, as it were, the body of history; but there is also, or appears to be, a living soul. Circumstances, however great their influence upon action may be, do not act; it is man that acts. If I walk from this building to the uni-

versity, the relative positions of the two places, the curves of the road between them, and the structure of my body, are conditions and limitations of my walking; but they do not take the walk, nor would an account of them be a complete account of the matter. Without a thorough and rational investigation of human nature as the point of departure, all these theories are mere collections of remarks, more or less suggestive, more or less crude: the fundamental problem remains unsolved.

It is time that the minds of all who make humanity their study should be turned, in the light of reason, to that aggregate of phenomena, not dreamed of in the philosophy of the physicists, which is included in the term "spiritual life,"—the spiritual convictions, affections, aspirations of man, and his tendency to form a spiritual union or church with God for its head and bond, and to merge other unions gradually in this. Is all this to be explained away as mere illusion, with the mythology of the Middle Ages and other superstitions; or are the superstitions only incrustations, from which the spiritual life will in the end work itself clear? Supposing special prayers for physical miracles, and invocations of Divine help, where the duty is set before us of helping ourselves, to be irrational,—does it follow, as the physicists tacitly assume, that all communion of the spirit with God is a hallucination also? Granting that the natural evidences of the immortality of the soul ordinarily adduced are unsatisfactory, as assuredly they are,—does spiritual life contain in itself no assurance of ultimate victory over the material or quasi-material laws by which the rest of our being is bound, and through which we are subject to death? Supposing spiritual life to be a reality, it would obviously be necessary to construct the philosophy of history on a plan totally different from any which the physicists have proposed.

Pending this inquiry we may fairly require, in the name of science herself, that some caution shall be exercised by

physicists in laying down the law as to the order of the universe, and the character and purposes of its maker. One of the most eminent of the number, and one from whom I should have least expected any rash excursions into the unknown, undertook to assure us the other day, on the strength of merely physical investigations, that the Author and Ruler of the universe was an inexorable Power, playing, as it were, a game of chess against his creatures, respecting and rewarding the strong, but ruthlessly checkmating the weak. In the physical world taken by itself, this may be true; but in the spiritual world it is contrary to all the phenomena or apparent phenomena, and therefore apparently not true. God there manifests himself not as a ruthless chess-player, but as a God of love, to whom the weak are as precious as the strong. It is assumed naturally enough by those whose minds have been turned only to one kind of phenomena and one sphere of thought, that the appearance of man as an animal in the world was the consummation of the order of nature, and that our animal structure must therefore contain in itself a complete key to humanity. Yet physiology has up to this time made but little progress in tracing the connection between man's animal structure and his spiritual aspirations, or even his larger and more unselfish affections. You see books professing to treat of mind physiologically; but the authors of those books, though they are always sneering at what they call metaphysics, that is, the evidence of consciousness, really draw their knowledge of the existence of mind and of the several mental functions from no other source. The physiological part of these works amounts to little more than a very general demonstration of the connection between mind and the brain and between mental aberration and cerebral disease, which may itself be said almost to be a part of consciousness.* It is reasonable to suppose that other and

more fruitful discoveries will be made in these regions, as well as with regard to the connection between physical temperament and moral tendencies. But it is not reasonable to pronounce what the discoveries will be before they have been made. For my own part, I wait for further light.

It is certain, as a matter of historical fact, that with the advent of Christianity a new set of forces came upon the scene, and that under their operation commenced a gradual transmutation of the character and aims of humanity, both individual and collective. Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three great manifestations of spiritual life, were not merely modifications of existing moral virtues: they were new motive powers. The ancient world had no names for them: for I need hardly say that though the terms are found in classical Greek, their meaning in classical Greek is not their meaning in the New Testament. It is by these new motive powers that all Christian life, individual and collective, including a good deal of life which has ceased to call itself Christian, is pervaded and sustained, and of them all Christian institutions are embodiments. They have superseded the motives which formed the springs of the merely moral life, as described, for instance, in Aristotle's *Ethics*. Before the arrival of Christianity, the fulcrum of those who moved humanity was in the seen, since that time it has been in the unseen world. The ideal of the ancient world was always, if anywhere, in the past; no hope of better things to come can be traced in any ancient philosopher; Plato's *Utopia* is primitive Sparta; that of Roman reformers was primitive Rome; that of Voltaire is a fabulous China; that of Rousseau the state of nature; but the ideal of Christianity has always been in the future. Ancient art embodied at the utmost conceptions of ideal beauty; Christian art embodies spiritual aspirations. These remarks, and others which might be

* It is confidently stated that in all cases of mental disease there is lesion or dilapidation of the brain. But surely something very like mental disease may

be produced by the indulgence of uncontrolled egotism, which it seems difficult to connect with any antecedent physical condition of the brain.

made in the same sense, if they are correct, are not priestly dogmas, but historical facts, such as must be taken into account by any one who is constructing a philosophy of history. And they stand independent of any controversies as to the authenticity or historical character of any particular Christian documents.

Science has revealed to us God as a being acting, not by mere fiat, but by way of progress and development in analogy with human effort, and conducting his work upwards through a succession of immeasurable periods from a mere nebulous mass to an ordered universe, and from inorganic matter to organic and ultimately to intellectual and moral life. There is nothing, therefore, contrary to nature, or, to use Comte's phrase, supernatural, in the belief that, in the fulness of time, spiritual life also came into the world. There was a time when animal life made its appearance, — not abruptly, perhaps, but decisively, and so as to open a new order of things. The appearance of spiritual life was not abrupt. Apart from any question as to the Messianic character of prophecy, we see a line of hope, continually brightening amidst national calamity, along the course of Hebrew history. The Platonic doctrine of ideas and the transcendental motives for self-improvement which were preached in some of the ancient schools of philosophy may be called a rudimentary faith. The brotherhoods of the philosophers, and perhaps even the sublimated patriotism of the Roman, were a rudimentary charity. But in the case of spiritual as well as in that of animal life, there was a critical moment when the appearance was complete.

The spring of human progress, as it seems to me, since the advent of Christianity, has been the desire to realize a certain ideal, — individual and social. And I have elsewhere (in Oxford lectures on the study of history) given reasons for regarding this ideal as still identical with that proposed by the Founder of Christianity and exemplified in his life and in his relations with his

disciples. I believe that intellectual progress will be found to be a part of the same movement, and that the spring of intellectual as well as of social effort is really the love of mankind. Suppose a man entirely cut off from his kind; he would scarcely be sustained in intellectual effort by the mere desire of speculative truth.

If spiritual life is still weak in the world, and but little progress has yet been made in the transformation of humanity, this need not surprise us, knowing as we do that gradual progress is the law of the universe. Christianity is as yet young to the Pyramids. It has not been in the world half the time that it takes a ray of light to reach the earth from a star of the twelfth magnitude. Nor do the lateness of its advent, the lapse of generations previous to its coming, and its partial diffusion up to the present time, contradict the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, unless it can be proved that the order of the universe is limited to a single evolution. The most recent discoveries of astronomy as to the motions and tendencies of the sidereal systems seem to indicate that this is not the fact, but that the phenomena point to an indefinite series of revolutions, each revolution a mere pulsation, as it were, in the being of God.

But, as I have said, with regard to these universal theories I have only to indicate my own position, which is that of one who believes the physical and necessarian hypothesis to be unproved, and the Christian view of humanity, taken in a rational sense, to be still in possession of the field. My limited theme is the political history of England, in dealing with which as one who has been connected with party politics, I will endeavor to do justice to the other party; and as an Englishman, I will endeavor to show that, while I love England well, I love humanity better, and know that God is above all. History written in the old spirit of national pride and exclusiveness would be particularly out of place in this country, where the conditions which in Europe

gave birth to the narrower type of civilization,—the divisions of race, language, and territory,—are absent, and the counsels of Providence seem to point to an ampler development of humanity in the form of a federated continent having many centres of intellectual and political life, the guaranties of a varied and well-balanced progress, but with security for perfect freedom of intercourse and uninterrupted peace. There is no reason for assuming that the nation, any more than the tribe or clan, which preceded it, is the final organization of human society, and that to which the ultimate allegiance of men will be due. But at all events, if we are

Christians we ought to regard the nation as an organ of humanity, not of inhuman antipathies and selfishness. One may see histories, popular in civilized nations, and used in the education of the young, which seem to have no object but that of inflaming national vanity and malignity, and the spirit of which is really not above that of the red Indian who garnishes his wigwam with the scalps of his slain enemies. Compared with such histories, whatever may be their literary merits, the most wretched chronicle of a mediæval monk is a noble and elevating work. The monk at least recognizes a Christendom, and owes allegiance to a law of love.

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE.

THE voyager from Europe who lands upon our shores perceives a difference in the sky above his head; the height seems loftier, the zenith more remote, the horizon-wall more steep; the moon appears to hang in middle air, beneath a dome that arches far beyond it. The sense of natural symbolism is so strong in us, that the mind unconsciously seeks a spiritual significance in this glory of the atmosphere. The traveller is not satisfied to find the sky alone enlarged, and not the mind,—*coelum, non animum*. One wishes to be convinced that here the intellectual man inhales a deeper breath, and walks with bolder tread; that philosopher and artist are here more buoyant, more fresh, more fertile; that the human race has here escaped at one bound from the despondency of ages, as from their wrongs.

And the true and healthy Americanism is to be found, let us believe, in this attitude of hope; an attitude not necessarily connected with culture nor with the absence of culture, but with the consciousness of a new impulse given to all human progress. The

most ignorant man may feel the full strength and heartiness of the American idea, and so may the most accomplished scholar. It is a matter of regret if thus far we have mainly had to look for our Americanism and our scholarship in very different quarters, and if it has been a rare delight to find the two in one.

It seems unspeakably important that all persons among us, and especially the student and the writer, should be pervaded with Americanism. Americanism includes the faith that national self-government is not a chimera, but that, with whatever inconsistencies and drawbacks, we are steadily establishing it here. It includes the faith that to this good thing all other good things must in time be added. When a man is heartily imbued with such a national sentiment as this, it is as marrow in his bones and blood in his veins. He may still need culture, but he has the basis of all culture. He is entitled to an imperturbable patience and hopefulness, born of a living faith. All that is scanty in our intellectual attainments, or poor in our artistic life, may then be

cheerfully endured: if a man sees his house steadily rising on sure foundations, he can wait or let his children wait for the cornice and the frieze. But if one happens to be born or bred in America without this wholesome confidence, there is no happiness for him; he has his alternative between being unhappy at home and unhappy abroad; it is a choice of martyrdoms for himself, and a certainty of martyrdom for his friends.

Happily, there are few among our cultivated men in whom this oxygen of American life is wholly wanting. Where such exist, for them the path across the ocean is easy, and the return how hard! Yet our national character develops slowly; we are aiming at something better than our English fathers, and we pay for it by greater vacillations and vibrations of movement. The Englishman's strong point is a vigorous insularity which he carries with him, portable and sometimes insupportable. The American's more perilous gift is a certain power of assimilation, through which he acquires something from every man he meets, but runs the risk of parting with something in return. For the result, greater possibilities of culture, balanced by greater extremes of sycophancy and meanness. Emerson says that the Englishman of all men stands most firmly on his feet. But it is not the whole of man's mission to be found standing, even at the most important post. Let him take one step forward,—and in that advancing figure you have the American.

We are accustomed to say that the war and its results have made us a nation, subordinated local distinctions, cleared us of our chief shame, and given us the pride of a common career. This being the case, we may afford to treat ourselves to a little modest self-confidence. Those whose faith in the American people carried them hopelessly through the long contest with slavery will not be daunted before any minor perplexities of Chinese immigrants or railway brigands or enfran-

chised women. We are equal to these things; and we shall also be equal to the creation of a literature. We need intellectual culture inexpressibly, but we need a hearty faith still more. "Never yet was there a great migration that did not result in a new form of national genius." But we must guard against both croakers and boasters; and above all, we must look beyond our little Boston or New York or Chicago or San Francisco, and be willing citizens of the great Republic.

The highest aim of most of our literary journals has thus far been to appear English, except where some diverging experimentalist has said, "Let us be German," or "Let us be French." This was inevitable; as inevitable as a boy's first imitations of Byron or Tennyson. But it necessarily implied that our literature must, during this epoch, be chiefly second-rate. We need to become national, not by any conscious effort, implying attitudinizing and constraint, but by simply accepting our own life. It is not desirable to go out of one's way to be original, but it is to be hoped that it may lie in one's way. Originality is simply a fresh pair of eyes. If you want to astonish the whole world, said Rahel, tell the simple truth. It is easier to excuse a thousand defects in the literary man who proceeds on this faith, than to forgive the one great defect of imitation in the purist who seeks only to be English. As Wasson has said,— "The Englishman is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do, for the present?" We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty. We must run some risks, as all immature creatures do, in the effort to use our own limbs. Professor Edward Channing used to say that it was a bad sign for a college boy to write too well; there should be exuberances and inequalities. A nation which has but just begun to create a literature must sow some wild oats. The most tiresome vaingloriousness may be more hopeful than hypercriticism and spleen. The follies of the

absurdest spread-eagle orator may be far more promising, because they smack more of the soil, than the neat Londonism of the city editor who dissects him.

It is but a few years since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories of our literary work; to make our allusions to natural objects real, not conventional; to ignore the nightingale and skylark, and look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson. Some of us can recall the bewilderment with which his verses on the humblebee, for instance, were received, when the choice of subject seemed stranger than the words themselves. It was called "a foolish affectation of the familiar." Happily the illusion of distance forms itself rapidly in a new land, and the poem has now as serene a place in literature as if Andrew Marvell had written it. The truly cosmopolitan writer is not he who carefully denudes his work of everything occasional and temporary, but he who makes his local coloring forever classic through the fascination of the dream it tells. Reason, imagination, passion, are universal; but sky, climate, costume, and even type of human character, belong to some one spot alone till they find an artist potent enough to stamp their associations on the memory of all the world. Whether his work be picture or symphony, legend or lyric, is of little moment. The spirit of the execution is all in all.

As yet we have hardly begun to think of the details of execution in any art. We do not aim at perfection of detail even in engineering, much less in literature. In the haste of American life, much of our literary work is done at a rush, is something inserted in the odd moments of the engrossing pursuit. The popular preacher becomes a novelist; the editor turns his paste-pot and scissors to the compilation of a history; the same man must be poet, wit, philanthropist, and genealogist. We find a sort of pleasure in seeing this variety of effort, just as the

bystanders like to see a street-musician adjust every joint in his body to a separate instrument, and play a concerted piece with the whole of himself. To be sure, he plays each part badly, but it is such a wonder he should play them all! Thus, in our rather hurried and helter-skelter literature, the man is brilliant, perhaps; his main work is well done; but his secondary work is slurred. The book sells, no doubt, by reason of the author's popularity in other fields; it is only the tone of our national literature that suffers. There is nothing in American life that can make concentration cease to be a virtue. Let a man choose his pursuit, and make all else count for recreation only. Goethe's advice to Eckermann is infinitely more important here than it ever was in Germany: "Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay."

In one respect, however, this desultory activity is an advantage: it makes men look in a variety of directions for a standard. As each sect in religion helps to protect us from some other sect, so every mental tendency is the limitation of some other. We need the English culture, but we do not need it more evidently than we need the German, the French, the Greek, the Oriental. In prose literature, for instance, the English contemporary models are not enough. There is an admirable vigor and heartiness, a direct and manly tone; King Richard still lives; but Saladin also had his fine sword-play; let us see him. There are the delightful French qualities,—the atmosphere where literary art means fineness of touch. "Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature. Un écrit où ne se rencontrent que de la force et un certain feu sans éclat n'annonce que le caractère." But there is something in the English climate which seems to turn the fine edge of any very choice scymitar till it cuts Saladin's own fingers at last.

God forbid that I should disparage this broad Anglo-Saxon manhood which is the basis of our national life. I knew an American mother who sent her boy to Rugby School in England, in the certainty, as she said, that he would there learn two things, — to play cricket and to speak the truth. He acquired both thoroughly, and she brought him home for what she deemed, in comparison, the ornamental branches. We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood, but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman. That iron must become steel; finer, harder, more elastic, more polished. For this end the English stock was transferred from an island to a continent, and mixed with new ingredients, that it might lose its quality of coarseness, and take a finer and more even grain.

As yet, it must be owned, this daring expectation is but feebly reflected in our books. In looking over any collection of American poetry, for instance, one is struck with the fact that it is not so much faulty as inadequate. Emerson set free the poetic intuition of America, Hawthorne its imagination. Both looked into the realm of passion, Emerson with distrust, Hawthorne with eager interest; but neither thrilled with its spell, and the American poet of passion is yet to come. How tame and manageable are wont to be the emotions of our bards, how placid and literary their allusions! There is no baptism of fire; no heat that breeds excess. Yet it is not life that is grown dull, surely; there are as many secrets in every heart, as many skeletons in every closet, as in any elder period of the world's career. It is the interpreters of life who are found wanting, and that not on this soil alone, but throughout the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not just to say, as some one has said, that our language has not in this generation produced a love-song, for it has produced Browning; but was it in England or in Italy that he learned to sound the depths of all human emotion?

And it is not to verse alone that this

temporary check of ardor applies. It is often said that prose fiction now occupies the place held by the drama during the Elizabethan age. Certainly this modern product shows something of the brilliant profusion of that wondrous flowering of genius; but here the resemblance ends. Where in our imaginative literature does one find the concentrated utterance, the intense and breathing life, the triumphs and despairs, the depth of emotion, the tragedy, the thrill, that meet one everywhere in those Elizabethan pages? What impetuous and commanding men are these, what passionate women; how they love and hate, struggle and endure; how they play with the world; what a trail of fire they leave behind them as they pass by! Turn now to recent fiction. Dickens's people are amusing and lovable, no doubt; Thackeray's are wicked and witty; but how under-sized they look, and how they loiter on the mere surfaces of life, compared, I will not say with Shakespeare's, but even with Chapman's and Webster's men. Set aside Hawthorne in America, with perhaps Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot in England, and there would scarcely be a fact in prose literature to show that we modern Anglo-Saxons regard a profound human emotion as a thing worth the painting. Who now dares delineate a lover, except with good-natured pitying sarcasm, as in "David Copperfield" or "Pendennis"? In the Elizabethan period, with all its unspeakable coarseness, hot blood still ran in the veins of literature; lovers burned and suffered and were men. And what was true of love was true of all the passions of the human soul.

In this respect, as in many others, France has preserved more of the artistic tradition. The common answer is, that in modern French literature, as in the Elizabethan, the play of feeling is too naked and obvious, and that the Puritan self-restraint is worth more than all that dissolute wealth. I believe it; and here comes in the intellectual worth of America. Puritanism was a

phase, a discipline, a hygiene; but we cannot remain always Puritans. The world needed that moral bracing, even for its art; but, after all, life is not impoverished by being ennobled; and in a happier age, with a larger faith, we may again enrich ourselves with poetry and passion, while wearing that heroic girdle still around us. Then the next blossoming of the world's imagination need not bear within itself, like all the others, the seeds of an epoch of decay.

I utterly reject the position taken by Matthew Arnold, that the Puritan spirit in America was essentially hostile to literature and art. Of course the forest pioneer cannot compose orchestral symphonies, nor the founder of a state carve statues. But the thoughtful and scholarly men who created the Massachusetts Colony brought with them the traditions of their universities, and left these embodied in a college. The Puritan life was only historically inconsistent with culture; there was no logical antagonism. Indeed, that life had in it much that was congenial to art, in its enthusiasm and its truthfulness. Take these Puritan traits, employ them in a more genial sphere, adding intellectual training and a sunny faith, and you have a soil suited to art above all others. To deny it is to see in art only something frivolous and insincere. The American writer in whom the artistic instinct was strongest came of unmixed Puritan stock. Major John Hathorne, in 1692, put his offenders on trial, and generally convicted and hanged them all. Nathaniel Hawthorne held his more spiritual tribunal two centuries later, and his keener scrutiny found some ground of vindication for each one. The fidelity, the thoroughness, the conscientious purpose, were the same in each. Both sought to rest their work, as all art and all law must rest, upon the absolute truth. The writer kept, no doubt, something of the sombreness of the magistrate; each, doubtless, suffered in the woes he studied; and as the one "had a knot of suffering in his forehead all winter" while meditating

the doom of Arthur Dimmesdale, so may the other have borne upon his own brow the trace of Martha Corey's grief.

No, it does not seem to me that the obstacle to a new birth of literature and art in America lies in the Puritan tradition, but rather in the timid and faithless spirit that lurks in the circles of culture, and still holds something of literary and academic leadership in the homes of the Puritans. What are the ghosts of a myriad Blue Laws compared with the transplanted cynicism of one "Saturday Review"? How can any noble literature germinate where young men are habitually taught that there is no such thing as originality, and that nothing remains for us in this effete epoch of history but the mere recombining of thoughts which sprang first from braver brains? It is melancholy to see young men come forth from the college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in; trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English toriyism,—that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind us or before us, but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! It is not the climax of culture that a college graduate should emulate the obituary praise bestowed by Cotton Mather on the Rev. John Mitchell of Cambridge, "a truly aged young man." Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe, on the one side, that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand, that universal suffrage is an absurdity and the one real need is to get rid of our voters. A great crisis like a civil war brings men temporarily to their senses, and the young resume the attitude natural to their years, in spite of their teachers; but it is a sad thing when, in seeking for the generous impulses of

youth, we have to turn from the public sentiment of the colleges to that of the workshops and the farms.

It is a thing not to be forgotten, that for a long series of years the people of our Northern States were habitually in advance of their institutions of learning, in courage and comprehensiveness of thought. There were long years during which the most cultivated scholar, so soon as he embraced an unpopular opinion, was apt to find the college doors closed against him, and only the country lyceum — the people's college — left open. Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips; culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly. The home of real thought was outside, not inside, the college walls. It hardly embarrassed a professor's position if he defended slavery as a divine institution; but he risked his place if he denounced the wrong. In those days, if by any chance a man of bold opinions drifted into a reputable professorship, we listened sadly to hear his voice grow faint. He usually began to lose his faith, his courage, his toleration, — in short, his Americanism, — when he left the ranks of the uninstructed.

That time is past; and the literary class has now come more into sympathy with the popular heart. It is perhaps fortunate that there is as yet but little *esprit de corps* among our writers, so that they receive their best sympathy, not from each other, but from the people. Even the memory of the most original author, as Thoreau, or Margaret Fuller Ossoli, is apt to receive its sharpest stabs from those of the same guild. When we American writers find grace to do our best, it is not so much because we are sustained by each

other, as that we are conscious of a deep popular heart, slowly but surely answering back to ours, and offering a worthier stimulus than the applause of a coterie. If we once lose faith in our audience, the muse grows silent. Even the apparent indifference of this audience to culture and high finish may be in the end a wholesome influence, recalling us to those more important things, compared to which these are secondary qualities. The indifference is only comparative; our public prefers good writing, as it prefers good elocution; but it values energy, heartiness, and action more. The public is right; it is the business of the writer, as of the speaker, to perfect the finer graces without sacrificing things more vital. "She was not a good singer," says some novelist of his heroine, "but she sang with an inspiration such as good singers rarely indulge in." Given those positive qualities, and I think that a fine execution does not hinder acceptance in America, but rather aids it. Where there is beauty of execution alone, a popular audience, even in America, very easily goes to sleep. And in such matters, as the French actor, Samson, said to the young dramatist, "sleep is an opinion."

It takes more than grammars and dictionaries to make a literature. "It is the spirit in which we act that is the great matter," Goethe says. "*Der Geist aus dem wir handeln ist das Höchste.*" Technical training may give the negative merits of style, as an elocutionist may help a public speaker by ridding him of tricks. But the positive force of writing or of speech must come from positive sources, — ardor, energy, depth of feeling or of thought. No instruction ever gave these, only the inspiration of a great soul, a great need, or a great people. We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes. And so there is oxygen in the collective literature of a nation, and

this vital element proceeds, above all else, from liberty. For want of this wholesome oxygen, the voice of Victor Hugo comes to us uncertain and spasmodic, as of one in an alien atmosphere where breath is pain; for want of it, the eloquent English tones that at first sounded so clear and bell-like now reach us only faint and muffled, and lose their music day by day. It is by the presence of this oxygen that American literature is to be made great. We are lost if we leave the inspiration of our nation's life to sustain only the journalist and the stump-speaker, while we permit the colleges and the books to be choked with the dust of dead centuries and to pant for daily breath.

Perhaps it may yet be found that the men who are contributing most to raise the tone of American literature are the men who have never yet written a book and have scarcely time to read one, but by their heroic energy in other spheres are providing exemplars for what our books shall one day be. The man who constructs a great mechanical work helps literature, for he gives a model which shall one day inspire us to construct literary works as great. I do not wish to be forever outdone by the carpet-machinery of Clinton or the grain-elevator of Chicago. We have not yet arrived at our literature, — other things must come first; we are busy with our railroads, perfecting the vast alimentary canal by which the nation assimilates raw immigrants at the rate of half a million a year. We are not yet producing, we are digesting: food now, literary composition by and by: Shakespeare did not write "Hamlet" at the dinner-table. It is of course impossible to explain this to foreigners, and they still talk of convincing, while we talk of dining.

For one, I cannot dispense with the society which we call uncultivated. Democratic sympathies seem to be mainly a matter of vigor and health. It seems to be the first symptom of biliousness to think that only one's self and one's cousins are entitled to consideration, and constitute the world. Every re-

finéd person is an aristocrat in his dyspeptic moments; when hearty and well, he demands a wider range of sympathy. It is so tedious to live only in one circle and have only a genteel acquaintance! Mrs. Trench, in her delightful letters, complains of the society in Dresden, about the year 1800, because of "the impossibility, without overstepping all bounds of social custom, of associating with any but *noblesse*." We order that matter otherwise in America. I wish not only to know my neighbor, the man of fashion, who strolls to his club at noon, but also my neighbor, the wheelwright, who goes to his dinner at the same hour. One would not wish to be unacquainted with the fair maiden who drives by in her basket-wagon in the afternoon; nor with the other fair maiden, who may be seen at her wash-tub in the morning. Both are quite worth knowing; both are good, sensible, dutiful girls: the young laundress is the better mathematician, because she has been through the grammar school; but the other has the better French accent, because she has spent half her life in Paris. They offer a variety, at least, and save from that monotony which besets any set of people when seen alone. There was much reason in Horace Walpole's coachman, who, having driven the maids of honor all his life, bequeathed his earnings to his son, on condition that he should never marry a maid of honor.

I affirm that democratic society, the society of the future, enriches and does not impoverish human life, and gives more, not less, material for literary art. Distributing culture through all classes, it diminishes class-distinction and develops distinctions of personal character. Perhaps it is the best phenomenon of American life, thus far, that the word "gentleman," which in England still designates a social order, is here more apt to refer to personal character. When we describe a person as a gentleman, we usually refer to his manners, morals, and education, not to his property or birth; and this change alone is worth the transplantation across the

Atlantic. The use of the word "lady" is yet more comprehensive, and therefore more honorable still; we sometimes see, in a shopkeeper's advertisement, "Saleslady wanted." Now the mere fashionable novelist loses terribly by the change: when all classes may wear the same dress-coat, what is left for him? But he who aims to depict passion and character gains in proportion; his material is increased tenfold. The living realities of American life ought to come in among the tiresome lay-figures of average English fiction like Steven Lawrence into the London drawing-room: tragedy must resume its grander shape, and no longer turn on the vexed question whether the daughter of this or that matchmaker shall marry the baronet. It is the characteristic of a real book that, though the scene be laid in courts, their whole machinery might be struck out and the essential interest of the plot remain the same. In Auerbach's "On the Heights," for instance, the social heights might be abolished and the moral elevation would be enough. The play of human emotion is a thing so absorbing, that the petty distinctions of cottage and castle become as nothing in its presence. Why not waive these small matters in advance, then, and go straight to the real thing?

The greatest transatlantic successes which American novelists have yet attained — those won by Cooper and Mrs. Stowe — have come through a daring Americanism of subject, which introduced in each case a new figure to the European world, — first the Indian, then the negro. Whatever the merit of the work, it was plainly the theme which conquered. Such successes are not easily to be repeated, for they were based on temporary situations, never to recur. But they prepare the way for higher triumphs to be won by a profounder treatment, — the introduction into literature, not of new tribes alone, but of the American spirit. To analyze combinations of character that only our

national life produces, to portray dramatic situations that belong to a clearer social atmosphere, — this is the higher Americanism. Of course, to cope with such themes in such a spirit is less easy than to describe a foray or a tournament, or to multiply indefinitely such still-life pictures as the stereotyped English or French society affords; but the thing when once done is incomparably nobler. It may be centuries before it is done: no matter. It will be done, and with it will come a similar advance along the whole line of literary labor, like the elevation which we have seen in the whole quality of scientific work in America, within the past twenty years.

We talk idly about the tyranny of the ancient classics, as if there were some special peril about it, quite distinct from all other tyrannies. But if a man is to be stunted by the influence of a master, it makes no difference whether that master lived before or since the Christian epoch. One folio volume is as ponderous as another, if it crush down the tender germs of thought. There is no great choice between the volumes of the *Encyclopædia*. It is not important to know whether a man reads Homer or Dante: the essential point is whether he believes the world to be young or old; whether he sees as much scope for his own inspiration as if never a book had appeared in the world. So long as he does, he has the American spirit; no books, no travel, can overwhelm him, but these can only enlarge his thoughts and raise his standard of execution. When he loses this faith, he takes rank among the copyists and the secondary, and no accident can raise him to a place among the benefactors of mankind. He is like a man who is frightened in battle: you cannot exactly blame him, for it may be an affair of the temperament or of the digestion; but you are glad to let him drop to the rear, and to close up the ranks. Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day
Far inland, where the voices of the waves
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird
He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines
The partridge drummed: and as his thoughts went back
To the sick wife and little child at home,
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith
Too weak to bear its burden,—like a rope
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above
The hand that grasps it. “Even now, O Lord!
Send me,” he prayed, “the angel of my dream!
Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait.”

Even as he spake, he heard at his bare feet
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held
The treasure up before his eyes, alone
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.
So then the dream was true. The angel brought
One broad piece only; should he take all these?
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss
This dropped crumb from a table always full.
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt
Urged the wild license of his savage youth
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,
Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless eyes
To watch his halting,—had he lost for these
The freedom of the woods;—the hunting-grounds
Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven
Of everlasting psalms? One healed the sick
Very far off thousands of moons ago:

Had he not prayed him night and day to come
 And cure his bed-bound wife? Was there a hell?
 Were all his fathers' people writhing there—
 Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive—
 Forever, dying never? If he kept
 This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God
 Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck
 With slow-consuming splinters? Up in heaven
 Would the good brother deacon grown so rich
 By selling rum to Indians laugh to see him
 Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Christian garb
 Seemed falling from him; with the fear and shame
 Of Adam naked at the cool of day,
 He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil
 On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye
 Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore
 Of evil blending with a convert's faith
 In the supernal terrors of the Book,
 He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake
 And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while
 The low rebuking of the distant waves
 Stole in upon him like the voice of God
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust
 The base thought from him: "Nauhaught, be a man!
 Starve, if need be; but, while you live, look out
 From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.
 God help me! I am deacon of the church,
 A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do
 This secret meanness, even the barken knots
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,
 The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves
 Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a thief!'
 The sun would know it, and the stars that hide
 Behind his light would watch me, and at night
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.
 Yea, thou, God, seest me!" Then Nauhaught drew
 Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
 The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked:
 "Who hath lost aught to-day?"

"I," said a voice;

"Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
 My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo!
 One stood before him in a coat of frieze,
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.
 Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand
 The silken web, and turned to go his way.
 But the man said: "A tithe at least is yours;
 Take it in God's name as an honest man."

And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed
Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God's name
I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,
He sought his home, singing and praising God;
And when his neighbors in their careless way
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:
"I saw the angel where they see a man."

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST WITH ME."

THE question which is seeking to get itself resolved by the "women's-rights" agitation is, whether woman is or is not the mere female of man. We know very well that there is a female man *in verum natura*; and the Good Book, moreover, has long taught us that man was "created" male and female; but the doubt which is gathering in many minds is, whether woman, properly speaking, is that man. The question is suggesting itself to thoughtful persons, whether woman does not express an absolute or final phase of human nature rather than a contingent and complementary one; whether she is not something very much more than man either male or female,—something, in fact, divinely different from either. It is absurd to suppose, if woman were merely the female man she is commonly reputed to be, that her *rôle* in history could have been so unlike that of the male man, or that she could have so impressed herself on the imagination of the race as to make submission not rule, persuasion not authority, attraction not command, the distinctive mark of her genius. It is contrary to the analogy of nature that the female of any species should display so signal a contrast to the male as to amount to

a generic diversity. And yet this is the difference woman exhibits to man. To be sure, there have been some conspicuous instances of the female man in history, such as Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and doubtless some of those Indian princesses whose examples Mr. Mill has recently invoked. But no one can deny that these are very exceptional cases, and that woman on the whole has displayed a cast of character and a method of action so generically distinct from that of man as utterly to confute the notion of her being merely his female.

It is a curious feature of the symbolic Genesis,—viewed in this connection,—that, while plants and animals are said to be created *each after its kind*, i.e. to possess mere natural or generic identity, man alone is said to have been created *in God's image, male and female*, i.e. to possess not merely generic identity, but specific individuality. Indeed, if this were not so, we should have had no history different from that of the ant and the beaver: for history is the only field of human individuality. It is another curious trait of this mystic record that man, or Adam, thus created male and female, emerges upon

the scene fully formed before Eve, or woman, is apparently so much as thought of. And then, when she does appear, we find her signalized not by any means as the female of man, sustaining a merely natural or outward relation to him, like that of the female of every other species to the male, but as his wife, sustaining an inward or spiritual relation to him: his *wife, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh*, or so intimately near and dear to him, that he shall contentedly leave father and mother, i. e. *renounce his own nature*, in order to cleave to her. And again, — what seems altogether irreconcilable with the customary hypothesis of her generic subserviency to Adam, — we find her influence over the man growing at such a pace that she not only lifts him above his own nature, but persuades him to forfeit Paradise itself rather than continue to dread the death involved in obedience to the moral instinct. "The woman thou gavest with me," quoth the old Adam, "she gave me of the tree, and I did eat"; and the poor naked, shivering creature disappears at once from history, leaving to the woman and *her* seed its exclusive future responsibility. For finally, although the woman in common with man suffers the consequences of his fall, she is seen henceforth to supersede him in the divine regard, her seed and not his being the pivot upon which the redemption of the race from the hardships imposed upon it by his credulity or unbelief is appointed to turn.

Now certainly I make no appeal to these sacred symbols with a view to extracting any literal or scientific information from them; for their distinctive sacredness lies in their singular ineptitude to prompt or dominate thought, while they are just as singularly adapted to illustrate and promote it; and it is for this purely correspondent aid and service that I now resort to them. I avail myself of their picturesque garb only to clothe and set off my own private conception of woman, or give it outline and color to the reader's apprehension; for I myself,

like everybody else, suffer grievously from the excessive drought that pervades the ordinary literature of the topic, in which the spiritual or distinctively human conception of sex gasps and expires under the mere sensuous or organic conception. I am deeply interested in the practical success of the woman's enterprise, but it is not because I care an iota for woman as the female man-merely, i. e. as expressing a simply organic or animal subserviency to the male man; for I have long been used to believe in woman not as sexually, but only as spiritually, pronounced. No, it is exclusively because I regard her as a hitherto slumbering, but now fully aroused and original divine force in our nature, both male and female, or above sex, without whose acknowledgment the wheels of the world's destiny henceforth obstinately refuse to go forward. Women may be what they please; they have no power to compromise woman any more than man has, however appropriately their natural modesty, grace, and refinement reflect her essential infinitude. For woman means not human nature, but human culture. She means human nature no longer outwardly finited by its own necessities, or its own animal, vegetable, and mineral instincts, but inwardly freed from this bondage, or infinited, by God's own indwelling. In short, woman in my opinion symbolizes humanity no longer in its merely created or physical and moral aspect, in which it feels itself under law to God, or to a nature infinitely incommensurate with itself; but in its regenerate, or social and æsthetic, aspect, in which it feels itself divorced from any legal vassalage even to God, and becomes, on the contrary, freely and frankly at one with him.

Practically, then, the woman's movement claims infinitely grander associations than those lent to it by its more conspicuous advocates in either gender; and I, for my part, see no reasonable prospect even of their lesser aspirations in its behalf being realized, until it is duly honored in this superior light.

It is not at bottom a movement in behalf of either sex chiefly, but of both sexes quite equally; though, if there be any difference, I should say that man would turn out its chief beneficiary. For if woman is dependent upon him for her outward subsistence and honor, he is dependent upon her influence for all those inward or spiritual qualities which lift him above the brute, and should be even more interested than she herself is, therefore, to have her character and action freed from all gratuitous obstruction. Thus the agitation is not in the least a partial one. It is an agitation, if there ever was one, in behalf of humanity itself. The specific watchword under which the battle is fought, and the victory will yet be won, is doubtless woman; but woman in her representative character only, standing for all that is divine in our common nature, or for the dignity of the human race itself and the chances of its immortal future, which alone are the vital interests at stake. Pity it is, accordingly, to find the cause conducted with so much partisan acrimony as it habitually is on both sides. What with the Todds and Fultons here, and the Trains and Anthonys there, the good cause will, ere long, cease to recognize itself. Even Mr. Mill, whose name is a guaranty of honesty in any cause, loses his judicial rectitude in this, and betrays the wilful zeal of a sharp attorney.* Nevertheless, his book is on every account the one best worth reading that the controversy has called forth. His fundamental principle, unfortunately, is the insignificance of sex, and the cordial way in which he flagellates that venerable superstition is little short of astounding. The distinction between man and woman, in Mr. Mill's estimation, if I do not misconceive him, is purely organic. There is really nothing corresponding to it in either the rational or moral plane. Sex is an attribute of matter, not of mind, or holds true only in universals, not in particulars.

* *The Subjection of Women.* By John Stuart Mill. New York: Appleton & Co.

But Mr. Mill's heart is after all a great deal wiser than his head. No animal, even if he were for the nonce the highly moral and rational animal Mr. Mill is, could ever have felt the noble lyrical rage which has repeatedly burst forth in Mr. Mill's inspired and impressive, though exaggerated, tributes to the memory of his wife. That fine passion lifted Mr. Mill quite above the earth, and made him acutely feel the whilst, if not reflectively understand, the literally infinite distance that separates marriage from concubinage, or woman from man. What among the animals answers to the marriage sentiment in the human bosom, is not the passion of the male for the female, were it even that of the dove for its mate, but that unconscious or involuntary looking up of the whole animal creation to man, which we see exemplified in the dog's delight in his master? Love, I admit, so long as it remains unchastened by marriage, is the same in man as in the animal. That is to say, it demands the entire subjection of the female, and if it were not the fatally illogical thing it is, would eventually compass her annihilation. Look for example, if you need any, at Mr. Swinburne's epileptic muse. Mr. Swinburne is the modern laureate of love, love inspired by sense, or unrecconciled to marriage; and you have only to consult his poems to see how fatal always the lover turns out to his paramour, how he yearns literally to consume her, or to flesh his teeth in her, just as if he were mere unmitigated tiger, and she mere predestinated kid. But marriage is the apotheosis of woman, and I envy no man's spiritual possibilities who is not liable on occasion to Mr. Mill's practical hallucination in that regard, when he identified all divine and human worth with the person of his wife. Mr. Mill is not near so explicit as he might be on this subject, but his implicit deliverance leaves no doubt that he speculatively regards marriage as a mere voluntary tie between men and women, essentially devoid of social obligation, or having

at most only a politico-economical interest to society. What I mean to say is, he regards marriage as devoid of any distinctively spiritual sanction, any sanction above the personal welfare of the parties to it, or reflecting any interests more vital and sacred than those of their reciprocal delight in each other.

But in every marriage contract there are three inevitable parties; a particular man and woman, professing mutual affection for each other, on one hand, and the society of which they are members, on the other. Now the marriage institution does not originate in the necessities primarily of this or any other man and woman, but in the necessities of society itself. It is a strictly social institution, growing out of the exigencies, not of human nature, but of human culture; and it contemplates first of all, therefore, the advantage of society itself, and through that alone the advantage of all its individual members. And Mr. Mill is above all things a moralist, not a philosopher. That is to say, he cherishes so supreme a zeal for the interests of freedom in man, as to feel a comparatively inert sympathy for society, or the interests of order. And consequently, when he describes marriage he pictures it as a mere covenant of extreme friendship entered into by a man and a woman, involving no external obligation, and limited only by their own good pleasure. Mr. Mill, of course, means very well. He means at bottom simply to utter a manifold protest against the assumption of any fatal contrariety between the public and private life of the world, between the interests of force or necessity and those of freedom. But, like all moralistic or rationalistic reasoners, he fails to give due speculative weight to the idea of our associated destiny, and hence, whenever the interests of universality and those of individuality conflict, he makes no effort to reconcile them, but avouches himself the blind devoted partisan of the latter interest.

A man's life is one thing, and his opinions a very different one; so that,

however much Mr. Mill's notion of marriage violates our ordinary canons as to the essential discrepancy between chaste and libidinous manners, Mr. Mill himself is too right-minded a man to share the practical illusions upon that subject which have long been creeping over the private mind of the race both in Europe and in this country. It is astonishing to observe the small drizzle of indecency that is settling down upon the minds of imbecile, concealed people here and there and everywhere, and passing itself off as so much heavenly dew. It seems to be an accepted notion, even among many sober-minded people, that any union of the sexes is chaste if the parties to it are only fanatically indifferent to the ordinary obligations of sexual morality. But a chaste union of the sexes always contemplates marriage either actually or prospectively, and so prevents the mere outward intercourse of the parties to it becoming a conspicuous fact of consciousness on either side. The only thing that degrades the relation of the sexes, or keeps it inhuman and diabolic, is, that its sensuous delights are prized above its inward satisfactions or the furtherance it yields to men's spiritual culture. And what marriage does for men, accordingly, the great service it renders our distinctively moral or human instincts, is, that it dulls the edge of these rapacious delights, of these insane cupidities, by making them no more a flattering concession of privilege, but a mere claim of right or matter of course. In short, the sole dignity of marriage, practically viewed, lies in its abasing the male sway in our nature, and exalting the feminine influence to its place. Thus, when a man loves a woman with chaste love, it is with a distinct self-renunciation, because he perceives in her a self infinitely more near and dear to his heart than his own self, or because she presents to his imagination such an ineffable grace of modesty or self-oblivion as makes him feel that to possess her, to associate her with the evolution of his proper

heart and mind, would be to sum up all the blessedness God himself can confer upon him. I wonder that no husband or lover has ever discovered in the mystical genesis of Eve, and the record of her subsequent relations to the mystical Adam, first and second, that she could have been intended to symbolize nothing else than the principle of selfhood or freedom in human nature; and that marriage consequently prophesies that eventual reconciliation of spirit and flesh, individuality and universality, of the divine and human natures, in short, which is to take place only in a perfect society or fellowship of man with man in all the earth.

Dr. Bushnell also contributes an element to the current dispute, but his book* is neither so earnest nor yet so sincere as Mr. Mill's; its chief interest arising from its reflecting so boldly the liberalized sentiment which in many quarters is invading the Church, in regard to questions of public morality. His essay lacks consequently that deep, rich flavor of personal conviction which abounds in Mr. Mill's discourse, where truth, or what the author deems such, is everything, and rhetoric goes for naught; but it has its value, nevertheless, as showing with what strides the conservative mind among us is adjusting itself to the new horizons of thought, when even rhetoric finds its account in repeating them. For Dr. Bushnell would open all spheres of action to women, except the administrative one; so that I suppose it is only a question of time, when he and those he represents will yield this intrenchment also.

Nor yet does Yale College wish to go all unheard in the present *melle* of speculative thought, her learned president's essay† being an animated protest against the prevalent relaxation of the marriage bond operated by our State legislation. It is an historical compend of old-time laws and usages

relating to marriage, and a vigorous though hopeless plea for a return to the Christian law of divorce. I say "hopeless," because it is evident that President Woolsey does not himself expect any retrograde legislation on this subject to succeed. I am persuaded, for my own part, that the only hope of good men like President Woolsey, who cherish purity and order in the sexual relations, and are, therefore, utterly bewildered by any present outlook in that direction, is in looking forwards, not backwards. These great ends are to be promoted, not by any legislation whatever, but only by the increased energy and diffusion of the social sentiment. The inappreciable value of ritual marriage consists in its having furnished the sole guaranty of the family unity, which is the indispensable germ in its turn of that eventual unity of the race, which we call by the name of "society." If then, as all our divorce legislation proves, the marriage tie is losing the literal sanctity which once hallowed it, it can only be because the isolated family sentiment is provisionally dying out, or giving place to a sentiment more spiritual, which is that of the associated family; in which case we are entitled and even bound to hope that whatever ritual sanctity may be lost to marriage will be made up to it in real sanctity. No divine institution can ever be enfeebled from without, but only from within, that is, by surviving its uses; so that if, as all signs show, the family bond is really dissolving, we may be sure that it is doing so only through the access of a *larger* family spirit in men; that is, by the gathering instinct of a family unity among us large enough at last to house all mankind. And when this unity becomes avouched in appropriate institutions, we need have no fear that the relations of the sexes, now so degraded, will not become elevated out of the dust of men's contempt. For then, for the first time in history, the interests of chaste marriage, which alone give law to those relations, will command no longer the voluntary or calculated, but

* Woman's Suffrage: the Reform against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner & Co.

† Divorce and Divorce Legislation. By T. D. Woolsey, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

the spontaneous and irresistible homage of the human heart.

A person interested in these matters may also read, not without profit, "The Woman who Dared."* It is an unrhymed, and yet by no means wholly unrhythmical, plea for the freedom of individual men and women to take the marriage law into their own hands, and tighten or relax it at their own pleasure: a plea with which the author's sympathetic heart has evidently had more to do than his reflective judgment. I do not mean to say that there is any evidence of inspiration in the poem. On the contrary, it is a regular social-science report, relieved by bits of descriptive rhetoric; and no muse that haunts hallowed places was ever invoked for her consent to a syllable of it. At the same time, it leaves you with a cordial friendliness to the author; your wonder being that a writer so terribly intentional as he is should turn out on the whole so amiable and innocuous. Mr. Sargent, too, in his turn, seems intellectually indifferent to the grandly social aspects of the sexual problem, and sensitive only to its lower personal bearings. These are much, no doubt; but they are incomparably below the others in intellectual importance. Indeed, Mr. Sargent's speculative views on this subject are so extreme, he leaves the interests of society as a factor in human affairs so wholly out of sight, that I utterly fail to see how he would discriminate between marriage and concubinage. Marriage is essentially a race-interest in humanity, while concubinage is essentially a personal one. This difference is what forever spiritualizes marriage to men's regard, and what forever carnalizes concubinage. In other words, what alone sanctifies the sexual instinct among men, and lifts it above mere brute concupiscence, is that it is not rightfully bound to the sensuous caprice of the subject, but obeys the interests of society; that the welfare of society is primary in it, and the welfare of persons

altogether secondary. Such is the sole meaning of marriage. It is a social institution, a race-interest exclusively, not a personal one, and no one has the least title to its honors and emoluments, spiritually regarded, who is not habitually ready to postpone himself to his neighbor. *A fortiori* then, Mr. Sargent's poetical men and women have no right, underived from their own ignorance or wilfulness, to take the marriage law into their own keeping and abrogate it at their own convenience, without the amplest previous social authorization.

This consideration ought to be decisive also, in my opinion, as to the pretension which Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Sargent both alike lend to women,—that of voluntarily initiating the conjugal compact. For I cannot help regarding the marriage of a man and woman as a crude earthly type or symbol of a profounder marriage which, in invisible depths of being, is taking place between the public and private life of man, or the sphere of his natural instinct and that of his spiritual culture: man, in the symbolic transaction, standing for the former or coercive element, that of physical force or passion; while woman represents the latter or yielding element, that of personal freedom or attraction. And if this be so, then clearly the initiative in all things relating to love and marriage belongs of right to man alone; and no woman can practically dispute his prerogative without so flagrant a dereliction of her proper nature, or her instinctive modesty, as to provoke the long disgust of every man in whose favor she should thus unsex herself.

On the whole, and to conclude:—There is vastly more in the woman's movement, so called, than meets the eye of sense, which yet is the eye of the mind with all those who obstinately regard woman as the mere sexual counterpart and diminutive of man. A whole library, full of reconciling significance to the controversy, still remains unpublished and eke unwritten, without which nevertheless the contro-

* The Woman who Dared. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

very will not have reached its due intellectual dimensions, nor consequently allow itself to be permanently settled. In fact, I am persuaded that we shall never do ripe justice even to the material aspects of the problem, until we come to look upon man and woman as two contrasted terms of a great creative allegory, in which Man stands for what

we call the World, meaning thereby human nature in moral or voluntary revolt from God; and Woman for what we call the Church, meaning thereby human nature in spiritual or spontaneous accord with its divine source: the actual point of unity or fusion between the two being furnished by the final social evolution of humanity.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE SURPLUS.

THE battle of the surplus has once before been fought on the floor of Congress. No constitutional or economical principle, it is true, could be settled by the mere fact of a temporary excess of receipts over expenditures: the right of the general government, under the Federal compact, to take stock in a turnpike would have been just as complete had the treasury exhibited a chronic deficit, instead of a handsome surplus, when Andrew Jackson vetoed the Maysville Road Bill; the policy of protection, on the grounds on which it was urged and combated in 1832, would have been just as beneficial or baleful had the Secretary not been able to make both ends meet at the close of the year; nor was the expediency of holding the public lands at a price somewhat above the cost of survey and agency discussed so much with a view to present as to prospective revenue. And yet it is certain that, in fact, the decision of each of these fiercely contested questions was greatly influenced, though in principle not affected at all, by the accident of a favorable balance of the treasury from 1830 to 1833; and that underneath all the arguments of party leaders, the most potential element of the case was the popular knowledge of a large and increasing surplus.

The relation of receipts and expenditures had indeed become sufficiently remarkable to influence very decidedly

the determination of the questions, how revenues should be raised, and how disbursed. The advocates of extreme protection had not then learned how to make a tariff so high as to defeat the purposes of revenue; and to their infinite chagrin and embarrassment found the money pouring into the treasury in such unmistakable excess as to render the pretence of a governmental necessity impossible, and to reduce the question of protecting American industry to pure economical principles. Hence the desperate efforts of Mr. Clay and his friends to commit the general government to a wholesome scheme of internal improvements which should absorb this uncomfortable surplus; hence the angry protests of the Southern States against the alleged and most undoubted sectionalism of the scheme of protection; hence nullification, and hence the compromise act of Mr. Clay. Had the receipts of the treasury barely sufficed to meet the necessary expenses of the government, the opposition to the then existing tariff never could have attained a dangerous height; the scheme of a general subscription to incorporated companies all over the Union never would have been presented; and the propriety of deriving revenue from the public lands would have passed unchallenged. The whole complication of 1832-33 might have been avoided, had the advocates of the "American system" originally insisted

on a rate of duties sufficiently high to defeat the purposes of revenue.

But at the time we write of, the philosophy of high duties was not so well understood as it is now. From 1828 to 1830 inclusive, three years, the revenue had stood at about twenty-four millions and three quarters. But in 1831 the receipts jumped to twenty-eight millions and a half. In 1832 they rose to thirty-one millions and three quarters; and in 1833 to thirty-four millions. Meanwhile the ordinary expenditures of the government had been but twelve millions and a half in 1829, rising in 1830 to thirteen and a quarter; in 1831 to thirteen and three quarters; 1832 to sixteen and a half; and in 1833 to the maximum, twenty-two millions and three quarters, leaving still a surplus of eleven millions and a quarter, or one third of the government revenue. Such a flourishing condition of the finances had of course allowed large payments upon the small debt of those days. Nine millions had been paid in 1828; nine and three quarters in 1829; nine and a half in 1830; fourteen and three quarters in 1831; and seventeen millions, or more than one half of the total receipts, in 1832.

Unfortunately, too, at this juncture, while the receipts from customs were obstinately increasing year by year, and the expenditures, notwithstanding the friendly services of a Congress acting in the spirit of Mr. Clay's famous resolution of 1807,* hung at the inconsiderable total of twenty millions or so, this great resource, the debt, began to fail. The surplus of the five preceding years had made quick work of it; and the beginning of 1833 found the entire principal at but a trifle above seven millions. In vain did Mr. Hemphill's

committee, in 1831, in something like despair at the fast-accumulating surplus, resolve, "that it is expedient that the general government should continue to prosecute internal improvements by direct appropriations of money, or by *subscriptions for stock* in companies incorporated in the respective States." Turnpikes, in those primitive and slow old days, were unfortunately not expensive. Had there been railroads to build at \$48,000 a mile (second mortgage), a different story might have been to be told. As a resource to absorb a surplus of fifteen millions, turnpikes were as futile as Mrs. Partington's mop against the incoming "Atlantical wave." The plan of general subscription to all "deserving" joint-stock companies for some reason did not hit the public fancy; the clamor for the reduction or removal of taxes which produced double the honest necessities of the government grew louder and fiercer; the extinction of the debt completed the discomfiture of the advocates of the existing tariff; South Carolina carried its exasperation to the point of insurrection; Mr. Clay introduced his compromise tariff; and the battle was over. As surely as any effect can be predicated of any cause, it was the surplus which broke the back of protection in 1832-33.

The same *embarras de richesses* is likely to set Congress by the ears the present session; and, with a longer or shorter period of agitation, to produce equally important changes in the fiscal policy of the government. It is difficult to fix exactly the surplus of the treasury for a single year, inasmuch as nations, like individuals, sometimes let little bills stand over; but it is fair to put the proper surplus of 1868-69 at fifty millions of dollars. This amount has been, in the main, well and properly applied to the reduction of the debt. Some may think that absolutely the best course was not pursued; but all will agree that, without so much as the outlines of a policy laid down by Congress, we are very fortunate in having no worse disposition of the annual surplus.

* "Resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to prepare, and report to the Senate at their next session, a plan for the application of such means as are within the power of Congress to the purposes of opening roads and making canals, together with a statement of undertakings of that nature which as objects of public improvement may require and *deserve* the aid of government." Fancy the Forty-first Congress advertising for jobs in that fashion! The lobby must have been very modest or very verdant in those days, to need such jogging.

But when we come to calculate the probable receipts and expenditures of the present fiscal year, we find that we have a much more formidable surplus to deal with; one so enormous, in fact, as to render it almost impossible that the session should pass without substantial legislation for disposing of it. A surplus of fifty millions might perhaps be left to "run itself," without a policy, and even without any legal authority for dealing with it. But a surplus of one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five millions would be rather too large to be ignored by the most happy-go-lucky of politicians, with the largest faith in Providence, and the smallest acquaintance with finance. In 1863-69, there was paid on account of bounties the sum of eighteen millions and a half. But the bounties covered by existing laws are nearly all paid; and the disbursements on that account during the present year cannot exceed, if they reach, three millions. Last year we paid seven millions and a quarter for Alaska. If to the saving on these accounts we add the interest accruing from the sinking-fund, we have twenty-five millions added to the virtual resources of the treasury, irrespective of any decrease in the other expenditures of the government. But the reduction that has taken place in all the departments and services cannot reasonably be calculated at less than an equal amount. Indeed, the changes instituted, with so much courage and comprehension, in the army alone, would amply account for three fifths, if not two thirds, of this sum. The reduction from forty-five to twenty-five regiments of infantry — the annual cost of each regiment approximating a million of dollars — was, if we consider the extent of the reform, the many good, cowardly reasons that might have been urged against it, the instant seasonableness of the measure, and the effect which this example produced upon the whole service, one of the finest strokes of genius. An administrator of less courage than the present head of the army would have contented himself with dropping off

half a dozen regiments this year and as many next year, protracting over four or five years what General Sherman effected within a week of inauguration-day. It was in carrying out the details of this magnificent scheme of retrenchment that Secretary Rawlins was enabled to perform such signal service to the nation.

A proportionate saving was hardly to be expected in the navy, or in any branch of the civil service; but no establishment, except the diplomatic, has escaped sharp and severe reduction. The changes in the Washington offices alone will save the government millions of dollars; while the same tightening hand has been felt in the remotest branch of the revenue and postal organizations. It is probable, indeed, that the retrenchment which has already taken place has gone quite as far as the real interests of the public service will allow; and that further reduction would not be found to be true economy. The first efforts of the administration have, naturally and properly enough, been almost altogether of the lower and cheaper kind of retrenchment, — the scrimping of men and supplies, and the putting of every service on an allowance with which it must get along as best it may. This is a kind of retrenchment which does not require large abilities, but only an unflinching purpose and a degree of obtuseness. In such retrenchment the most useful and least inflated establishments are commonly called upon to contribute as much as the less deserving; and considerable losses in efficiency must always be counted upon.

There is a higher kind of retrenchment, which requires comprehension and courage of no mean order; which consists, not in reducing offices to their minimum, but in consolidating establishments, detecting extensive duplications of power and agency, and bringing the force of government at every point close to its work. Without, however, dwelling on the extensive possibilities opened at this point, it is perfectly safe to assume a saving

in all the services and establishments of the government of not less than twenty-five millions from the total of the last year, even if the diplomatic service should escape any appreciable reduction.

All this discussion has taken for granted that the revenue will stand fast at the figures of the last year, that is, at three hundred and seventy millions. But there is no reason to doubt that the revenue, under existing laws, should very nearly approach four hundred millions. In the first place, the natural annual growth of the revenue of the country — what the English economists improperly style “elasticity” — ought to make up a third of the difference, and even more at the present time, when the Southern States are so rapidly returning to productive industry and the consumption of dutiable articles. It is not growth alone, however, that we have to look to. The revenue never has been fairly collected. The early months of the present administration exhibited the first vigorous and intelligent effort to enforce the laws, with a resulting gain of many millions for every month General Grant has been in office. Without, however, attempting to fix the gain of the revenue for another year from this source, we shall have enough for the purposes of this argument if we have shown it to be reasonably probable that the receipts of 1869-70 would, with the present taxes, exceed the necessary expenditures of the government by a clear hundred millions, with a fair chance, or even a strong likelihood, of a surplus larger by many millions.

With a scheme of taxation constructed thus to yield easily a hundred millions over the demands of the government, no one, probably, would contend that the whole of that revenue could, as human and official nature go, be safely harvested; or that some portion of what might be brought into the treasury would not be lightly and unnecessarily spent, unless that surplus were already in advance so far engaged to a particular object — as, for example,

the payment of the debt, and that, too, by a public and formal declaration of the government through its highest organs — as to make such an appropriation almost, in effect, one of the necessary expenditures of the year. With taxes which might yield ninety millions of dollars, or, under a more careful and rigid collection, a hundred millions, it is safe to say that it would not be the larger of those amounts which would be collected; while, at the other end, with a revenue thus calculated to exceed expenditures by ninety, or it might be, by only eighty millions of dollars, it is fair to assume that the surplus at the close of the year would be found to be, not ninety, but eighty.

That is, with a scheme of taxation calculated to yield a surplus of one hundred millions under stringent collections and careful disbursements, that surplus remaining unappropriated, ten millions would be a moderate estimate for the loss caused by the inevitable and indeed unconscious relaxing of effort and watchfulness on the part of the whole body of officials, high and low, engaged in collecting the revenue; while another ten millions would probably not be an exaggerated statement of the increased expenditures, in all the departments of government, due to the general knowledge of an enormous surplus not expressly pledged to any use. In other words, with a certain revenue, the government could remit fifty millions of taxes and pay fifty millions of debt, while if it sought to appropriate the whole receipts to the latter object, the end of the year might well find no more than eighty millions of the debt paid. No one familiar with the collection and disbursement of public moneys will doubt this statement.

Nor is it enough that there should be a generally acknowledged duty, or a vaguely professed purpose, to devote whatever surplus might accrue to some particular object, as the payment of debt. Large surpluses are not collected on such conditions; nor are the revenues of a state administered to

the best advantage with such latitude of operation. In a period of rare honesty and energy it might be possible, as in the splendid start made by the present administration, to apply a vague and uncertain surplus to such uses as scrupulously as if a scanty revenue were being made to answer the urgent necessities of government; but such exertions are not to be expected of average finance ministers in ordinary times. Nothing did more to continue the extravagant expenditures of the war period, and to postpone the time when a searching and painful retrenchment should be instituted, than the fact of a practically unlimited revenue, — a revenue, that is, which no honest expenditure could begin to reach, and which even a wasteful administration of the finances could hardly exhaust. The proposition of Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts, to limit the prospective revenue strictly to three hundred millions, and then trust to the necessities of the situation to bring the expenditures within that mark, was at once a philosophical and a statesmanlike recognition of important laws of public conduct. We need to take one step farther, to make one more application of the same principle to the relations between receipts and expenditures in the immediate future. The relentless reduction of taxation has already borne excellent fruit in both the increased efficiency of collection and the heightened carefulness of disbursement; but the effect of that legislation is about exhausted. If we are to look for further improvement in the same direction, it must be by another turn of the same screw.

So much for a vague and unappropriated surplus. It is something for which we have to thank God, and not our own wisdom, if it be not plundered and wasted till little enough is left for the treasury or the public creditor. As it has happened, we have been compelled, since March, to try this method of reducing the debt, for want of a better; but there will be no excuse for us if we continue it through another season. When the present administration suc-

ceeded to power, nobody knew whether we were likely to have a surplus or not; and our legislators were perhaps excusable in declining to make provision for the disposal of it. But the first question of the present session unquestionably is the disposition of the surplus. It is not often in the history of the world that a legislature has had occasion to decide on the application of such an amount of revenue above all reasonable charges. No government ever before had the felicity of being enabled to dispose, on abstract principles, of a cool hundred millions of money.

And such legislation is not more a luxury than a necessity. The country, to speak plainly, will not submit to a scale of taxation calculated to yield such a surplus, without having it pretty distinctly agreed upon what is to be done with the money. The pressure of taxation is seriously felt; schemes for relief are popular; and the taxpayers are not in a humor to pay into the treasury a hundred millions to be used anyhow or nohow, according to circumstances or caprice. A moderate surplus is a strength to an administration; but, on the other hand, an excessive surplus excites discontent more quickly than the most unfavorable balance of the treasury; and nothing could be more threatening to the Republican ascendancy than an attempt to maintain taxation admittedly disproportionate to the wants of the government, without at least as good a reason stated as the speedy extinguishment of the debt.

Is it, then, to be desired, on the most careful calculation of the resources of the country for the present and coming fiscal years, that the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorized to appropriate to the increase of the sinking-fund or the cancellation of the bonds all the money (the larger the amount the better, whether it be seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five millions) which can be got from the people, and which is not required for ordinary expenses? Is debt an evil

in such a sense and to such a degree that the maximum of taxation is desirable to remove it? Would such a course promote or impair the chances of a full, final liquidation? Does the industrial condition of the country at the present time permit of such an effort?

There is certainly no more proper object of taxation than the payment of debt. Within the limits of prudence and strength, no one of the expenditures of government is more commendable. In fact, it is about the only expenditure that is looked upon as a subject of positive congratulation. There is no end for which it better becomes a free people to submit to sacrifice than this. But next to the duty of making steady and equable exertions to such an end is the duty of refraining from everything that is spasmodic and extravagant. Our national resources should be carefully measured, and our efforts adapted at once to the object in view and to our own strength. It would be but a sorry sequel to the payment of a hundred millions in 1870, to pay nothing whatever in 1871; and though the total of the debt might be the same, at the beginning of 1872, as if an equable payment of fifty millions a year had been maintained, it is not at all likely that the disposition of the people to bear future taxation for the purpose would be as good. Now, we firmly believe that it would not be as well for the ultimate payment of the debt, to have the entire possible surplus of the current fiscal year appropriated in this way. Such an undue effort could not but prejudice the cause it sought to advance. There are so many advocates of national dishonor, and their schemes are of such number, variety, and plausibility, that the friends of an honest liquidation have to treat the subject with as much of prudence as of vigor.

Indeed, if there is any question to be made in the matter, it is, whether fifty millions be not a disproportionate and excessive contribution to this purpose. Six months ago, the most strenuous

advocate of an early payment would have been glad to compromise for a reduction of twenty-five millions annually, to begin with. Would it be wise to allow ourselves to be so far led away by the splendid success of the revenue in the past six months, as now to deem fifty millions too little? The administration no more owes the country a large reduction of the debt, than it owes the country a large reduction of taxation. If but one of the two things were possible, we should rather say that the latter should have preference. Now that both can be secured together, there can be no excuse for refusing the relief so earnestly demanded.

Unless, then, we have wholly mistaken the probabilities of the revenue for the coming year, and the temper of the country relative to taxation, a considerable part of the surplus, be it seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five millions, should be applied to the abatement or abolition of existing taxes. Which shall be the taxes to suffer this reduction, is a more complicated question,—endless, indeed, if it were to be discussed on the merits of the several imposts, or their fitness to form a connected scheme of contribution; but we shall choose to view it as a matter of popular feeling and public opinion, asking rather which taxes are likely to be removed than which ought to be removed.

From this point of view, the first tax to be considered is unquestionably that upon incomes. It is, in fact, the only one in which a change is absolutely certain. The present law expires by limitation in 1870, so that, if the tax is again to be collected, it must be by a re-enactment; and there is no reason to believe that this can be effected without large modifications. Yet, after all, it is fairly a question whether such modifications as are likely to take place can be considered as a reduction of taxation. It is not in the least improbable that an income tax at three per cent, but without some of the present irrational exemptions, would bring nearly

if not quite as much money into the treasury as the present duty of five per cent. The fact is, the tax is too high, as the whiskey tax was last year. Five per cent is a great deal for only one form of taxation, when it is remembered what a small margin at best is allowed by the necessary expenses of living in these days. What a man *must* have requires so large a part of the income of all but the wealthy, that very little is left for pleasure or leisure. Take a representative income of twenty-five hundred dollars, with thirteen hundred dollars of exemption. At five per cent the tax is sixty dollars. Yet how few heads of families of that income ever have a clear sixty dollars, which they feel able to devote to a distinctly luxurious expenditure! For incomes of this class, it is not exaggeration to say that the tax absorbs the whole of what would otherwise be the pleasure-fund of the family; not a small sacrifice to make when it is remembered that the same tax-payer has already paid a hundred and fifty dollars, at the least, to the government in duties on foreign goods, while he has suffered from a general enhancement of prices, in consequence of State and Federal taxation, to twice that amount. And it is really not the best finance to maintain the income tax at such a point, in ordinary times, as to constitute a grievance. An income tax is properly a war tax. It is so regarded in England. It should be kept up in time of peace; but at its minimum, not its maximum.

Yet while the reduction of the rate from five to three per cent would afford a great relief to every man who now honestly pays to the full amount of his liability, it is highly probable that the receipts from this source would be diminished little if any, especially if the measure were accompanied by others restricting the effect of the several exemptions. A great many people who now do not suspect the fact would find that they had incomes; while many of those who pay at present would not exercise half as much inge-

nuity in making the exemptions cover the ground. There is nothing better established than that men generally do not like to cheat, evade the law, expose themselves to penalties, or swear to questionable statements. At the same time, it is very easy so to construct the law as to make it morally certain that every second man in the community will do these things. The case of the whiskey duty is in point. In the fiscal year 1868, the tax was two dollars a gallon, and the amount collected was thirteen millions. In 1869, the duty was reduced to fifty cents, and the receipts rose to thirty-one millions. So fully is this principle of revenue proved by all financial experience, that we feel at liberty to assume that the difference would at the worst be "halved" between the tax-payers and the treasury. Of the thirty-four millions received from this tax last year, nine millions came from the income of corporations. For these there should be no reduction. The twenty-five millions received from the incomes of individuals would indicate a clear taxable income of five hundred millions. On this amount three per cent would yield fifteen millions, — a loss to the revenue of ten millions. But of this we may safely calculate that five millions would be recouped by a more honest assessment, provided the year were moderately favorable for industry.

Simultaneously, however, with the reduction of the rate, the present exemption of rent should be changed in an important degree. On general grounds there is no more reason why a man's rent should be free from taxation than his grocer's bill. Indeed, this exemption is peculiarly liable to objection, as giving the man who does not own his house an advantage over his neighbor who does, discouraging thus permanent investments, and in turn contributing to raise rents, already forced up almost beyond endurance by a combination of causes unfavorable to house-owning except for purposes of speculation.

But while the exemption of rent is

thus theoretically false, it is practically advantageous up to a certain point, as affording the poorer classes a partial compensation against the grievous injustice of a non-graded tax. It is an anomaly: but many things are anomalies without being any the worse for it. The true idea of an income tax is that of the old Solonian law, which recognized five distinct grades of income, and assessed each at a different rate, according to the ability which it indicated in the citizen. But since this precious Constitution of ours, which is never heard of except to prevent some good thing from being done, is supposed to forbid graded taxation, we substantially effect the same result by allowing certain exemptions from gross income. The \$1,000 exemption is of this kind. Under it, an income of \$1,000 pays nothing; one of \$1,500 pays \$25, or one and one third per cent; one of \$2,000 pays \$50, or two and a half per cent; one of \$3,000 pays \$100, or three and a third per cent; one of \$5,000 pays \$200, or four per cent; one of \$10,000 pays \$450, or four and one half per cent. This is right, so far as it is carried. Now comes in the exemption of rent, without limitation of amount. To the extent of two or three or possibly five hundred dollars, this also serves to reduce the injustice of a single rate of taxation. But when carried above this, the exemption becomes irrational and mischievous. There is no reason why a \$1,000 or a \$5,000 rent should be exempted. There is every reason why it should not. There is no more distinct form of luxury; none about which the person who indulges it is more at liberty to make his own choice as to the scale of expense; no kind of expenditure which it is less the interest of the state to encourage. Unfortunately we have no statistics whatever in regard to the income tax; but there is every reason to believe that the effect of this exemption is to reduce the revenue by many millions, and that its limitation to \$500 would go far to counterbalance the reduction of the rate, while its limitation

to \$200 would actually increase the receipts.

It must not be supposed that, because we have figured out a loss to the revenue of but five millions or less on a present collection of thirty-four millions, the relief to the community is to be estimated in that ratio only. Under an onerous tax, it is doubtful which hates the law worse, the man who pays, or the man who is driven to fraud to escape payment. The present income tax is no more of a hardship (and it is much more of an injustice) than if it collected fifty millions. Under such a rate as we have proposed, those who now pay the first ten millions of the tax would probably pay but six; those who pay the next ten millions would pay but eight; those who pay the remaining fourteen millions (corporations namely, and the class that rent brownstone fronts) would pay about what they now do; while six millions would be paid by those who now pay nothing, and hate the government for it a little worse than if they paid their share.

Incomes being thus disposed of, and whiskey and tobacco remaining by the unanimous consent of all but the "rings" subject to their present reduced rates, the numerous minor taxes under the internal revenue acts would call for an endless discussion if they were to be treated each on its merits. But the public opinion which has been forming for a long time, and has been taking shape very rapidly of late, is not inclined to consider them on their merits, or consider them separately at all. These taxes are: general stamps for legal and commercial instruments, which yielded last year about eleven millions and three quarters; proprietary stamps, to be affixed to patent medicines, matches, etc., yielding about four millions, one half from matches alone; legacy and succession duties, which yielded last year about two millions and a half, and would yield twice as much but for the false appraisement of estates; the tax on gas companies, yielding two millions; taxes on articles in "Schedule A," that is, such luxuries as billiard-

tables, gold watches, and silver plate, yielding less than one million; the tax on the circulation and deposits of banks and bankers, which yielded above three millions in 1868-69 (the national banks paying directly into the treasury six millions of dollars in addition for their franchises); the tax on the gross receipts of corporations, like railroad, canal, and express companies, yielding six and a quarter millions; the tax on the premiums and assessments of insurance companies, yielding one million and a quarter; and lastly, an immense body of "special taxes," which may be characterized by the single word *licenses*. The last taxes fall upon nearly all who exercise any art, profession, or calling, except preaching, — upon civil engineers, assayers, peddlers, photographers, and opera singers. These taxes yielded, last year, nine millions. One million and a half of the receipts from internal revenue for 1868-69 were from taxes now abolished. The remaining, which we have enumerated, yielded forty-nine millions. Incomes, whiskey, and tobacco produced one hundred and eight millions and a half, making up the grand total of the internal revenue, one hundred and fifty-nine millions.

It will be seen that, taken together, these minor and miscellaneous taxes yield no inconsiderable portion of the internal revenue. But they have always been regarded as essentially war taxes. Some of them savor too much of inspection and inquisition to be agreeable to our democratic spirit, and they excite constant resistance in collection. There is no slight danger of their all going over together, on the plea that they are too vexatious for the amount they yield, and that they hinder the freedom of transport and traffic. The prejudice against them is unquestionably a growing one, and the demand for their abolition, in view of the revenue surplus, is likely to be urgent and peremptory. Not a few of the leading politicians of the country have already taken ground in favor of collecting the entire inland revenue under the general

heads, income, whiskey, and tobacco. It is clear, however, that this demand is not sufficiently discriminating. Much of the present complicated system of internal taxation must be given up; but a clear distinction exists between those taxes which are in restraint of trade and meddle with private business, and those which affect only corporations enjoying special privileges, and are thus proper subjects for taxation. The duties on gross receipts, on legacies and successions, on banks and insurance companies, and on the gas monopolists of cities, as well as the general stamp duties, ought to be retained, in justice alike to the treasury and to individual tax-payers. These together yielded twenty-six millions and a half last year; and, as it always happens that when one of two taxes is repealed the proceeds of the other increase, something more than this sum might be expected from them. The whole system of licenses, of proprietary stamps, of taxes on sales, of duties on private carriages and family silver, might properly be given up to the demand for reduction and retrenchment. This would amount to a remission of twenty-two millions and a half, in addition to the two or three millions that might be lost by the changes indicated in the income tax.

It may be thought that, having made away with twenty-five millions of the surplus by the repeal or reduction of taxes under the internal-revenue system, we have not much left in hand with which to effect the needed reform in the customs duties of the country. But it must be borne in mind that the most senseless and mischievous specifications of the tariff are those from which practically no revenue is derived. Hundreds of articles might be added to the free list, without reducing the receipts from customs by a million of dollars; and thousands without reducing the revenue from this source so much as one fifth. The judicious application of twenty millions of the surplus to the simplification of the tariff, while it would leave the scale of duties

still inexcusably high and rigorous, while it would leave the battle of protection still to be fought out on other grounds, would yet be sufficient to abolish all that may be called the nuisances of the system; would clear the frame of the existing tariff of all the absurdities with which the greediness of every petty industry or possibility of an industry has overlaid it. The general plan of our protective system is consistent and intelligible enough, founded, as it is, simply on the distrust of art, progress, and mutuality of services; but it has been stuck all over with the most fantastic and contradictory features. No one can study our customs duties without wonder. It is evidently no work of a finance minister. It is difficult to believe that it could have been the result of the actual sessions and consultations of a committee, even the most variously and inharmoniously constituted. No idea pervades the whole; proportion and relation are utterly discarded; incongruity and disorder appear in every part. Special legislation certainly did its worst when the existing tariff laws of the United States were enacted. Almost every article for which the ingenuity of man has found a name appears upon the list. Of nearly four thousand specifications contained in Ogden's Digest, twenty furnish half the revenue; three thousand five hundred at least are merely vexatious and mischievous.

Take the whole line of chemicals and drugs, for example. If any class of commodities should be made free of duty, these should. When used as medicines, they are the direst necessities. Probably no expense that comes to a distressed family is more painfully felt than the outlay on this account. When used in the arts, they are the rawest of raw materials. Yet the existing tariff collects duties on hardly less than one thousand articles under this general head. Scarcely a single known substance, be it solid, liquid, or vapor, which can possibly be classed as a chemical, a drug, or a dye, escapes a tax, although there are hundreds of

these articles which we do not ourselves produce, never did produce, and never shall produce. The total sum received from the entire class barely reaches four millions of dollars. A quarter of the specifications of the tariff are thus devoted to articles which yield one forty-fifth part of the revenue. For this purpose experts have to be kept at every important custom-house to ascertain whether pyroligneous acid be over or under 1.040 specific gravity; and an amount of testing and tasting, weighing and gauging, goes on which would be sufficient to collect the whole excise tax on whiskey, or the customs duties on sugar and molasses, which together produce thirty-five or forty millions a year. And all this annoyance is incurred by taxing articles which by every rational and consistent principle of protection ought to be admitted free of duty.

We dare say our "infant manufactures" would survive the shock should the acetate of ammonia cease to pay its annual contribution of two dollars and eighty cents, the acetate of baryta its one dollar and twenty, collodion its three dollars, aluminium its eighty cents, or benzine its forty cents. Can anything, indeed, surpass the absurdity of keeping up a tax for the purpose of collecting from forty millions of people such amounts as these, which are but ordinary instances of the character of many of the collections under the existing tariff? Is it not correct to call such impositions nuisances? What possible interests can be involved in them, except the grand interest of trade to have them all swept away? Suppose that powdered alabaster should abruptly cease to pay one dollar and forty cents into the treasury, what good thing would thereby cease from the earth? Is a tax of seventeen dollars and ten cents on glue absolutely necessary to sustain Mr. Spalding in his patriotic and union-saving enterprise? Would not our Yankee hens continue to lay, should ostrich eggs escape the exaction of six dollars and ninety cents which they paid in 1868? Might not

the revenue of six dollars odd, now yielded by sour-kROUT, be surrendered as a graceful concession to the national susceptibilities of our German fellow-citizens? Would not yeast rise overnight if the foreign article remained untaxed? Is the tax of one dollar and eighty cents on "heel-balls" designed for the encouragement of any particular branch of industry, — and has it anything to do with the facility with which they are formed in damp snow? What effect had the collection of three dollars from apple-sauce, at our custom-houses, in 1868, upon the production of that delicious article of food? We could understand the duty on "Brazil bugs," if we supposed that this was some new and ferocious species of insect, straight from the Amazon, marching upon the wheat-fields of the West or the apple-orchards of the East; but as we rather conceive them to belong to some curious and interesting variety, and to be preserved in a way that renders them incapable of extensive harm to American agriculture, we really think the revenue might give up the twenty dollars derived from this source, and dismiss the entomological or bug clerk at the New York Custom-house. How much would the "exportation of our soil" be hastened by remitting the six dollars or so now obtained from alizarine? And, speaking of the soil, is it not odd enough to find that the government derived as much as \$47.80, in 1868, from the importation of "garden earth"? What sort of policy is this, pray, to prohibit the soil of other countries from coming to us! What kind of protection is it which forbids us to supply the "waste" and "exhaustion" produced by exporting our grain, from the countries which are thus draining us of the very vital juices of our land? Garden earth certainly, if nothing else, should be made free of duty.

It is not alone these preposterous taxes, yielding from fifty cents to fifty dollars, which should be removed. There are many, yielding hundreds or thousands of dollars, which should go

the same way. Trade cannot be worried for any such petty considerations. Impotent as these taxes are for good, they are yet capable of much mischief. Unquestionably government could raise the same revenue from fifty articles without disturbing the general values of the country half as much as by taxing four thousand articles.

High Prices is a milled, an animal that goes upon a thousand small legs. Few of our readers but recollect when the horse-railroad companies all over the country put up their fares from five to six cents in consequence of the internal-revenue tax amounting to an eighth or tenth of a cent per passenger carried. Horse-railroad directors are no worse than other people, notwithstanding they get so much abuse. Trade always revenges itself in this way for hindrances and vexations; and hence every petty tax, every minor imposition, should be swept away, and only those suffered to remain for which a substantial reason can be shown.

There is also a class of articles, yielding a million and a quarter to the revenue, which stand in a peculiar relation to our native industry. Of every other article recognized in the tariff laws (except, perhaps, Brazil bugs), it can be said that if we are to consume it, it were desirable enough that we should produce it; the only question being whether protection is the best way of accomplishing the result. But of lumber this can, in the present state of our country, be absolutely and unequivocally denied. It is not desirable that all our lumber should be of native growth. It is not desirable that any of it should be, when a foreign article can possibly be afforded at the same price. It is, therefore, not desirable that any restriction should be imposed upon the foreign article, or any encouragement held out for the more rapid consumption of the domestic supply. There was a time when "the axe of the pioneer" was the proper emblem of our advancing civilization. That stage has been passed in almost all our territory; and there is now more reason to fear that

our soil will be impoverished, and the just distribution of heat and moisture fatally disturbed, by cutting down our forests, than to desire the further clearing of the land. There are, it is true, large sections where there is yet no danger of an early exhaustion; but in those sections and the country which they supply there is no occasion for protecting that interest. Transportation is so great an element in the cost of lumber, that no timber-growing region needs to be fenced from the approach of the foreign article. It is in those sections which are equally distant from native and Canadian supply—indeed, so far as the cost of transportation is concerned, nearer the latter than the former—that the enhancement of price, consequent on the present exorbitant rates of duty, encourages the cutting of even the scant and insufficient covering of timber which nature has interposed to save the land from drought and sterility. Singular that philosophers who are so much afraid of having our “soil exported” should advocate a policy which would do more, in a generation, to exhaust the productive capability of the United States, than the export of a hundred millions of wheat annually to the end of time!

In such warfare upon nature, the all-devastating Spaniards have hitherto enjoyed an evil pre-eminence. They turned the valley of Mexico from a garden into something very like a desert by cutting down the timber, and thus drying up the lakes. They did the same bad work in some sections of the Pacific coast; and now, where the giant trunks of a former vegetation have scarcely rotted from the ground, there is not soil enough to bear the scantiest crop. They stripped the plains of even their own Castile of the noble forests that once covered them; and Castile has become comparatively fruitless under the curse of outraged nature. Hardly a European nation but has suffered, and is still suffering, from the same improvidence; hardly one but is striving at vast expense to repair the waste. France, Italy, Belgium,

Switzerland, England, are planting trees for very life, while we are “encouraging” the felling of the forests, which secure the proper distribution of heat and moisture, provide for the irrigation of the soil, and conduct away in nourishing showers the angry elements of hail, lightning, and tornado. Even in India, England has established a bureau for the sole purpose of restoring the forests, having found by painful experience that Nature, while the harmony of her parts and forces remains undisturbed, will perform the office of irrigation somewhat more cheaply than an elaborate system of wind-mills, reservoirs, and canals. We certainly ought to profit by the experience of so many countries. Already there are few of the Northern and Western States that would not be the better for laws passed in restraint of “clearing”; yet Nature, with the most benevolent intentions, has placed an almost inexhaustible supply in the regions farther north, with a system of water-courses admirably adapted to bring the timber to our very shores.

The salt duty is another of those indefensible imposts which must give way under an accumulating odium, since there can no longer be urged any excuse for their continuance on the score of revenue. The damaging exposure of this monopoly which Commissioner Wells made in his Annual Report for 1868 must, we believe, kill the tax. The simple exhibit of the profits of the Syracuse company, by which they have been enabled to increase their capital tenfold in half as many years, through the monopoly of one of the commonest necessities of life, makes all argument on the subject seem tame. It is not possible that anything more than an exposure of such a state of things is necessary to bring it to an end. The salt tax is one of the abominations of the present tariff, and must be given up. The attempt to retain it must involve the whole scheme in unnecessary odium, while it could hardly prevent the abolition of a duty so offensive and unjust. The million and a quarter of revenue derived from this

source, at the expense of many millions in enhanced prices to the consumer, should be relinquished, as one of the first-fruits of the surplus.

It may be taken for granted that the duty on coal will be repealed during the present session. Whatever might be the economical reasons for imposing and maintaining such a tax, considerations of humanity alone ought to render it impossible, after the experience of the past few months. It is a familiar fact that there is actually more misery in our large cities every hard winter for want of fuel than for want of food. The destitution of the very poor takes the form of cold rather than of hunger. More protracted suffering, more permanent injury, and more coroners' cases are due to dear coal than to dear corn. Such a tax is, therefore, a most cruel and unjustifiable imposition. It is one of those things which no supposed economical considerations can excuse. We have no right to measure the interest of the capitalist class, or even of the able and well-to-do laboring class, against the necessities of the helpless and dependent classes.

But instead of finding any economical reason in contradiction of the plain dictates of humanity in this respect, we find the latter reinforced by the former. Coal is a raw material for almost every class of manufactures, but is also raw material in a peculiar sense. It is the raw material of power. Nothing could be more irrational than to impose such a tax in the interest of protection. But there is little reason to fear that the artifices and resources of a gigantic monopoly will avail to withstand the almost unanimous sentiment of the people in respect to the tax. The rise in coal last summer, through the unprincipled combinations of the railroads and the mining companies, has aroused a general and intense indignation, which can have but one logical result, namely, the utter abolition of the duty and the throwing open of our seaboard to the coal of the British provinces. The loss of revenue to the treasury by the repeal will

not be large. The tax at present is almost prohibitory, being \$1.25 upon two thousand pounds, or \$1.40, in gold, on the proper ton of commerce, equal to \$1.96 in currency at average rates. Such an addition to the wholesale price of bituminous coal practically cuts us off from that source of supply. Half a million will be well spent in bringing to consumers a relief that can only be measured by millions.

The recent thorough discussion as to the cost of making pig-iron in the United States has entirely settled the point that an addition, unnecessary even to secure the production of that article here, is made to the market price of the metal, to the full extent of the present duty of nine dollars a ton. The tax, then, simply serves to secure higher profits to the manufacturers, by restricting the amount available for consumption within the country to the capacity of the Pennsylvanian and a few other scattered furnaces. That is to say, the present profits are secured by diminishing the amount of iron which in the United States is cast, wrought, or converted into steel! There are scores of recognized industries which, in the number of workmen they unitedly support, far exceed the pig-iron establishments of the country, and which have to pay one third more for their material than they would but for this duty. Is this protecting American industry? Take the iron-bridge building interest, which is assuming so much importance. Unquestionably, but for the enhancement of the price of iron plates, rods, and bolts by the monopoly of iron, the demand for such things would be doubled. The difference between the cost of bridges made of wood and those made of iron is now just enough to determine nine boards of railroad directors out of ten, nine boards of selectmen out of ten, reluctantly to decide in favor of wood. Put it in the power of builders to offer to lay down iron bridges for twenty per cent less than at present, and in five years we should find that half the bridges being built were of that mate-

rial. The same is true, in a greater degree, of iron-ship building. In 1868, just five iron vessels were built in the United States. England is building them by the thousand. England has cheap iron. We think it necessary to have dear iron.

It is in view of such facts, and not from the standpoint of free-trade, that the pig-iron monopoly is being attacked. It is assailed by men who can prove, from the actual transactions of large establishments, that the metal can be produced at home without the duty, and that the enhanced price goes to increase profits and not wages. It is assailed by men who hold firmly by the principle of protection, and who are prepared to maintain the duties on all the higher manufactures of iron and steel at their present rates; but who insist on regarding pig-metal not as finished product, but raw material, to be obtained as cheaply as possible in the best market. The duties now collected on this article amount to somewhat over a million of dollars.

It is not, of course, possible, nor desirable, in an article of this scope, to go through the four thousand specifications of the tariff, and show which five hundred or fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred distinct taxes might be repealed without reducing the revenue below the actual honest requirements of the treasury, and without injuring, even temporarily, a single considerable industry of the country. That is properly the task of a committee. Such a reform would involve the removal of taxes like those on manufactured india-rubber and gutta-percha, which now yield a revenue of two hundred thousand dollars; on raw hemp, jute, and flax, which yield half a million; on gums, which yield about six hundred and twenty thousand dollars; on hides and skins, which are now taxed to the extent of a million; and leather, which yields a million and a quarter more; on unmanufactured cork and potters' clay, each producing fifty thousand dollars, which the revenue could well spare; on wools, with the loss of only a million

and a quarter; on paints for another half-million; on almost all the oils; on all the seeds; on all the spices, except, perhaps, pepper, cloves, and cassia, which yield sums worth collecting; on hatters' furs, which yield nearly three hundred thousand, and other furs, dressed and undressed, which yield two hundred thousand more; on oranges, lemons, dates, prunes and plums, figs and currants, and all the tropical fruits, retaining perhaps the duty on raisins as a convenient source of revenue to the extent of a million of dollars, and because they are not good for little boys. Human hair we would admit free of duty, at a loss of seventy-two thousand dollars, as also human bones, at a loss of two dollars and twenty cents. Honey, butter, and cheese together would cost the revenue but two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Zinc should be made free, at a sacrifice of nearly as much more. Few would believe that the people of this country pay in duties on sardines and anchovies as much as a quarter of a million. For what earthly reason, since the treasury does not need the money?

It will be seen that the removal of duties which we have indicated as especially vexatious and unnecessary would leave the main question of protection wholly undisturbed. We might still protect, if that were thought wise, all manufactures of iron and steel, paper, cotton, wool, flax, and silk,—a larger circle of industries than Mr. Clay ever contemplated. Speaking with the utmost candor, we believe that, taking the whole line of protected industries together, the impositions specified hinder the employment of ten American workmen where they make room for the employment of one. Taxes upon raw materials, in the worst sense, they constitute a heavy drag upon all the higher manufacturing interests of the nation; and, so far as they are operative, serve to defer or defeat the intended benefits of protection.

There is a very plain reason why we should not enter upon the dispute between the advocates of a revenue tariff

and the friends of incidental protection, in a paper on the disposition of the immediate surplus. This reason is, that the reduction of the present scale of duties on the larger and more highly protected industries must be a matter of time, to be accomplished by degrees, while it is almost certain that the first effect of such a movement would be to stimulate receipts, and still further increase the disposable surplus. A reduction of taxes in this interest is hence plainly no part of our subject. But, without any reference to the ideas of free-trade, the tariff should be cleared of the absurdities, puerilities, and con-

traditions which now encumber it, and at least be made rational, intelligible, and consistent. Such a reform would afford a judicious and a popular employment for a portion of the surplus, and would leave the subsequent financial policy of the country to be contested on large and statesmanlike considerations, without prejudice from a scheme of taxation manifestly extortionate and burdensome. Such a reduction of taxes would strengthen the Republican supremacy, while it would undoubtedly prove favorable in the end to an early payment of the public debt.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
 I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
 No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
 Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
 Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
 That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
 Along the margin of unmelting snow;
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
 White realm of peace above the flowering-line;
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
 O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires
 That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
 And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

WAS HE DEAD?

IN the fickle glow of ruddy firelight the great egg of the dinornis swung solemnly through its long arc of motion. There are five eggs of the dinornis in the known world: four are in great museums, and the fifth belongs to my friend Purpel, and is one of the oddest of his many curiosities. The room I enter is spacious, and clad warmly with dark rows of books.

Above them the walls are irregularly hidden by prints, pictures, and the poisoned weapons of savage tribes,—dark and sombre javelin and arrow,—with awful security of death about them, and none of the cold, quick gleam of honest steel. The light flashes on a great brass microscope with its sheltering glass, and half reveals in corners an endless confusion of the dexterous ap-

paratus born of modern science. The glittering student-lamp on the central writing-table stands unlighted, deep in that comfortable confusion of letters, books, and papers, which is dear to certain men I know, and to them only is not confusion. Just above these a thread of steel wire held suspended the giant egg of the *dinornis*, which, as I have said, was now swinging in a vast round of motion, like a great white planet through the lights and shades of eternal space.

"Purpel," said I, "that egg cost you a hundred pounds. What demon of rashness possesses you to set it flying round the room?"

"Mercantile friend," replied the slight figure in the spacious arm-chair at the fireside, "it is a venture. If there be left in your dollar-driven soul any heirship of your great namesake, Sir Thomas, you will comprehend me. This egg is more dear to me than your biggest East-Indian, and yet I risk it, as you do the galleon, for what it fetches me out of the land of mystery. See the huge troubled wake it makes through my columns of pipe-breath." With this he blew forth a cloud such as went before the Israelites, and contentedly watched the swirl of the egg as it broke through the blue ribbons, dogged by its swift shadow on wall and book-case.

"Sit down, Gresham," said my friend.

"Be so good, then, as to stop that infernal egg," said I. "Do you think I want ten pounds of lime on my head?"

"Bless you," returned Purpel, contentedly, "for a new idea. Perhaps it may be an *ovum infernale*. What proof have I that it was of *dinornis* hatch? A devil's egg! There's meat for thought, Mercator! However," he continued with a smile, "what is there we will not do for friendship?" And so saying he climbed on a chair, and, seizing the egg, checked its movement and left it hanging as by some witchcraft from its unseen thread.

"Have you seen Vance to-day? He was to be here at nine. I hope he won't fail us. My brain has been as fidgety

as a geyser all day, and I want a little of his frosty, definite logic."

"I thought, doctor," said I, "that it was not always what you liked."

"What I liked!" said he, "I loathe it sometimes, just as I do my cold plunge of a morning in December; but, bless you, old man, it's a bitter good tonic for a fellow like me, with a Concord craze and a cross of French science. There he is. Speak of the devil!—How d'ye do, V.? There's your pipe on the jar yonder. Have a match?" And, so saying, he struck a lucifer, in whose yellow glare and splutter I noted the strong contrast of the two faces.

Purpel, short and slight, chiefly notable for a certain alertness of head-carriage, untamable brown locks, and a sombre sincerity of visage altogether American in type, mouth over-size and mobile, eyes large and wistful. Great admiration of this man has the shrewd, calm owner of the cool blue eyes which flash now in the gleam of matchlight through the slight eye-glass he wears. The face and head of my friend Vance are moulded, like his mind, in lines of proportioned and balanced beauty, with something architectural and severe about the forehead. Below are distinct features and watchful lips, like those of a judge accustomed to wait and sentence, only a tell-tale curve at the angles, a written record of many laughers, a wrinkle of mirth, says Purpel, who loves him and has for him that curious respect which genius, incapable of self-comprehension, has for talent, whose laws it can see and admire.

We are very old friends, and why I like them is easy to see; but why they return this feeling is less clear to me, who am merely a rather successful merchant, unlike them in all ways and in all pursuits. Perhaps a little of the flavor of their tastes has come to be mine by long companionship; or it may be that Purpel, who is sardonic at times, and talks charades, hovered about the truth when he said I represented in their talks the outside world of common opinion. "A sort of test-man,"

grins Vance; which troubles me little, knowing surely that they both love me well.

The three meerschaums slowly browning into the ripe autumn of their days were lighted, and we drew our chairs around the smouldering logs. I am afraid that Purpel's feet were on the mantel-ledge, at which I laughed for the hundredth time. "G," said he,—for this was one of his ways, Vance being V.—"don't you know it sends more blood to your head to feed the thinking-mill, and so accounts for the general superiority of the American race?"

"And Congressmen," added Vance.

"And tavern loafers," said I.

"Nonsense!" cried Purpel. "If the mill be of limited capacity, it were useless to run the Missouri over its water-wheel."

"One of your half-thoughts," returned Vance, "and nearly half believed."

"Not at all," said Purpel. "Does not everybody think best when lying down? More blood to the head, more thought and better."

"Well," I exclaimed, rashly, with a gleam of inspiration, "how about the circus fellows, doctor?"

"He's coming on," cried Vance, with a slap on the back. "Try it in your back counting-room an hour a day, and you will clean out Vanderbilt in a week."

"Now," said Purpel, irascibly, "here's the old story. You think along a railway track, V., and I wander about at my own will, like a boy in a wood. My chances of a find are the better of the two."

"You're like a boy in another way, old man," said the other. "You accumulate a wondrous lot of queer inutilities in those mental pockets of yours."

"Don't you know what my pet philosopher says?" returned Purpel. "'Inutilities are stars whose light has not yet reached us.' Smoke the pipe of silence, V., if you have no better wisdom than that. To believe anything useless is only to confess that you are a hundred years too young."

"Come in," he exclaimed; for there was a knock at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him up," said Purpel. "What in the name of decency does any one but you two old heathen want with me at this hour!"

Presently the door opened, and a very ordinary-looking person entered the room. "Dr. Purpel?" said he, looking from one to the other.

"I am Dr. Purpel," said my friend; "what can I do for you? Take a seat. I beg pardon, but I did not catch your name."

"Thunderin' queer if you did," said the stranger, "when I never give it."

Vance touched my arm. "Too many for P., was 'nt he?"

"Humph!" said Purpel, slightly nettled. "I suppose you can talk without a label. What is your errand?"

"Could I speak with you alone?" returned the stranger.

"I suppose so," said the doctor, lazily rising, and laying down his pipe. "I shall be back presently, V." And so saying he walked into a back room, followed by the visitor. The brief absence he had promised lengthened to an hour, when, as the clock struck twelve, he reappeared alone, and, hastily excusing himself, went out again. Vance and I presently ended our chat and went our ways homeward through the drifting snows of the January night.

Early next morning I received a request to meet Vance in the evening at our friend's rooms. We were still as constant companions as new ties and our varying roads through life would permit, so that any subject of strong interest to one was apt to call all of us together in council; and therefore it was I felt no surprise at a special appointment being thus made. I have already whispered to you that I represented to these men the gentler and better of the commonplaces of business existence. Purpel, I am told, is a fine specimen of what a man of genius becomes with the quickest blood of this century in his veins. Marvellously made to study with success the how,

the why, and the wherefore of nature, he refuses to recognize a limit to philosophic thought, and delights to stand face to face with the hundred speechless sphinxes who frown upon us from those unknown lands which his favorite philosopher has described as

"Filled with the quaintest surprises
Of kaleidoscopic sunrises,
Ghosts of the colors of earth, —
Where the unseen has its birth."

Vance, a man of easy circumstances, represents a school of more regular and severe logic, but of less fertility, and for whom the sciences he loves are never so delightful as when he can chain their result within the iron lines of a set of equations. Purpel was at his old tricks again that evening, as we shook the snow from our boots, and, lighting the calumets, settled down into the easy comfort of the positions each liked the best. He was at his old tricks, I have said, for the great egg of the dinornis was swinging majestic in a vast curve, as if propelled at each flight through space by some unseen hand of power.

"I should get into the shadow of the charm it has for you, Purpel," said I, "if I watched it long."

"All motion is mystery," said he, musingly, "and all life is motion. What a stride it has. I suppose if it were big enough, and had a proportional initial impulse, some such world-egg might be set swinging through all eternity."

"Nothing is endless," said Vance. "Even the stars are shifting their courses. It would stop as they must. Motion is definite enough; it is only this wretched element of humanity which baffles us."

"Ay," said Purpel, "and for all we know it may be playing the mischief with the motor functions of the old globe herself. I don't suppose that we can have been digging and mining and tunnelling and carting the dirt from this place to that, without damaging the ballast of the poor old egg we live on. Human will may disturb the equilibrium so horribly some day, that we shall go tumbling through space with

no more certainty than a lop-sided billiard-ball."

"May I be there to see!" said Vance, with a jolly laugh. "I think the dirt account will foot up even, during my time. Start something else, stupid; — you will take to Planchette next if you go on muddling your smoky old cerebrum much longer. How comes on the murder case?"

"It was about that I wanted to talk to you," said Purpel. "The anonymous gentleman who disturbed our talk last night is one of the detective force. He was sent to me by Fred Dysart, who is engaged for the nephew and niece. It seems that he wanted me to examine the wounds in the old woman's body. After making the proper inspection, I went over the premises with the curiosity one has in a case so utterly baffling. I cut off some of the blood-stains on the floor, but found nothing beyond what is usual."

"Is it always easy to detect blood-stains?" asked I.

"Usually," he replied, "it is. Always we can say whether or not the stain be blood, and whether it be that of a reptile, a bird, or a mammal, although we cannot be sure as to its being that of man or beast, the corpuscles of which differ only as to size. It has been made probable of late, however, that with very high microscopic powers even this may be attainable."

"I suppose," said Vance, "that some time or other we shall be able to swear to a man from some known peculiarity of his blood-globule. Missing I. S. may be known by his blood-globules, which belong to species *b*, variety 2."

"I doubt that," returned Purpel, not noticing the other's smile. "There does not seem to be anything less individual than the blood. It is the same in structure in youth and age. Individuality lies in the solids."

"So that," said Vance, "should the clown fool of Elizabeth have had his arteries run full of the blood of Shakespeare, it would not have helped him to jest the better."

"No, sir; nor if the case had been a

reversed, provided the blood were healthy, should we any the less have possessed Hamlet."

"How odd then," said I, "that popular phrase and thought should have selected the least individual portion of a man to express his qualities, or to indicate his descent and relationships. You think," continued I, "that it would be absurd to try to rejuvenate an old man by filling his vessels with young blood."

"Perfectly so," said Purpel. "In fact, it has been tried over and over again. The blood of the young has been bought to fill the veins of age, and even ugliness, it is said, has sought a remedy by acquiring the blood which nourished rosy cheeks and rounded limbs."

"Who first tried it, Purpel?" asked Vance.

"No less a person than Christopher Wren is said to have proposed the use of transfusion, but it was first applied to a man about 1667 by one Daniel Magon, of Bonn. After this in numerous instances the blood of sheep or calves was thrown into the veins of men."

"And without injury?" asked Vance.

"Yes," added Purpel. "Nor could any change be perceived in the receiver of the blood from the animal. Not only is this as I state it, but it is still more strange that ammonia salts were employed to keep the blood fluid while using it. The persons who first invented transfusion also threw medications into the veins in disease, a method revived of late, but long disused. However, as usual, I am run away with by a doctor's hobby."

"I for one," cried Vance, "regret the failure. Think what delicious confusions of individualities must have resulted. How could the man of twenty, with silken beard and mustache, be expected to honor his bill for the wig he needed last week? The old beldame Nature sets us many queer sums, but she does n't allow of her arrangements being so easily upset as they might be in such a case."

"It's a tempting subject, though,"

returned Purpel, "and perhaps we are not yet at the end of it."

"A tempting subject!" shouted Vance, in scorn. "Nonsense! you don't suppose I felt a molecule of me in earnest about it. A pretty nice subject for folks who believe that somewhere 'there is an eternal teapot.' You're getting worse all the time, and will want a full course of Emerson."

"Now, Vance," said Purpel, "that's a barred subject; and you know it, too. The kind of regard—"

"Gammon," said Vance, "I meant Emerson's Arithmetic, man. That's what you want,—definition of idea, numerical sharpness of thought, a course of mathematics."

"What!" returned Purpel, "do you fancy no one great who can not excel in algebra? Why, dear fellow, there are lines of research in which a mathematician could not excel, and for success in which a man must be almost as much poet as man of science. This is why imagination is so often highly developed in chemists and physiologists and certain physicists. What is it your philosopher says?—'Science is only Poetry sworn to truth on the altar of nature'; and this explains to us Haller and Davy and Goethe and Faraday, and is seen more or less in the marvellous gift of expression which we so frequently see illustrated in the writings of men of science. The first living naturalist in this country never yet has been able to comprehend how a symbol can come to express a number and be used as its representative. And as to the Emerson business, I don't believe you, V."

"Sir," said Vance, standing under the egg of the dinornis, "you are now talking the language of common humanity, for when a man says, 'I don't believe you,' he is simple, impressive, and unmistakable; but then it is so rare that a philosopher of your school ventures to be thus explicit. It is so easy to dress up a commonplace in new clothes, and foist off the old stupid as a bright and clever fellow."

"He's at my friends again, Gresh-

am, and the best of the fun is, that he can't quote a line of the author he sneers at."

"Can't I?" retorted Vance, enchanted with Purpel's annoyance at this never-failing source of chaff. "Can't quote him? What's that he says about the Devil, P.?—O, where he calls him an 'animated Torrid Zone.' Now that was descriptive enough."

"Confound you, V.," broke in Purpel; "it was a humblebee he said that about."

"Then I don't see the connection of ideas," returned the other. "However, he has a neater way of saying one fibs than you have. It's neater, but bless us, P., is n't it—"

"Is n't it what?" cried Purpel. "What are you raging about?"

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you. There, fill my pipe for me, P., while I quote: 'If my brother repute my conscience with a lie (not of my telling), surely he has done me a good deed, for whether I lie is immaterial, so as that it causes another introspect. But, as concerns variety, there are two kinds of liars. This man lies to himself, and after is in earnest about it with the world. This other lies only to the world and is not self-deceived. Moreover, each century says to the last, You lie; so that to lie is only to prophesy.' Now, P., is n't that a more charitable mode of putting the case than just merely to say it is n't so? I wish I could give you page and line, but, as you see, my memory is good enough."

"Wretch," groaned Purpel, "your memory, indeed! You are too near this man to take in his dimensions.

"Men there be so broad and ample
Other men are but a sample
Of a corner of their being,
Of a pin-space of their seeing.

Let him answer you himself."

"I am satisfied," growled Vance. "Satiated, I may say. Let's get back to earth again. You were going to tell us about the murder, I believe."

"Yes, V. I feel really a great interest in the matter. I do not see

how the nephew is to escape conviction."

"What are the circumstances?" I asked.

"The victim," replied Purpel, "was an old Quaker lady of slight means, who lived in a small three-story house off of Mill Street. On the day of the murder she drew a hundred dollars, which, as usual, she kept upon her person. The lower rooms were sub-let to others. She herself lived in a third-story back-room. The house is separated on the west by an alley from a blank wall of a warehouse. On the north there is a narrow area bounded by a tenement-house, about to be altered for some purpose, and at present without inhabitants above the first story. The old woman's rocking-chair was in its usual place, facing a table, and with its back to the north window. It had been pushed away from the table, and the body lay beside it on the floor. All of the blood, or nearly all, was in front of the chair, on the ceiling, walls, and table."

"Who gave the alarm?" asked I.

"No one," he answered, "until in the morning her niece found her on the floor with her throat cut. By the by, it must have been done early, because the girl left her at nine, and she usually read the paper a little later, and was in bed by ten. Now when found she lay alongside of her chair, dressed."

"But about the nephew?" said I.

"The nephew," continued Purpel, "is a man of forty or thereabouts. Like the rest of them, he seems to have led at some time an easier life, but is now a reporter in a small way, and is said to be engaged to the niece, his cousin. There is some evidence that he has plagued the old woman a good deal for money, and that he is one of your luckless people never actually starving, but never distinctly succeeding. He came to the house in the afternoon, stayed to tea, and remained with the old lady to read the paper to her after the niece left. The girl says he was alone with her only about a quarter of an hour, and she heard him

shut the street door before she herself had finished undressing. When arrested he was found to have on his person fifty dollars in notes, one of which was identified by the clerk of the insurance company who paid the annuity. The most careful inspection detected no blood-stains upon any of his clothes, and he wore the same suit both days. Now, Vance, how does it strike you?"

"I have no decision to give," was his reply. "You have told me enough to hang him, and hanged I suppose he will be."

"There are numberless possibilities in his favor," said I.

"True," added Vance, "but at present it is the fashion to hang folks. What is his name?"

"Upton," said Purpel, — "Denis Upton."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Vance. "Why, Gresham, you know that man. He was a small clerk in my uncle's employ. Don't you recall him, — a cleverish fellow, one of your massive youngsters, with huge, shaggy features and awkward ways. I am very sorry. I heard he had gone under the social ice a good while ago; but what a hideous ending! I must see him, P."

Somewhat awed by this unlooked-for revival of an old acquaintance, we suffered the talk to die out, and presently broke up and walked thoughtfully homeward.

I went next day with my friends, first to the house of Mrs. Gray, and then to visit Upton in jail. We accompanied the officer in charge through the various rooms, and Purpel and Vance carefully studied them in turn. In the room where the murder was done there were jets of dried blood on the walls, and a ghastly semi-fluid pool on the floor, but none behind the woman's chair, the back of which was towards the north window. Apparently the chair had been pushed away from the table, and she had advanced a step or two towards the door when the assault was made. There was no blood, however, on the door-handle or the north window.

Struck with the defective nature of the evidence, we left the house and made our visit to the prisoner, or rather Vance made his, for we waited in the keeper's rooms. By and by he returned, and as he had an engagement we agreed to meet at night and hear his account of the interview.

"I suppose it is our man, Vance?" said I.

"I am sorry to say it is," he replied, "and a more wretched being I have never seen. He told me a long story of endless ill luck and disappointments, through all of which this girl has clung to him tenaciously. He did not pretend to conceal from me that he had gambled and drunk at times, but his evil fortunes seem to have depended less on these vices than upon a certain want of practicality, if there be such a word."

"There is such a thing," said I.

"You would n't know him, Gresham. He is one of your colossally built men, with huge features, and nothing very nice about his face but his smile."

"Smile!" said Purpel, "could the poor fellow smile?"

"So we are made," said Vance; "the moment rules us. I saw a fellow garroted in Havana, who killed a mosquito on his cheek a minute before they pinioned him."

"It seems ghastly," said I. "Is he greatly alarmed about himself?"

"No," returned Vance. "He comprehends his position, but I do really think he is so wretched with running the gauntlet of untiring ill luck, that he is in a manner indifferent, except as to this girl."

"And what of her?"

"Well, P., she is rather a character. I saw her at his request, and found a woman about thirty, with that hard, bony style of face which belongs to the acid type of Quaker. She must have had a rather dull sort of life, what with the old woman and the weary waiting for a future that never came. We had a pretty long talk, and at last she said, 'Does thee think him guilty?' I said, 'No.' And indeed, I do

not. 'Does thee think it would clear him if another were to confess?' I said, 'Yes, certainly,' astonished, as you may suppose. Then she said, 'If thee would n't mind, I would like to be alone.' And so I came away."

A few days after this little talk, the woman was released, as no kind of suspicion appeared to cling to her; while about the man Upton the toils gathered closer and closer. As this story is only in a manner connected with ourselves and our talks, which, after all, are what I want to render, I hasten through the acts of this ugly drama. As Vance had foreseen, according to a present fashion Upton was convicted, and within a day or two his history and reputed crime were forgotten in the roar of the great city's tide of busy life, only to be recalled anew when the story of the gallows should be told to eager readers over comfortable breakfast-tables.

Amidst the general neglect, we three alone held to a sturdy belief in the innocence of the convicted man, who, like a hare sore beset by hounds, seemed to have cast himself down to await the coming death; altogether indifferent to its approach, so much worse did life seem to be than any death he could conceive of.

About a week before the day set for turning over this man's case to the judgment-seat of God, we met as of custom. It was a common habit with us, as it may be with other like circles, to sit a little time silent over the first freshly lighted pipes.

By and by the pleasant glamour of our Lady of the Leaf would come between us and the day's long labors and vexations; and, slaves no longer to custom or the world of men, we drifted away whithersoever the tides of thought or fancy might choose to carry us. It had been agreed that we should talk no longer of the tragedy which most men had already forgotten, and so it was that our chat turned on other matters.

"I saw to-day," said Vance, "that some one has been speculating upon

the probable effect on the German mind of the use of tobacco; but I suspect that before long there will be no nation sufficiently smokeless for comparison."

"Possibly, not," said I. "It is said that the Indian, the primary smoker, has never used it to that excess which other races have done."

"He lives out of doors," said Purpel, "and the pipe has no bane for the dweller in tent or wigwam."

"I can vouch for that," returned Vance; "but, how curious it is that we alone should chew, and that the German soldier, who chewed inveterately during the Thirty Years' War, should have utterly abandoned the vice."

"I never knew of the facts," said Purpel; "but all honor to the Dutchman. As to tobacco, it is utterly vain to oppose it; nor do I for one believe that it is hurtful when moderately used by men of matured development. I might, I don't say I would, give up this old meerschaum for a wife; but I think I should like to be as certain of the woman's power to soothe and charm as I am of my pipe's, before I ventured on the exchange. I suppose it does hurt some folks' cerebral organs, but it seems to me somehow very strange that this or that drug should have the power to interfere with the machinery of a thing as spiritual as thought. It is really impossible, reason as we may, for us to disassociate the higher mental qualities from some relationship with a sphere of activities beyond those which we can study."

"And yet," said Vance, "we have, scientifically speaking, every evidence to relate thought in all its forms to material changes in brain tissue. Given certain conditions which insure the integrity of nerve-matter, —and we think, remember, imagine. Take any one of these away, and we do these things ill or not at all."

"To me," said Purpel, "the strangest part of the problem lies in the fact that, whereas the forms of mental activity are so distinct, we have no nota-

ble differentiation in the tissues of the various parts of the brain set apart for their production."

"Nor," said Vance, "is there any apparent distinction in texture between the average brain and that of La Place or Newton."

"Difference of bulk or weight there probably is," added Purpel; "but nothing that accounts for the vast separation in the character of the products of the contrasted brains we are talking of."

"Of course, it bewilders *me*," said I, humbly. "If you see a very strong man, one exceptional in his way, he seems always to possess a vast quantity of muscle; now, the amount of increase of brain-tissue needed to make the difference between commonplace and genius seems to be so small as to fill me with astonishment."

"But, G.," said Purpel, "do not you think it quite impossible to compare the two forms of result? The muscle is only one element in the making of a perfect human machine for the evolution of physical force such as motion. The nerves stand for something here, and the nerve-centres also; for in spite of the popular notion that a muscular man alone is strong, it really seems as though amount of muscle-mass might be but the least important element in the case, and nerve-force the greatest."

"How so?" said I.

"Because," said Purpel, "you may see the slightly-built insane man exhibiting the power of an athlete."

"Considering, then," said Vance, "the whole nervo-muscular apparatus for causing motion, we see it attain its maximum of power in the insane or convulsed —"

"It is so said," broke in Purpel, "but whether truly or not, I doubt a little. An insane man is so indifferent to the pains which often come of utterly reckless exertion, that it is hard to compare the vigor thus exhibited with that of health. If I understood you aright, you were going on to point out that the mental organs possess no power to produce, when diseased, the highest mental result."

"Not unless genius be truly madness, — for the 'great wit' of the couplet means that, I presume," said I.

"I do not believe much in their near alliance!" exclaimed Purpel. "And I fully agree with the great Frenchman, who said of this theory that, were it so, genius would more often be inherited."

"And is it not?" said Vance.

"No," replied Purpel. "Talents are often matter of descent; and as a rule, two clever people are more apt to leave able descendants than two fools; but genius, so far as I can remember, is very rarely inherited."

"No doubt, you are correct," said Vance; "and, in fact, there is a curious and self-born difficulty in the continuity of any great faculties in a line of descent."

"How?" said I.

"Thus," returned Vance. "It has been clearly shown that the descendants of great men are few in number; and this depends upon a law of the human economy, by virtue of which the over-use of the intellectual powers lessens the activity of the generative faculties, and thus, because a man is a hero, or statesman, or poet, he is likely to leave fewer descendants; and for a similar reason these run a greater risk of being imperfect creatures than the babies of the next mechanic."

"The children of the brain slay the children of the body," said Purpel.

"A rather bold mode of statement," replied Vance, "but, to return a little, — when I think it over, it does seem to me that the diseased brain may often turn out the larger amount of product; but then the quality is poor, while the muscle, brain, and system give you in the crazed — if the public be correct — not only amount of force, but swiftness of motion, and unequalled endurance of exertion. In other words, the best is evolved only when a morbid element is thrown in. What say you to that, P.?"

"I still doubt the facts," cried Purpel.

"Ah, ha!" said I, "you and V. seem to have exchanged parts to-night. How is it, V.?"

"Which accounts for his talking so well," said Purpel; "but, to return again."

"Is there such a thing possible as stimulating the mental organs with electricity?"

"No," said Purpel. "Some few of the central organs of motion and sensation may be galvanized in animals so as to give response. But many nerve-centres, those included, to which we assign the parentage of mental states, make no sign when irritated in this manner."

Said Vance: "You cannot reach them in life, I mean in man."

"No," returned Purpel; "but we can reach them in living animals."

"Where? alas!" was the answer. "You have a practical impossibility of reply, either owing to the injury done, or because the animal is defective in its power to express mental states."

"Why not try it on man?" said I.

"Would you be pleased to volunteer?" retorted Vance, with a laugh.

"You can find a man to do anything conceivable," I continued; "but for this especial business you must look farther."

"Well," said Vance, "to return on our tracks. If, as Purpel told us last week, the organs of special sense record only in their own language the prick of a pin or an electric shock—"

"Stop," said I; "what do you mean?"

"Only this," said Purpel, taking up the thread of talk, "that if you hurt the globe of the eye so as to press on the optic nerve, you will feel it as a flash of light only. So in the mouth, an electric discharge is felt as a taste, and a like conclusion is probable as to hearing."

"I see," said I; "and now, Vance, as I interrupted you, what were you about to say?"

"I was thinking," said he, "that in like manner irritating or electrizing the nerves which must run from one mental organ to another might call out the special function of the part, whether as thought, memory, fancy, or what not.

However, I presume one would get about as orderly replies as when disease does act on these nerve-wires, or as when a thunder-storm meddles with the telegraph-lines."

"Humph!" returned Purpel; "you had best not get beyond your last, old friend, and your last is a little ahead of most of your notions."

"Well," said I, with one of those queer flashes of inspiration that come to a dull fellow who lives enough among his intellectual betters to rub off on him, now and then, a little of their phosphorus,—"well," said I, "of course, Purpel, such an experiment tried on a living man would produce endless confusion of mind and all kind of interferences; but suppose you could keep alive only the intellectual organs, and could contrive to stimulate them one at a time."

I never can tell whether Vance is in earnest or in jest, unless he takes out his pencil and a card and begins, Let $a + b = \text{etc.}$, and let g be etc. This time his soul on a sudden revolted at the wildness of the talk into which we had wandered.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "who started all this nonsense?" And then he went off into a furious tirade against the feebleness with which men talked, and urged the need for mathematical training and the like.

Meanwhile, Purpel had passed into one of his thoughtfulest of moods, and was slowly navigating about the room around chairs and tables. At last he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, it must be that even thought and imaginations have a material basis without which we should know them not. Even Paul could conceive of no resurrection that did not include the body. If I can take a severed hand and keep it alive two or three days, and it responds to a blow by muscular motion, and sweats, and is alive, why not be able some day to keep alive the brain-organs separately, and get replies from them, which, even if disordered, would tell us what they do, what their work is?"

"Do you mean," said I, "that it is

in any way possible after a part is dead to restore it to life?"

"That depends," he returned, "upon what you call alive. A great savant secured the hand of a man guillotined at 8 A. M. After fourteen hours it was cold and stiff. He then threw into its arteries blood taken from his own arm. Presently the fluid began to flow from the veins. The supply was kept up in this manner, and the returning blood was aerated by agitation. In a few minutes the member flushed, and then began to assume the hue of life. The stiffness of death departed, and the muscles contracted when struck or when galvanized. As long as he sustained the supply of blood,—and he did this for six hours,—so long did the separated part exhibit all the phenomena of life. Was it dead before? We cannot say that it was not alive afterwards."

"It appears, then," said Vance, "that life is what one of your biologists called it, an assemblage of conditions—of more or less interdependent conditions."

"A partial statement of the case," continued Purpel, "for there is more in life than so vague a definition covers."

"But," said I, "can you in like manner revive the brain?"

"I was about to say so," said he. "The same experimenter repeated his process on dogs apparently dead from various causes, and by letting out the blood from the veins of the neck so as to relieve the over-distended heart, and then throwing blood into the arteries of the head, he succeeded in restoring certain of his animals to life. As the blood entered, the visage altered, the features moved, the eyes opened, and the pupils changed their size under varying amounts of light. Of course the brain acted, but how completely we cannot say."

"And," said Vance, "has this been tried on man?"

"No," replied Purpel, "not under precisely the same conditions; but there is no reason why it should not succeed

as well with him as with the dog. In but few, I presume, would recovery occur, but in some, at least, it might do so."

"What a hideous thought," said Vance, "to bring a man back to life only to die anew. There are some folks for whom I would prefer not to assume such a responsibility."

"Yet," said Purpel, "we assume it for every dying man we preserve alive. The doctor's instinct is to save life. The after-consequences lie not with him."

"If I were the vitalized victim," said Vance, "I should look upon you very much as Frankenstein's monster did upon his maker. You would have to provide me with board and lodging to the uttermost limit of my secondary existence; and as to what expensive tastes I might bring back with me from the nether world, who can say?"

"I would risk it," said Purpel, smiling. "Who's there?" he added; for at this moment his servant opened the door in haste, exclaiming: "Here's a woman, sir, would come up all I could do!" "Who,—what?" said Purpel, as a figure swept past the man into the room, and stood facing the light, a strange and unpleasant intruder.

"Good gracious!" said Vance. "Miss Gray, what on earth brought you here at this hour?" It was the niece of the murdered woman.

The figure before us threw back a worn tweed cloak, and stood erect, in a faded silk dress fitting closely her gaunt frame. She held a Quaker bonnet in her hand, and her face and hair were wet with the sleet of the storm without. A stern, set face, with the features drawn into lines of pain and care, a weary look about the mouth, and the eyes of one hunted down by a sorrow too awful for mortality to bear.

"Can nothing be done?" said the woman. "Must he die?"

So startling was this appearance, that for a moment all of us were alike confounded. Then Purpel said kindly, "Sit down by the fire, Miss Gray"; and presently he had taken her bonnet

and cloak and seated her close to the blazing logs, which I quickly piled on the fire.

For a moment the warmth seemed to capture her physical sense of comfort, and she bent over, holding both hands to the blaze. Then, on a sudden, she turned to Vance, and exclaimed, with a quick look of curious cunning: "I don't want thee to tell, but—I did it. I want thee to go with me to—to—somebody, and let me tell them the way it was done; but don't tell him. He'd say it was n't so. Thee won't tell him, will thee?"

"Of course not," said Vance; "but, Miss Gray, no one thinks you did it."

"But they'll believe me. They'll believe me," she cried. "Come, we have no time to lose. Where's the bonnet? Let me go."

"What shall we do, Purpel?" said I.

He made me no answer, but as she rose he faced her, and, placing a hand on each of her shoulders, said, firmly: "We none of us think he did it, my poor woman. We are sure he did not. We have done and are doing all we can to save him. Will not this content you, without your taking a lie upon your own soul? You are half crazed,—and no wonder; but you know that you did not do this thing. Still no one has a right to stop you, and I myself will go with you to the district-attorney, and secure you a hearing, although as to his believing you I have the gravest doubts."

"Yes," she cried, "who else could have done it? I believe I did it. I can see myself doing it. I mean I did it. Isn't thee ashamed to be near me? Come!" Purpel made us a sign to remain, and was leaving the room, when she turned suddenly. "And if," she exclaimed, "O, gracious God! if, if they will not—believe me, and—they kill him, surely—surely, he must come back and see me, and say, 'Little woman?'—Perhaps thee doesn't know that's what he calls me. Sometimes 'little woman,' and sometimes 'little thee and thou.' What was I saying? He will say, 'The dead lie not, being so

near to God, and I am white of this sin.'"

"This is horrible," cried Vance. "For God's sake, take her away. Stay, I will get a hack from the corner." And so saying, he left the room, followed by Purpel and Miss Gray, who paused a moment on the threshold to say to me, "Thee does not think him guilty?"

"Who,—I?" I returned; "no indeed."

"Well," she added, "don't thee mind me. I ask everybody that." And then impatiently turning to Purpel, she added, "Why does thee wait? Thee will get into trouble should thee try to keep me."

I was too excited for sleep, and therefore piled up the logs anew, and, lighting a pipe, occupied myself with such thoughts as chose to be my guests until my two friends came back, having restored the poor half-crazed girl to the kindly custody of a lady of her own sect, from whose home she had escaped that evening. It were needless to add that, although Miss Gray told a story of the murder cunningly consistent, it broke down under the slightest inspection, and she finally owned to the authorities her complete innocence of all share in the murder. From this time, however, she continued to invent similar but varying accounts, until at last her mind gave way totally, and she was sent to an asylum for the insane.

To return to ourselves. Purpel and Vance, after telling me what they had done upon leaving me, silently sat for a time, until at last Purpel broke out abruptly in this wise:—

"If a man should return from the dead, surely he would be believed, and why should he not be made to speak? Vance, do you think there would be wrong done to any if—if—it were possible so far to resuscitate a dead man as to get from him a confession of guilt or innocence?"

"What," said I, "as your *savant* revived his dogs?"

"Why not?" returned Purpel.

"Well, of all the wild schemes!" cried Vance.

"Wild or not," said Purpel, "it is possible, and especially after death from asphyxia."

"But what would the law say, Purpel," said I, "in case you revived the man permanently?"

"We need not do that," he replied.

"Need not," said Vance. "Why, man, to let him die after revival would be murder."

"Queer dilemma," said I. "The law kills a man; you bring him to life again, ask a question or two, and let him depart. Suit for malpractice by surviving relatives?"

"The law has had its way with him, hanged him, and pronounced him dead," said Purpel; "will it go back on its verdict and say he was not dead? I would take that risk, and in this case without a fear."

"And I also," added Vance; "but the thing is absurd. Why talk about it at all! Let us go, it is near day-break." And so the talk ended.

For the next week Purpel was unusually silent, and we saw little of him until the day after that which hastened poor Denis Upton out of the world. He died, like many a man, asserting his freedom from guilt; but experience had too distinctly taught the worthlessness of this test of innocence, and few pitied his fate or doubted the justice of his punishment.

As usual, we met at Purpel's rooms quite late at night, and found him in a singularly restless mood, walking about and muttering half-aloud, while his great dinornis-egg swung to and fro above him, apparently as restless as its owner.

"Another chance gone," he said. "Another; and life so short, so very short."

"What are you maundering about, P.?" said Vance.

"Only a little disappointment," returned the other.

"Pass your hat round," said Vance, "and we will drop in our little sympathies. What's all that stuff in the corner, P.?" he asked, pointing to a pile of tubing, battery-cells, and brass implements.

"Well," replied Purpel, "you may laugh if you like, — but I meant to have made the effort to resuscitate the poor wretch they hanged yesterday. It might have succeeded partially or completely, but at the least I should have tried, and even entire failure would have taught me something."

Vance tapped his forehead, looking at me. "Quite gone," said he; "the wreck of a fine mind, Gresham."

But Purpel was too deeply interested for jesting, and replied, rather fiercely for him: "Have your joke, if it pleases you to be merry over such a theme as yesterday's. I, for one —"

"Purpel, Purpel," said Vance, interrupting him, "nobody thinks of jesting about that. I was only smiling at your woful visage. That woman's face haunts me like a ghost. Was it her words which brought you to think of this strange experiment?"

"Those, and my own ideas on the scientific aspect of the subject," said Purpel; "but, no matter; poor Upton's friends interposed at the last minute, and denied me the chance of a trial."

"If the opportunity should recur," said Vance, "let me see the experiment."

"I shall be very glad to do so," returned Purpel. "To-day I the more sorrowfully regret my failure in this present instance, because I have learned that which more than ever makes me certain that an innocent man was murdered yesterday, — a man as guiltless of blood as you or I, Vance."

"Indeed," said I, "what has occurred?"

"I will tell you," he said. "Do you remember the relation of Mrs. Gray's house to those nearest it?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"It was separated by an alley from a blank wall on the west, and by a space of eight or ten feet from a small house on the north," said Vance.

"Exactly," continued Purpel; "and in this house were windows a little above the level of those belonging to Mrs. Gray's residence. When the police examined the premises they found

the window of the room opposite to Mrs. Gray's with the shutters barred. Her own dwelling had no outside shutters. On the lower story lived a cobbler, who was distinctly shown to have been elsewhere at the time of the murder."

"I remember the man," said I. "He exhibited the utmost nervousness during his cross-examination. You do not think him guilty, Purpel?"

"Certainly not," said the latter. "The other tenants had been ordered out by the landlord, so that he might make a change in the house, which with the next two was to be altered into a carpenter's-shop. They had already begun to repair the roof, and the two upper stories were piled full of lumber for the purpose of serving as scaffolding on the roof, which was to be raised several feet."

"But what kept the cobbler there?" said I.

"He had still three months to stay before his lease was out," said Vance. "I remember the question in court, and his reply. Go on, P."

"I myself," continued Purpel, "have never before inspected his premises; but this morning, under an impulse which I can scarcely explain, I set out quite early and found the cobbler at work. I explained to him that I had felt some curiosity about the Gray murder, and asked him to go with me over the house. At first he was crusty enough, but a little money and a bland word or two made him willing. I went directly to the room opposite to Mrs. Gray's. It was pitch-dark, and I felt an oppressive consciousness that I was about to learn something strange and terrible connected with the woman's fate. The cobbler opened the window, and the chill of what I might call expectant horror passed away with the light of day. The cobbler assured me that, owing to various causes, among others the failure of the owner, the lumber on the floor had remained unused. The window-sash was easily raised or lowered; the space between that and the opposite window was nine feet ten

inches, as I learned by measurement. I next proceeded to examine the window-ledge and sash, but found nothing. Then I turned over the boards lying nearest to the wall, but still in vain; the cobbler assuring me repeatedly that 'them detectives had been and done just the same.' At last, however, I raised a board which lay flat against the wall, partly below the window; and on it, near to one end, I found four small spots not over a line wide, and further along a larger one, — dark brown, nearly black spots. What were they? A hundred years ago no man on God's earth could have told: in an hour or two I should know. Do you wonder I was excited?"

"Wonder," said I, — "it is terrible; I am almost sorry you found them. What next, Purpel?"

"I thought," said he, "that my quest was at an end. You shall hear how strangely I was mistaken. I turned to the cobbler, without pointing out the spots, and asked him to bring me up some sharp tool. In a minute or two he returned with his cobbler's-knife, and with this I readily shaved away the chips now on yonder table, which were the only portions of the plank thus stained. As I was about to hand him the knife, a chill went through me, with one of those singular mental presentiments such as sometimes foreshadow the idea about to appear to you in full distinctness of conception. The knife was perfectly new. 'This tool is very sharp, I see,' said I; 'it must have been recently bought.'"

"'Well,' said he, snappishly, 'what then, — suppose it was? I ain't got no more time to waste. Give me my knife, and let me shut up the place.' Without heeding him, I continued, 'When did you buy that knife?'"

"Think I should have postponed that question," said Vance, "until we were down stairs."

"Don't stop him," cried I. "What next, Purpel?"

"The man said, of course, he didn't see as it was any of my business. I replied, that it was easy to get an

answer in other ways, upon which he surlily closed the window, muttering to himself while I went slowly down stairs. Once in his shop, I turned on him quite abruptly and repeated my question, upon which he ordered me to put down the knife and clear out. Then I made a rash venture. Said I, 'You bought that knife not very long after the murder. Where is the old knife?' You should have seen the man;—he looked at me a moment quite cowed, and then exclaimed:—

"'You don't mean to say you think I done it. I swear I didn't. I don't know nothin' about them knives, except just that I missed my old knife the day that 'ere murder was done; I missed it, sir, and I kind a knowed them as done it must have stole my knife, so I went and buyed a new one, and was afeared to say more about it.'

"'Great heavens!' said I, 'you have hanged an innocent man, you coward! Afraid! what were you afraid of?'

"'Don't be hard on me, sir,' he said. 'I am a poor man, and if I'd a told about this, don't you think I'd a laid in jail for witness; and who was to look after my wife and little uns?'

"'Is this possible?' said I. 'You fool, your wife and babies would have been well enough cared for; and now—Why did I not think of all this a week ago?'

"'You won't speak of it,' said the man, 'you won't tell nobody.'

"'Tell!' said I, 'come along with me, instantly.' He pleaded very hard, but I was altogether remorseless; and in half an hour he had made his confession to the district-attorney. There, Vance, you have my story."

We drew long breaths, Vance and I, and a vision of the gallows went through my brain, filling me with a horror too deep for speech.

At last, Vance said, "And is it blood, Purpel?"

"Beyond a doubt," answered the latter, "and as surely the blood of Mrs. Gray."

Here he crossed the room, and, returning, showed us the chips he had

cut away, each with its drop of dark brownish red.

"But," said I, after a pause, "this might have been blood from the finger of one of the workmen."

"Might have been, but is not," returned Purpel.

"And the cobbler," added Vance,—"is he free from suspicion?"

"You forget," said I, "that he proved an alibi without flaw."

"Moreover," continued Purpel, "I noticed that the cobbler is left-handed, which in a trade like his must be a very awkward defect. Now, if you will remember one of our former talks, you will recall that I considered the murder to have been done by a man who, standing behind the woman, suddenly placed a hand on her mouth and with the other inflicted a single wound in the neck. That wound was made with the right hand, being deepest on the left side of her neck. The men,—I suspect there were two,—gained access to the empty rooms of the house I visited to-day. At night they opened the window and put a plank across, quietly. The old woman, who was, as you have heard, quite deaf, is first startled by the cold air from the opened window. She rises suddenly, and is seized from behind. Perhaps she struggles, resisting the effort to rob her. Perhaps the murder may have been prearranged.

It matters not now. There is resistance, a sharp knife drawn athwart the throat, and the robbery is effected. One confederate is probably somewhat bloody, the other less so or not at all. The latter shuts the window behind them, withdraws the plank, and bars the shutters of the cobbler's house, through which they escape, unnoticed."

"If," said Vance, "your view be correct, they premeditated only plunder at first, but in passing through the cobbler's work-room they probably seized the knife as a weapon which might prove useful."

"I suspect it was as you state it, Purpel," said I. "The persons who did this deed must have been thorough adepts in crime, or they would have

been incapable either of planning such a scheme or of carrying it out so calmly as to leave only these very slight traces. The little blood you found probably dropped on the plank as they crawled over it."

"There might have been more," returned Purpel; "and had I made this examination earlier, I should possibly have found further traces, since it is scarcely conceivable that a red-handed murderer should have failed to put a wet hand somewhere, in such a way as to leave a mark.

"And what better for it all is poor Upton?" said Vance. "We shall find few, I think, so credulous as to believe the tale we have heard to-night."

And so it proved; for although every effort was made to set the matter in a clear light before the public, it was generally regarded as only a barefaced attempt on the part of Upton's friends to save his memory from just reproach.

Months went by, and we had ceased at length to talk of the horrible tragedy which for a little while had disturbed the still waters of our quiet lives. One evening, late in the next winter, both Vance and myself received from Purpel a hasty note, stating that he meant next day to attempt the experiment which he had failed to try in the former instance. When we met in the evening, he explained to us that he had made such arrangements as would enable him to secure the body of a criminal who was to be hanged on the following morning. The man in question was a friendless wretch, who had been guilty of every known crime, and who was at last to suffer for one of the most cold-blooded murders on the records of the courts. His body was to be delivered to Purpel as soon as possible after the execution. Our friend, for obvious reasons, desired to have no other assistance than our own, and he now proceeded to instruct us carefully as to the means he intended to use, so that no time should be lost during the necessary operations.

On the following day, a little after noon, we assembled in the laboratory back of Purpel's house, where he was

accustomed to carry on such of his researches as involved the use of animals. It was a bare whitewashed room, scantily furnished, and rather too dark. We lit the gas-lights, however, above the central table, and with a certain awe awaited the coming of the body. Thanks to Purpel's purse, we had not long to rest in suspense. In about an hour after the execution, a covered wagon was driven into the stable at the side of the lot, and the two men in charge deposited the corpse on the table, and drove away, with a good round fee as their reward.

Purpel hastily withdrew the sheet in which the man was wrapped, and exposed a powerful frame clad in a red shirt and worn black clothes. The face was mottled red and white, marked with many scars, and of utterly wolfish ferocity.

"The body is warm," said Purpel; "and now, as to the heart," he added. "I cannot hear it beat, but possibly the auricles may still be moving faintly."

As speedily as possible arrangements were made, by opening a vein in the neck, so as to relieve the heart, and allow of the outflow of blood. Then a simple pump capable of sucking up blood from a basin of that fluid and of forcing it into the brain was fitted by double tubes to the two great arteries which supply the brain. Vance was then taught how to move the chest-walls by elevating the arms and alternately compressing the breast, so as to make artificial breathing.

"It is very clever," said Vance, coolly, "but it won't work, P."

"Well," said the latter, "if I get a partial success it will suffice. I have no desire to restore a scoundrel like this to the world again." So saying, the experiment began, while profound silence was kept by one and all of us.

At last said Purpel, "Look!" The mottled tints of the visage were slowly fading away. The eyes lost their glaze, the lips grew red, slight twitches crossed the face here and there. At last the giant's chest heaved once slow-

ly, as of itself, then paused, and stirred again.

I looked at Purpel: he was deadlly pale.

Said Vance, huskily: "Stop, Purpel, stop! — he will live. I will not go on."

"A moment," urged Purpel, "only a moment."

"Look!" said I; for the eyes rolled to and fro, and I even thought they seemed to follow my movements.

Suddenly said Vance, "Who spoke? What was that?" A hoarse murmur startled us all.

"He spoke," said I. "It spoke."

"Impossible!" said Purpel. "Raise his head a little. Lift the plank."

"Hush!" I cried.

A whisper broke from the lips of the wretch before us. "The plank," he said, — "only an old woman, — the plank."

We looked at one another, each whiter than his fellow.

"I will not stand this," screamed Vance. "You hear — you hear, — Mrs. Gray; — this man did it. He — he killed her, — killed Mrs. Gray."

"Gray," said the living dead man, "gray hair, yes."

"Purpel," said I, sternly, "this is enough. You must stop."

"Nay, I will stop," exclaimed Vance; and with an uncontrollable impulse he overturned the vase of blood on the floor.

"It is well," said Purpel. "Hush, V. What is that he says? See, the color changes. Ah! he said, 'Mother, mother!'"

"No more, and enough!" cried Vance. "Have we sinned in this thing? Let us go."

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

V. A GREENLAND BOAT AND CREW.

THE fiord on the banks of which stands the town, or colony, of Julianshaab is now known as the fiord of Igalliko, meaning the fiord of the "deserted homes"; the deserted homes being the desolate and long-abandoned ruins of the Norse buildings which are scattered along its picturesque banks. The ancient name was Ericsfiord.

How this came to be applied, and why it fell into disuse, and through what cause Igalliko came to be substituted for it, are matters of historical interest which we shall have occasion to inquire into by and by. At present, our interest lies with the fiord itself, and not with its name and history.

It stretches away in a northeasterly direction from Julianshaab, and is from three to five miles wide. It is a grand inlet from the sea, and its length is not far from forty miles. Midway it

branches to the right and left, and both branches lead to important places of the ancient Norse times. That to the right leads to Brattahlid, where Eric founded his first colony, and to Gardar, where the bishop built his cathedral. That to the left leads to Krakotok.

Krakotok is a native and not a Norse name. It means the place where there are white rocks. The rocks are of the same metamorphic character and general appearance as elsewhere in that part of Greenland, only that, by one of Nature's freaks, they were made lighter of color than in the regions round about.

To the place of the white rocks we agreed to go, and the pastor of Julianshaab, my old friend the Rev. Mr. Anton, agreed to be our pilot, and he very kindly offered us transportation thither. We had boats of our own, and good ones, too; but then, what so appropriate for a Greenland fiord as a

Greenland boat? So, at least, said Pastor Anton, and so we were very willing to confess. But what then was a Greenland boat?

A Greenland boat is a curiosity in marine architecture. It is anywhere from twenty to forty feet long, from five to seven feet wide, and from two to three feet deep. The sides are almost perpendicular, the bottom is quite flat, and both ends are sharp like a whale-boat, or one of those very wonderful United States naval devices known as "double-enders." It has no rudder, but is steered after the most primitive of all fashions, precisely as the Phœnicians and Romans and Norsemen steered their ships; that is, with a paddle or oar lashed to one side of the stern. The native name for this native boat is *oomiak*. It is a very different kind of boat from the light little skin canoe, made for carrying one man, and completely decked over, called the *kayak*.

Mr. Anton took us down to look at his *oomiak*, that we might decide whether we would trust ourselves to it or to our own boat. It was turned bottom upwards on a scaffolding, so that we could stand under it and look up through it at the sky, for it was semi-transparent. I gave it a thump with a stick, and it rattled like a drum.

"What, go to sea in a thing like that?"

"Certainly," said Pastor Anton, — "certainly, why not?" And he called three or four people, who had it off the scaffolding in a twinkling, and down into the water, where it floated like a feather, looking as if whole tons and tons of solid pig-iron would neither take it down nor ballast it.

"Oomiak! oomiak!" I ran the name over in my mind. "What does oomiak mean?"

"Woman's boat," said Pastor Anton.

"Ah yes, I see, — made by women"; and cunningly made it was. It was thirty-six feet long and six feet wide, and there was not a peg or nail in it. There was first a frail-looking skeleton of the lightest kind of wood, — all the

pieces firmly lashed together with thongs of raw seal-hide. Then over this skeleton there had been spread, and stretched to the utmost possible tension, a seal-skin cover, each skin of which was so firmly sewed to the other that not a drop of water could possibly find its way through the seams; while, as for the skin itself, it was so well tanned, and saturated with oil, that it was as impervious to water as an iron plate. There were twelve thwarts tied across it, at a very convenient height for sitting, and there were six short oars with broad blades tied to the gunwale, and ready for use.

The pastor wanted to know how we liked the looks of it.

To confess the truth, it looked a little too balloonish for our fancy. "Would he be good enough to shove the thing off, and give us a touch of its quality?"

"Of course, by all means"; and the pastor called the crew together. And, — shades of Harvard and Oxford defend us, — *what* a crew! And what a rig! Very long boots of tanned seal-skin, reaching some distance above the knee, and of divers colors and of pretty shape, gave a trim and natty look to their pedal extremities. Then they wore silver-seal-skin pantaloons, very short, beginning where the boots left off, and ending midway on the hips, and calico jackets (bright of hue and lined with soft fawn-skins), drawn on over the head and falling to meet the pantaloons.

The jacket was trimmed around the neck with black fur, beneath which peeped up a white covering to the throat; the hair was drawn out of the way and tied with red ribbon on the top of the head; and altogether the costume was calculated to show off the respective figures of the crew to the greatest possible advantage.

And then such names for boatmen! "Go along," said the pastor, — "go along, Maria, and take the others with you."

Maria was stroke-oar; and the stroke-oar called Catharina and Christina and Dorothea and Nicholina and Concordia; and away they all went, chattering and

giggling at an amazing rate; and they scrambled into the boat, and skipped over the thwarts in a very gay and lively manner to their respective places, all brimful of fun and mischief, and making altogether quite a shocking exhibition for a boat's-crew, whose duties we are in the habit of regarding as of an exceedingly sober description. But they quieted down a little when a more sedate individual (who proved to be the coxswain), dressed in short boots and long silver-seal-skin pantaloons and jacket, and with a cap on his head, came along and took the steering-oar, and gave the order to shove off; which order was executed in handsome style. Then they pulled away for the mouth of the harbor, each of the crew rising with the stroke of the oar; and, bending to their work with a will, they made this singular-looking boat fairly hum again.

"Lively-looking oarsmen," somebody suggested.

"Oarsmen!" exclaimed the pastor, laughing at somebody's exceeding innocence. "Oarsmen! why, dear me, they are oarswomen!"

"Oars what?"

"Oarswomen, to be sure."

"Oarswomen! man alive! and do they always pull the boat?"

"Always," replied the pastor. "A man will never pull an oar in an oomiak. He would be disgraced. An oomiak is strictly a woman's-boat."

"And do *they* pull the boat to-morrow if we go in the oomiak?"

"Certainly."

"Just that same precious crew?"

"The same crew exactly."

"Including the bow-oar, you call Concordia?"

"Including her, of course."

"Then the boat will do for me. I ship in that craft for one. Call the dear creatures back, I beg of you."

"Then they will do?" said Pastor Anton, inquiringly, to all.

"Yes, yes," said everybody.

And do they did superbly, when the morning came, fresh and sparkling as their eyes.

VI. UP A GREENLAND FIORD.

At an early hour of the morning the oomiak, propelled by the lively crew of yesterday, and bearing our cheery friend the pastor, came stealing through the bright sunshine over the still waters of the harbor; the quiet air broken only by the merry voices of Maria, Christina, Catharina, Dorothea, Nicholina, and Concordia, who, in their native tongue, were singing a song to the music of the sparkling oars.

The arrival of the boat alongside the ship made a sensation. Such a boat, propelled in such a fashion, was a sight new to sailors' eyes; and it did not seem easy for our people to reconcile such uses and occupations for woman-kind with a sailor's ideas of gallantry. Numerous were the jests passed upon these novel oarswomen; hardly, however, at their expense, for they understood not a word that was said.

"And it's pretty you are," says Welch, the fireman, to the stroke-oar. "It's pretty you are, me stroke-oar darlint. And me bow-oar honey there, with the red top-knot, sure an' she's the one I'd like to be shipmates with till the boat sinks."

The bow-oar nodded, smiled graciously, and said, "Ab."

"And is it talking you are, me honey?" says Welch.

Somebody hinted that *ab* meant "yes."

"Ah, thin, an' it's too willin' ye are, me honey, intirely. But ye's a well-rigged craft alow and aloft, for all that," said the bantering fireman.

"For'ed there, and attend to your work," said a voice, very like the captain's, which speedily put an end to the merriment.

We were soon ready with all our needful preparations, our "traps" were quickly stowed in the oomiak, and we quickly followed, — the photographers with their baths, plates, and cameras; the artist with his sketch-books and paint-boxes and whole sheaves of pencils; the surveyor with his sextant, barometers, and tape-lines; the hunters

with their weapons, game-bags, and ammunition; the steward with his cooking-fixtures and substantive meats and drinks,—and each and every one in the very best of spirits.

"All aboard!" and the oomiak was shoved off. The fair oarswomen dipped their paddles, rising with the act, and coming down with a good solid thud upon the thwart when the paddle took the water; and the light boat shot away from the ship like an arrow from a bow, and then glided smoothly out upon the unrippled waters of the silvery-surfaced fiord.

The day could not have been better chosen: the sky was quite cloudless, and the great mountains by which we were surrounded on every side climbed up into the pearly atmosphere, and their crests of ice and snow blended softly with the pure and lovely air. Sometimes we crept along in shadow beneath a towering cliff which seemed to frown upon us as intruders, and again we passed in front of a similar wall of rock, which smiled in the bright sunshine and seemed to rejoice to see its sides mirrored in the still waters, that to us were more like the charmed sea of some strange dream than a simple Greenland fiord.

A few days ago, and we had been scouring the hills of Newfoundland; a few days before that we were sweltering in the summer heat of New York; and here now we were within the regions lighted by the midnight sun, rejoicing in the soft atmosphere of budding spring, surrounded by the most sublime scenery, and gliding between shores now wholly uninhabited, but rich in historical associations, dotted everywhere with the ruins of an ancient Christian people, who once made the welkin ring with their joyous songs as over these same waters they rowed from place to place in the pursuit of profitable industry or in the performance of acts of friendship or hospitality.

The spirit of the scene was contagious. A solemn yet quiet grandeur attached to every object which

the eye beheld in the delightful atmosphere; miles and miles of rich meadowland stretched along the borders of the fiord in places; and the fancy, now catching the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, would sometimes detect the voices of men; and again it seemed as if we heard,

"By distance mellowed, o'er the water's sweep,"

the "song and oar" of some gay inhabitants of the fiord, descendants of brave old Eric and his followers, who on the gentle plains beneath the ice-crowned hills, within this rampart of the ice-girt isles, sought asylum from their enemies. And our native crew were not behind us in the feeling of the hour; encouraged by their pastor, with rich voices and in a melody which showed a remarkable natural ear for music, our oarswomen, keeping time with the paddles' stroke, broke out in the fine swelling notes of an old Norse hymn:—

"O hear thou me, thou mighty Lord,
And this, my cry, O heed.
O give me hope, I trust thy word;
O help me in my need."

And as the refrain came echoing back to us over the waters, from hill and dale, it struck the fancy more and more that human voices came to us from the depths of those solitudes.

Three hours of this pleasant experience brought us near the end of the fiord, where it narrows to a mile in breadth; and then, winding in hook-like shape between the hills, it finally vanishes in a point in the midst of a verdant valley which, miles in width, stretches away to the base of the Redkammen, one of the noblest mountains to the artist-eye, and one of the boldest landmarks to the mariner, in all Greenland, conspicuous everywhere as Greenland is for its lofty and picturesque scenery.

And there Redkammen stood in its solitary grandeur, away up in a streak of fleecy summer clouds, its white top now melting with them into space, now standing out in soft faint line in heaven's tenderest blue. And what a heaven it was! The great mountain rose,

step by step in green and purple, and the cloud trailing from its summit melted in the distance and bridged the space that divides the known from the vast unknown.

The general topographical features of the region are here not without importance in the picture of the situation. Thus far we had come up the fiord with the mainland (on which, beyond Redkammen, stood Brattahlid and Gardar) on our right, and on our left a long and lofty island bearing the euphonious native name of Aukpeitsavik. After passing beyond this island, and before reaching the narrow part of the fiord, we entered a sea some five miles wide, fronting an immense line of cliffs, the altitude of which I estimated at from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet, including the ample slope at their base, which stretches along the north side of the fiord and finally is lost in the valley at the foot of Redkammen. This slope is covered with verdure, except where it is here and there broken by a low cliff or rocky ledge.

At the front of this green slope stood, some centuries ago, the Norse hamlet of Krakotok, the ruins of which we were now seeking.

Mr. Anton pointed out to the oarswomen what he took to be the spot; the oarswomen held a chattering consultation as to the exact locality, and the steersman was consulted as to the correctness of each opinion. During the progress of this discussion our glasses were in requisition, and all doubt was quickly removed as to the accuracy of our steering by an announcement from one of the party that "he saw the church." We were not long now in reaching land, and were soon ashore on a beach of sand and shingle, and then came a scramble for first entrance into the ruin.

The scramble was over a slope of tangled underbrush and grass, speckled with bright flowers, — trailing junipers and matted crake-berry; willow-bushes, and whortleberry-bushes in full fruit; the angelica so luscious, and the andromeda so fragrant; the hardy festu-

cae and the graceful poa; the dandelion, the buttercup, the bluebell; the crow's-foot and the cochlearia, and a hundred familiar plants, bushes, and flowers, to make a soft carpet for the feet, or to trip us up if we ventured on too fast.

But, horror of horrors! what was that? was it a mosquito's buzz? Surely it was. There could be no doubt about it. A hundred, — ay, a thousand, — ten thousand times a thousand insects buzz in our ears. They fill the very air. It is most surprising, and is not pleasant. Yet still, for all, we reach the ruin through the hungry, buzzing cloud; and then, enveloping our heads in handkerchiefs and our hands in gloves, prepare ourselves to photograph the scenery and sketch the ruins, and to wonder at them.

The buildings are nine in number, as I find on close examination, — a church, a tomb, six dwellings, and one round tower; and besides there were the remains of a thick, high wall enclosing some of them.

These are not, however, all the ruins on this branch of the fiord, for they are dotted everywhere along its green and sloping banks. But these make up the cluster which once belonged to the church estate, — to the officers who governed the country roundabout, and administered, in this distant place, at what was then thought to be the farthest limits of the habitable globe, the ordinances of the Pope of Rome.

But some mention of the people who dwelt here, and of whence they came and of how they disappeared, seems to be necessary before we further describe the ruins they have left behind them; and I hope that the reader may have found sufficient interest in my narrative thus far, to pause for a while over a scrap of Norseland history.

VII. "LOST GREENLAND."

WITH most persons, to mention Greenland is to suggest a paradox. The name is, in itself, well enough, and pleasant enough to the ear; but the associations which it recalls are

somewhat chilly, and altogether the reverse of what the name would seem to call for. Why Greenland at all?

It received its name some eight hundred and seventy-odd years ago; that is to say, it was discovered and occupied in the year 983 of the Christian era, when the climate was probably milder than it is to-day. I should, however, rather say that it was then rediscovered, since, years before that time,—as we learn from the *Landnæma*, or Iceland *Doomsday-Book* of Aré Frode, that is, Aré the Wise,—one Gunnbiörn, a Norwegian, having been driven by a storm to the west of Iceland, discovered some skerries, to which he gave his name; and afterwards he saw an extensive land, and lofty mountains covered with snow. But nothing more was known of it until 983.

An old Norse saga of Aré Frode, written in Iceland about the year 1100, the original of which was in existence up to 1651, and a copy of which is still preserved in Copenhagen, thus relates the story:—

"The land which is called Greenland was discovered and settled from Iceland. Eric the Red was the man, from Bredeford, who passed thither from hence [Iceland], and took possession of that portion of the country now called Ericsfiord. But the name he gave to the whole country was Greenland. 'For,' quoth he, 'if the land have a good name, it will cause many to come thither.' He first colonized the land fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity was introduced into Iceland, as was told to Thorkil Gelluson in Greenland, by one who had himself accompanied Eric thither."

Now since this Thorkil Gelluson was Aré Frode's uncle, it is clear that the historian was likely to be pretty accurate in his information. Eric the Red seems to have been a high-spirited outlaw, and in consequence of being somewhat too much addicted to the then popular pastime of cutting people's throats, he was banished from Iceland for three years, and went in search of the land of Gunnbiörn. Pre-

vious to this, both he and his father, who was an Earl of Jadar in Norway, had been banished from their native country, and it seems pretty hard now that the red-headed son, who had sought an asylum in Iceland, should be sent off to unknown regions merely for killing a churlish knave who would not return a door-post that he had borrowed. Perhaps if the borrowed article had been a book instead of a door-post, they would never have banished him for the murder; for the people of Iceland were then, and continued to be for several centuries afterward, the freest, the most intellectual, the most highly cultivated of any in the north of Europe. In fact, they gave literature and laws to the whole of Scandinavia. The child was wiser than the parent. Here writers first gave shape to the Norse mythology; and much of the best blood of Denmark and Norway is proudly traced to ancient Iceland.

Eric set sail from Bredeford, in a small, half-decked ship, and in three days he sighted Greenland. Not liking the looks of it, he coasted southward until he came to a turning-place or Haarf, now Cape Farewell; and thence he made his way northward to what he called Ericsfiord, the site of the modern Julianshaab, where he passed the three years of his forced exile.

Returning to Iceland, Eric was graciously received, and had no trouble in obtaining twenty-five shiploads of adventurous men, with whom he set sail for the country he had discovered. Fourteen only of these ships, however, reached their destination. The others were either lost at sea, or were forced by bad weather to return to Iceland.

Eric was resolved to found a nation for himself, and this was the nucleus of his empire. He took his fourteen ships into Ericsfiord, and at once began a settlement. Others followed him, and the settlement was enlarged; and some even went farther north, beyond what is now known as the "Land of Desolation." In after years they

even penetrated so far as the islands where Upernavik now stands, in latitude $72^{\circ} 50'$, as we know from a Runic inscription on a stone discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1824. The inscription is thus translated:—

“Erlig Sighvatson and Biorn Thordveson and Eindrid Oddson on Saturday before Ascension week raised these marks and cleared ground, 1135.”

Think of “clearing ground” in Greenland up in latitude $72^{\circ} 50'$! But then it must be borne in mind that this happened more than seven hundred years ago, when there was clearly less ice than at the present time.

The first people who migrated northward from Ericsfiord settled in the neighborhood of the present site of modern Godthaab, and this colony became known as the Vesterbygd, that is to say, western inhabited place, while Eric's colony in Ericsfiord was called the Osterbygd, or eastern inhabited place. The fiord is, however, no longer known by the name which Eric gave it, but is marked down upon the maps as the Fiord of Igalliko, as we have already seen.

Eric's first settlement was named Brattahlid. The next was called Gardar, after the principal man who went there under Eric's direction. Other colonies were founded, up and down the coast, and among them the conspicuous one of Krakotok.

From the very first these colonies prospered. The inhabitants increased rapidly in numbers, until in a few years the hills around Ericsfiord echoed to seven thousand voices. The fame of Greenland had spread far and wide, and people flocked thither from Norway, from Denmark, from the Hebrides, and from Iceland. And they were for the most part an industrious, contented, and sober people. They abandoned the arts of war when they turned their backs on Europe, and they were soon wholly taken up with the arts of peace. They built strong and comfortable houses, they cultivated the land, they reared large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and in beef and wool

they conducted an extensive trade with Norway. “Greenland beef” became “a famous dish to set before the king.” The grass grew richly, and the pastures were of limitless extent. Fish and game were abundant at all seasons. The summers were warm and the winters not more severe than those to which the settlers had been accustomed.

Thus did the people of ancient Greenland live and flourish. But it seems strange to find them wandering so far away from the lines of conquest and colonization of their brothers and ancestors. For they were kindred of the Northman Rollo, who ravaged the banks of the Seine and played buffoon with the king of France; the same with those Danes who in Anglo-Saxon times conquered the half of England; descendants they were of the same Cimbri who threatened Rome in the days of Marius, and of the Scythian soldiers of conquered Mithridates, who under Odin migrated from the borders of the Euxine Sea to the north of Europe, whence their posterity descended within a thousand years by the Mediterranean, and flourished their battle-axes in the streets of Constantinople; fellows they were of all the sea-kings and vikings and “barbarians” of the North, whose god of war was their former general, and who, scorning a peaceful death, sought for Odin's “bath of blood” whenever and wherever they could find it.

But here in Greenland they seem to have lost in a great measure the traditional ferocity of their race, though not its adventurous spirit. A son of Eric named Lief, and surnamed the Fortunate, sailed westward and discovered America. Previously, however, this same son had visited Norway and become a Christian.

These two voyages of Lief symbolize the character of this wonderful race of Northmen. They were ever ready for adventure, and ever ready for change. Love of change made their conversion to Christianity easy; love

of adventure ended in the crowning glory of their career, their landing on the shores of America.

Lief's voyage to America was made in the year 1001. His brother Thorvald followed after him the next year, and the new land was called Vinland (Vinland hin goda), from the great quantities of wild grapes found there, of which they made wine. Thorvald was killed by the savages, and his brother Thorstein went in search of his body the next year, and died without finding it. Then came Thorfinn Karlsefne, surnamed the Hopeful, an Icelander, who had gone to Brattahlid in 1006. The old saga describes him as a man of great wealth, and at Brattahlid he was the guest of Lief, with whom he spent the winter, falling in love with Gudrid, the widow of Lief's brother Thorstein, and marrying her. They spoke much about Vinland, and finally resolved on a voyage thither; and they got together a company of one hundred and sixty, among whom were five women, Gudrid being one. "Then they made an agreement with Karlsefne, that each should have equal share they made of gain. They had with them all kinds of cattle, intending to settle in Vinland"; and then they sailed on their voyage, and in course of time they came to Wonderstrand, which is supposed to be Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and found Lief's houses. Then they went on to Rhode Island, and spent the winter near Mount Hope Bay. But the natives came out of the woods and troubled them so that they had no peace. They finally fought a great battle and killed many of the natives, whom they called Skraellings. One of them had a long beard like themselves. Although winning this battle, they were finally compelled to go back to Greenland, without having made much profit by their voyage and without having founded a settlement. But Thorfinn Karlsefne had a son born to him in America, in the year 1007, to whom he gave the name of Snorre, and from whom was descended a line of men famous in Icelandic history.

Afterward, in 1011, a sister of Lief, named Freydis, went to Vinland, and lived for some time in the same place which her brothers had before occupied; and after this other voyages were made, of which we have record; but whether any permanent settlements were made by the Northmen in America is an open question; though one might well suppose they were, from the fact that Bishop Erik paid a visit to Vinland in 1121, during his Greenland mission, and the fact that as late as 1347 we have written accounts of Greenlanders going from Brattahlid to Markland (Nova Scotia) to cut timber. Who knows what influence these adventurous voyages may have subsequently had upon the discovery of America by Columbus? That great navigator made a visit to Iceland in 1477, and may he not there have learned of this land of the grape and wine to the westward, and may not the tales of the Icelanders have encouraged his western aspirations, which are said to have first originated in 1470?

With respect to this Norse discovery of America, Humboldt remarks as follows in the *Cosmos*, basing his observations upon Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanae*: "Parts of America were seen, although no landing was made on them, fourteen years before Lief Ericson, in the voyage which Bjorne Herjolfson undertook from Greenland to the southward in 986. Lief first saw land at the island of Nantucket, 1° south of Boston; then in Nova Scotia; and lastly in Newfoundland, which was subsequently called 'Libla Helluland,' but never 'Vinland.' The gulf which divides Newfoundland from the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence was called by the Northmen, who had settled in Iceland and Greenland, Markland's Gulf."

But the introduction of Christianity into Greenland is much more important to our present purpose. This happened in the year 1000. Lief had gone to Norway the year before. The saga states that, —

"When fourteen winters were passed

from the time that Eric the Red set forth to Greenland, his son Lief sailed from thence to Norway, and came thither in the autumn that King Olaf Tryggvason arrived in the North from Hvalaland. Lief brought up his ship at Nidaros (Drontheim), and went straight to the king. Olaf declared unto him the true faith, as was his custom unto all heathens who came before him, and it was not hard for the king to persuade Lief thereto, and he was baptized, and with him all his crew."

Nor was it hard for King Olaf to "persuade" his subjects generally "thereto." His Christianity was very new and rather muscular, and under the persuasive influence of the sword this royal missionary made more proselytes than ever were made before or since, in the same space of time, by all the monks put together.

When Lief came back to Greenland with a new religion, and a priest to boot, his father Eric was much incensed, and declared the act pregnant with mischief; but after a while he was prevailed upon to acknowledge the new religion, and at the same time he gave his wife, Thjodhilda, leave to erect a church, she having been from the first a willing convert.

Thus runs the saga: "Lief straightway began to declare the universal faith throughout the land; and he laid before the people the message of King Olaf Tryggvason, and detailed unto them how much grandeur and great nobleness there was attached to the new belief. Eric was slow to determine to leave his ancient faith, but Thjodhilda, his wife, was quickly persuaded thereto, and she built a kirk, which was called Thjodhilda's Kirk. And from the time that she received the faith, she separated from Eric, her husband, which did sorely grieve him."

Whether this first Greenland church was built at Brattahlid or Gardar or Krakotok is not now positively known; but we might conclude it was the latter, from the fact that an old man named Grima, who lived at Brattahlid, made complaint that "I get but seldom to

the church to hear the words of learned clerks, for it is a long journey thereto." This much, however, we know,—the church was begun in 1002, and was known far and wide as "Thjodhilda's Kirk." Several churches were built afterward; and in course of time the Christian population of Greenland became so numerous that the Bishops of Iceland made frequent voyages thither to administer the duties of that part of their see. A hundred years thus passed away. The colonies had multiplied greatly; their trade with Iceland, Norway, and Denmark was profitable and the intercourse regular; the inhabitants were well governed; and, wholly unmolested by the outside world, and for a long time undisturbed by wars and rumors of wars, they lived a Christian people, in the peaceful possession of their personal liberties, and in the enjoyment of every needful thing.

One thing only was lacking in their scheme of perfect independence. They needed a bishop of their own, which would make them wholly, in spiritual as they had been in temporal matters, free from dependence upon Iceland. And in truth the Icelanders prized their own freedom and independence too much to withhold their support from the aspirations of their brethren, the Greenlanders. Numerous petitions were therefore soon obtained and despatched, to secure the good offices of the king of Norway. For a time these efforts were attended with but partial success, since a temporary bishop only was vouchsafed them, in the person of Erik, who set out for Greenland in 1120, and returned home after visiting Vinland.

Then one of their chief men, named Sokke, grew indignant, and declared that Greenland should, like every other country, have a bishop of its own. Their personal honor, the national pride,—to say nothing of the safety of the Christian faith itself,—demanded it; and a bishop they must have. Accordingly, under the advice of Sokke, a large present of walrus-ivory and valuable furs was voted to the king; and Einer,

Sokke's son, was commissioned to carry the petition and the presents.

The result proved that the Greenlanders were wise in their choice of means;—at least, either through the earnestness of their appeals, or the value of the presents, or the persuasiveness of the ambassador, or through all combined, they obtained, in the year 1126, Bishop Arnold, who forthwith founded his episcopal see at Gardar, and there erected a cathedral.

Arnold seems to have been a most excellent, pious, and earnest leader of these struggling Christians. Zealous as the famous monk of Iona, without the impulsiveness of that great apostle of Scotland, he bound his charge together in the bonds of Christian love, and gave unity and happiness to a peaceful people.

Bishop Arnold died in 1152, and thenceforth, until the year 1409, the "see of Gardar" which he had founded was maintained. According to Baron Holberg, in his history of Denmark, seventeen successive bishops administered the ordinances of the church of Gardar, the list terminating with Andreas, who was consecrated in 1406. The last we hear of him and the see of Gardar was three years afterward, when he officiated at a marriage from which men now living are proud to trace their ancestry.

About this time the Greenland colonies rapidly declined. The first blow had come in the form of a royal decree, laying a prohibition on the Greenland trade, and creating it a monopoly of the crown. But "misfortunes never come singly." In 1418 a hostile fleet made a descent upon the coast, and, after laying waste their buildings, carried off what plunder and as many captives as they could. Then the black death came to help their ruin; the Esquimaux, or Skrællings, as they were called, grew bold in the presence of the diminished numbers, and completed the destruction which the crown of Norway had begun; and thus a nation famed for centuries was swept away, and "Lost Greenland" passed into tradition.

There are numerous interesting records of the struggles of these Greenlanders. In 1383 we find the following curious entry in the Icelandic annals, which shows to what straits the Greenland commerce, once so prosperous, had now become reduced:—

"A ship came from Greenland to Norway, which had lain in the former country for two whole years; and certain men returned by this vessel who had escaped from the wreck of Thorlast's ship. These men brought the news of Bishop Alf's death from Greenland, which had taken place there six years before."

Yet there were vestiges of life there even up to the middle of the fifteenth century. So late as 1448, Pope Nicholas the Fifth writes to the Bishop of Iceland, commending to his care what may be left of the ravished colonies.

"In regard," says the Pope's letter, "to my beloved children born in and inhabiting the island of Greenland, which is said to be situated at the farthest limits of the Great Ocean, north of the kingdom of Norway, and in the see of Trondheim, their pitiable complaints have reached our ears and awakened our compassion; seeing that they have, for a period of near six hundred years, maintained, in firm and inviolate subjection to the authority and ordinances of the apostolic chair, the Christian faith established among them by the preaching of their renowned teacher, King Olaf, and have, actuated by a pious zeal for the interests of religion, erected many churches, and among others a cathedral, in that island; where religious service was diligently performed until about thirty years ago, when some heathen foreigners from the neighboring coasts came against them with a fleet, fell upon them furiously, laid waste the country and its holy buildings with fire and sword, sparing nothing throughout the whole island of Greenland but the small parishes said to be situated a long way off,—and which they were prevented from reaching by the moun-

tains and precipices intervening, — and carrying away into captivity the wretched inhabitants of both sexes, particularly such of them as were considered to be strong of body and able to endure the labors of perpetual slavery.”

Furthermore, the letter states that some of them who were carried away captive have returned, but that the organization of the colonies is destroyed, and the worship of God is given up because there are neither priests nor bishops; and finally the bishop of Iceland is enjoined to send to Greenland “some fit and proper person for their bishop, if the distance between you and them permit.”

But the distance did not permit; at least there is no evidence of any action having been taken; and this is the last we know of ancient Greenland. Its modern history begins in 1721 with the missionary labors of Hans Egede. But not a vestige of the old Northmen remained when Egede came there, except the ruins of their villages, their churches, and their farms. About four hundred years had passed away, and in that time these hills and rocks that once echoed the sound of the church-bell and the voices of Christian people had known nothing but the shouts of skin-clad savages and the cries of wild beasts.

Few people imagine the extent of these ancient Greenland colonies. At best it seems to most persons some sort of arctic fable, and they are hardly prepared to learn that of this Greenland nation contemporary records, histories, papal briefs, and grants of land

yet exist. So complete was the destruction of the colonies, and so absolutely were they lost to the rest of the world, that for centuries Europe was in doubt respecting their fate, and up to a very recent period was ignorant of their geographical position.

Twenty years ago the Dublin Review thus alluded to the ruins of these ancient towns in Greenland: —

“To the Catholic they must be doubly interesting when he learns that here as in his own land the traces of his faith, of that faith which is everywhere the same, are yet distinctly to be found; that the sacred temples of our worship may still be identified; nay, that, in at least one instance, the church itself, with its burial-ground, its aumbries, its holy-water-stoup, and its tombstones bearing the sacred emblem of the Catholic belief and the pious petitions for the prayer of the surviving faithful, still remain to attest that here once dwelt a people who were our brethren in the Church of God. It was not, as in our own land, that these churches, these fair establishments of the true faith, were ruined by the lust and avarice of a tyrant; no change of religion marked the history of the church of Greenland; the colonies had been lost before the fearful religious calamities of the sixteenth century. How or when they were swept away we scarcely know, save from a few scattered notices and from the traditions of the wandering Esquimaux, a heathen people that burst in upon the old colonists of Greenland, and laid desolate their sanctuaries and their homes, till not one man was left alive.”

THE DESCENT OF NEPTUNE TO AID THE GREEKS.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE monarch Neptune kept no idle watch ;
For he in Thracian Samos, dark with woods,
Aloft upon the highest summit sat,
And thence o'erlooked the tumult of the war.
For thence could he behold the Idæan mount
And Priam's city and the fleet of Greece.
There, coming from the ocean-deeps, he sat,
And pitied the Greek warriors put to rout
Before the Trojans, and was wroth with Jove.
Soon he descended from those rugged steeps,
And trod the earth with rapid strides: the hills
And forests quaked beneath the immortal feet
Of Neptune as he walked. Three strides he took,
And at the fourth reached Ægæ, where he stopped,
And where his sumptuous palace-halls arose
Deep down in ocean, — golden, glittering, proof
Against decay of time. These when he reached
He yoked his fleet and brazen-footed steeds,
With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car,
And put on golden mail, and took his scourge,
Wrought of fine gold, and climbed the chariot-seat,
And rode upon the waves. The whales came forth
From their deep haunts, and gambolled round his way:
They knew their king. The waves rejoicing smoothed
A path, and rapidly the coursers flew;
Nor was the brazen axle wet beneath.
And thus they brought him to the Grecian host.
Deep in the sea there is a spacious cave,
Between the rugged Imbrus and the isle
Of Tenedos. There Neptune, he who shakes
The shores, held back his steeds, took off their yoke,
Gave them ambrosial food; and, binding next
Their feet with golden fetters which no power
Might break or loosen, so that they might wait
Their lord's return, he sought the Grecian fleet.

BY HORSE-CAR TO BOSTON.

AT a former period the writer of this had the fortune to serve his country in an Italian city whose great claim upon the world's sentimental interest is the fact that

"The sea is in her broad, her narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing,"

and that she has no ways whatever for hoofs or wheels. In his quality of United States official, he was naturally called upon for information concerning the estates of Italians believed to have emigrated early in the century to Buenos Ayres, and was commissioned to learn why certain persons in Mexico and Brazil, and the parts of Peru, had not, if they were still living, written home to their friends. On the other hand, he was entrusted with business nearly as pertinent and hopeful by some of his own countrymen, and it was not quite with surprise that he one day received a neatly lithographed circular, with his name and address written in it, signed by a famous projector of such enterprises, asking him to co-operate for the introduction of horse-railroads in Venice. The obstacles to the scheme were of such a nature that it seemed hardly worth while even to reply to the circular; but the proposal was one of those bold flights of imagination which forever lift objects out of vulgar association. It has cast an enduring poetic charm even about the horse-car in my mind, and I naturally look for many unprosaiic aspects of humanity there. I have an acquaintance who insists that it is the place above all others suited to see life in every striking phase. He pretends to have witnessed there the reunion of friends who had not met in many years, the embrace, figurative of course, of long-lost brothers, the reconciliation of lovers; I do not know but also some scenes of love-making, and acceptance or rejection. But my friend is an imaginative man, and may make himself

romances. I myself profess to have beheld for the most part only mysteries; and I think it not the least of these that, riding on the same cars day after day, one finds so many strange faces with so little variety. Whether or not that dull, jarring motion shakes inward and settles about the centres of mental life the sprightliness that should inform the visage, I do not know, but it is certain that the emptiness of the average passenger's countenance is something wonderful, considered with reference to Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, and the intellectual repute which Boston enjoys among envious New-Yorkers. It is seldom that a journey out of our cold metropolis is enlivened by a mystery so positive in character as the young lady in black, who alighted at a most ordinary little street in Old Charlesbridge, and heightened her effect by going into a French-roof house there that had no more right than a dry-goods box to receive a mystery. She was tall, and her lovely arms showed through the black gauze of her dress with an exquisite roundness and *morbidezza*. Upon her beautiful wrists she had heavy bracelets of dead gold, fashioned after some Etruscan device; and from her dainty ears hung great hoops of the same metal and design, which had the singular privilege of touching, now and then, her white columnar neck. A massive chain or necklace, also Etruscan, and also gold, rose and fell at her throat, and on one little ungloved hand glittered a multitude of rings. This hand was very expressive, and took a principal part in the talk which the lady held with her companion, and was as alert and quick as if trained in the gesticulation of Southern or Latin life somewhere. Her features, on the contrary, were rather insipid, being too small and fine; but they were redeemed by the liquid splendor of her beautiful

eyes, and the mortal pallor of her complexion. She was altogether so startling an apparition, that all of us jaded, commonplace spectres turned and fastened our weary, lack-lustre eyes upon her looks, with an utter inability to remove them. There was one fat, unctuous person seated opposite, to whom his interest was a torture, for he would have gone to sleep except for her remarkable presence: as it was, his heavy eyelids fell half-way shut, and drooped there at an agonizing angle, while his eyes remained immovably fixed upon that strange, death-white face. How it could have come of that colorlessness,—whether through long sickness or long residence in a tropical climate,—was a question that perplexed another of the passengers, who would have expected to hear the lady speak any language in the world rather than English; and to whom her companion or attendant was hardly less than herself a mystery,—being a dragon-like, elderish female, clearly a Yankee by birth, but apparently of many years' absence from home. The propriety of extracting these people from the horse-cars and transferring them bodily to the first chapter of a romance was a thing about which there could be no manner of doubt, and nothing prevented the abduction but the unexpected voluntary exit of the pale lady. As she passed out everybody else awoke as from a dream, or as if freed from a potent fascination. It is part of the mystery that this lady should never have reappeared in that theatre of life, the horse-car; but I cannot regret having never seen her more; she was so inestimably precious to wonder that it would have been a kind of loss to learn anything about her.

On the other hand, I should be glad if two young men who once presented themselves as mysteries upon the same stage could be so distinctly and sharply identified that all mankind should recognize them at the day of judgment. They were not so remarkable in the nature as in the degree of their offence; for the mystery that any

man should keep his seat in a horse-car and let a woman stand is but too sadly common. They say that this public unkindness to the sex has come about through the ingratitude of women, who have failed to return thanks for places offered them, and that it is a just and noble revenge we take upon them. There might be something advanced in favor of the idea that we law-making men, who do not oblige the companies to provide seats for every one, deserve no thanks from voteless, helpless women when we offer them places; nay, that we ought to be glad if they do not reproach us for making that a personal favor which ought to be a common right. I would prefer, on the whole, to believe that this selfishness is not a concerted act on our part, but a flower of advanced civilization; it is a ripe fruit in European countries, and it is more noticeable in Boston than anywhere else in America. It is, in fact, one of the points of our high polish which people from the interior say first strikes them on coming among us; for they declare—no doubt too modestly—that in their Boeotian wilds our Athenian habit is almost unknown. Yet it would not be fair to credit our whole population with it. I have seen a laborer or artisan rise from his place and offer it to a lady, while a dozen well-dressed men kept theirs; and I know several conservative young gentlemen, who are still so old-fashioned as always to respect the weakness and weariness of women. One of them, I hear, has settled it in his own mind that if the family cook appears in a car where he is seated, he must rise and give her his place. This, perhaps, is a trifle idealistic; but it is magnificent, it is princely. From his difficult height, we decline—through ranks that sacrifice themselves for women with bundles or children in arms, for old ladies, or for very young and pretty ones—to the men who give no odds to the most helpless creature alive. These are the men who do not act upon the promptings of human nature like the laborer, and who do not refine

upon their duty like my young gentlemen, and make it their privilege to befriend the idea of womanhood; but men who have paid for their seats and are going to keep them. They have been at work, very probably, all day, and no doubt they are tired; they look so, and try hard not to look ashamed of publicly considering themselves before a sex which is born tired, and from which our climate and customs have drained so much health that society sometimes seems little better than a hospital for invalid women, where every courtesy is likely to be a mercy done to a sufferer. Yet the two young men of whom I began to speak were not apparently of this class, and let us hope they were foreigners, — say Englishmen, since we hate Englishmen the most. They were the only men seated, in a car full of people; and when four or five ladies came in and occupied the aisle before them, they might have been puzzled which to offer their places to, if one of the ladies had not plainly been infirm. They settled the question — if there was any in their minds — by remaining seated, while the lady in front of them swung uneasily to and fro with the car, and appeared ready to sink at their feet. In another moment she had actually done so; and too weary to rise, she continued to crouch upon the floor of the car for the course of a mile, the young men resolutely keeping their places, and not rising till they were ready to leave the car. It was a horrible scene, and incredible, — that well-dressed woman sitting on the floor, and those two well-dressed men keeping their places; it was as much out of keeping with our smug respectabilities as a hanging, and was a spectacle so paralyzing that public opinion took no action concerning it. A shabby person standing upon the platform outside swore about it, between expectations: even the conductor's heart was touched; and he said he had seen a good many hard things aboard horse-cars, but that was a little the hardest; he had never expected to come to that. These were simple people enough, and

could not interest me a great deal, but I should have liked to have a glimpse of the complex minds of those young men, and I should still like to know something of the previous life that could have made their behavior possible to them. They ought to make public the philosophic methods by which they reached that pass of unshamable selfishness. The information would be useful to a race which knows the sweetness of self-indulgence, and would fain know the art of so drugging or besotting the sensibilities that it shall not feel disgraced by any sort of meanness. They might really have much to say for themselves; as, that the lady, being conscious she could no longer keep her feet, had no right to crouch at theirs, and put them to so severe a test; or that, having suffered her to sink there, they fell no further in the ignorant public opinion by suffering her to continue there.

But I doubt if that other young man could say anything for himself, who, when a pale, trembling woman was about to drop into the vacant place at his side, stretched his arm across it with, "This seat 's engaged," till a robust young fellow, his friend, appeared, and took it and kept it all the way out from Boston. The commission of such a tragical wrong, involving a violation of common usage as well as the infiction of a positive cruelty, would embitter the life of an ordinary man, if any ordinary man were capable of it; but let us trust that nature has provided fortitude of every kind for the offender, and that he is not wrung by keener remorse than most would feel for a petty larceny. I dare say he would be eager at the first opportunity to rebuke the ingratitude of women who do not thank their benefactors for giving them seats. It seems a little odd, by the way, and perhaps it is through the peculiar blessing of Providence, that, since men have determined by a savage egotism to teach the offending sex manners, their own comfort should be in the infiction of the penalty, and that it should be as much a pleasure as a duty to keep one's place.

Perhaps when the ladies come to vote, they will abate, with other nuisances, the whole business of overloaded public conveyances. In the mean time, the kindness of women to each other is a notable feature of all horse-car journeys. It is touching to see the smiling eagerness with which the poor things gather close their volumed skirts and make room for a weary sister, the tender looks of compassion which they bend upon the sufferers obliged to stand, the sweetness with which they rise, if they are young and strong, to offer their place to any infirm or heavily burdened person of their sex.

But a journey to Boston is not entirely an experience of bitterness. On the contrary, there are many things besides the mutual amiability of these beautiful martyrs which relieve its tedium and horrors. A whole car-full of people, brought into the closest contact with one another, yet in the absence of introductions never exchanging a word, each being so sufficient to himself as to need no social stimulus whatever, is certainly an impressive and stately spectacle. It is a beautiful day, say; but far be it from me to intimate as much to my neighbor, who plainly would rather die than thus commit himself with me, and who, in fact, would wellnigh strike me speechless with surprise if he did so. If there is any necessity for communication, as with the conductor, we essay first to express ourselves by gesture, and then utter our desires with a certain hollow and remote effect, which is not otherwise to be described. I have sometimes tried to speak above my breath, when, being about to leave the car, I have made a virtue of offering my place to the prettiest young woman standing, but I have found it impossible; the *genius loci*, whatever it was, suppressed me, and I have gasped out my sham politeness as in a courteous nightmare. The silencing influence is quite successfully resisted by none but the tipsy people who occasionally ride out with us, and call up a smile, sad

as a gleam of winter sunshine, to our faces by their artless prattle. I remember one eventful afternoon that we were all but moved to laughter by the gayeties of such a one, who, even after he had ceased to talk, continued to amuse us by falling asleep, and reposing himself against the shoulder of the lady next him. Perhaps it is in acknowledgment of the agreeable variety they contribute to horse-car life, that the conductor treats his inebriate passengers with such unfailing tenderness and forbearance. I have never seen them molested, though I have noticed them in the indulgence of many eccentricities, and happened once even to see one of them sit down in a lady's lap. But that was on the night of Saint Patrick's day. Generally all avoidable indecorums are rare in the horse-cars, though during the late forenoon and early afternoon, in the period of lighter travel, I have found curious figures there;—among others, two old women, in the old-clothes business, one of whom was dressed, not very fortunately, in a gown with short sleeves, and inferentially a low neck; a mender of umbrellas, with many unwholesome white-brown wrecks of umbrellas about him; a pedler of soap, who offered cakes of it to his fellow-passengers at a discount, apparently for friendship's sake; and a certain gentleman with a pock-marked face, and a beard dyed an unscrupulous purple, who sang himself a hymn all the way to Boston, and who gave me no sufficient reason for thinking him a sea-captain. Not far from the end of the Long Bridge, there is apt to be a number of colored ladies waiting to get into the car, or to get out of it,—usually one solemn mother in Ethiopia, and two or three mirthful daughters, who find it hard to suppress a sense of adventure, and to keep in the laughter that struggles out through their glittering teeth and eyes, and who place each other at a disadvantage by divers accidental and intentional bumps and blows. If they are to get out, the old lady is not certain of the place where, and, after making the car stop, and parleying

with the conductor, returns to her seat, and is mutely held up to public scorn by one taciturn wink of the conductor's eye.

I had the pleasure one day to meet on the horse-car an advocate of one of the great reforms of the day. He held a green bag upon his knees, and without any notice passed from a question of crops to a discussion of suffrage for the negro, and so to womanhood suffrage. "Let the women vote," said he,—"let 'em vote if they want to. I don't care. Fact is, I should like to be there to see 'em do it the first time. They're excitable, you know; they're excitable"; and he enforced his analysis of female character by thrusting his elbow sharply into my side. "Now, there's my wife; I'd like to see *her* vote. Be fun, I tell you. And the girls,—Lord, the girls! Circus would n't be anywhere." Enchanted with the amusing picture which he appeared to have conjured up for himself, he laughed with the utmost relish, and then patting the green bag in his lap, which plainly contained a violin, "You see," he went on, "I go out playing for dancing-parties. Work all day at my trade,—I'm a carpenter,—and play in the evening. Take my little old ten dollars a night. And I notice the women a good deal; and I tell you they're *all* excitable, and I sh'd like to see 'em vote. Vote right and vote often,—that's the ticket, eh?" This friend of womanhood suffrage—whose attitude of curiosity and expectation seemed to me representative of that of a great many thinkers on the subject—no doubt was otherwise a reformer, and held that the coming man would not drink wine—if he could find whiskey. At least I should have said so, guessing from the odors he breathed along with his liberal sentiments.

Something of the character of a college-town is observable nearly always in the presence of the students, who confound certain traditional ideas of students by their quietude of costume and manner, and whom Padua or Heidelberg would hardly know, but who

nevertheless betray that they are banded to

"Scorn delights and live laborious days,"

by a uniformity in the cut of their trousers, or a clannishness of cane or scarf, or a talk of boats and base-ball held among themselves. One cannot see them without pleasure and kindness; and it is no wonder that their young-lady acquaintances brighten so to recognize them on the horse-cars. There is much good fortune in the world, but none better than being an undergraduate twenty years old, hale, handsome, fashionably dressed, with the whole promise of life before: it's a state of things to disarm even envy. With so much youth forever in her heart, it must be hard for our Charlesbridge to grow old: the generations arise and pass away, but in her veins is still this tide of warm blood, century in and century out, so much the same from one age to another that it would be hardy to say it was not still one youthfulness. There is a print of the village as it was a cycle since, showing the oldest of the college buildings, and upon the street in front a scholar in his scholar's-cap and gown, giving his arm to a very stylish girl of that period, who is dressed wonderfully like the girl of ours, so that but for the student's antique formality of costume, one might believe that he was handing her out to take the horse-car. There is no horse-car in the picture,—that is the only real difference between then and now in our Charlesbridge, perennially young and gay. Have there not ever been here the same grand ambitions, the same high hopes,—and is not the unbroken succession of youth in these?

As for other life on the horse-car, it shows to little or no effect, as I have said. You can, of course, detect certain classes; as, in the morning the business-men going in, to their counters or their desks, and in the afternoon the shoppers coming out, laden with paper parcels. But I think no one can truly claim to know the regular from the occasional passengers by any greater

cheerfulness in the faces of the latter. The horse-car will suffer no such inequality as this, but reduces us all to the same level of melancholy. It would be but a very unworthy kind of art which should seek to describe people by such merely external traits as a habit of carrying baskets or large travelling-bags in the car; and the present muse scorns it, but is not above speaking of the frequent presence of those lovely young girls in which Boston and the suburban towns abound, and who, whether they appear with rolls of music in their hands, or books from the circulating-libraries, or pretty parcels or hand-bags, would brighten even the horse-car if fresh young looks and gay and brilliant costumes could do so much. But they only add perplexity to the anomaly, which was already sufficiently trying with its contrasts of splendor and shabbiness, and such intimate association of velvets and patches as you see in the churches of Catholic countries, but nowhere else in the world except in our "coaches of the sovereign people."

In winter, the journey to or from Boston cannot appear otherwise than very dreary to the fondest imagination. Coming out, nothing can look more arctic and forlorn than the river double-shrouded in ice and snow, or sadder than the contrast offered to the same prospect in summer. Then all is laughing, and it is a joy in every nerve to ride out over the Long Bridge at high tide, and, looking southward, to see the wide crinkle and glitter of that beautiful expanse of water, which laps on one hand the granite quays of the city, and on the other washes among the reeds and wild grasses of the salt-meadows. A ship coming slowly up the channel, or a dingy tug violently darting athwart it, gives an additional pleasure to the eye, and adds something dreamy or vivid to the beauty of the scene. It is hard to say at what hour of the summer's-day the prospect is loveliest; and I am certainly not going to speak of the sunset as the least of its delights. When this exquis-

ite spectacle is presented, the horse-car passenger, happy to cling with one foot to the rear platform-steps, looks out over the shoulder next him into fairy-land. Crimson and purple stretches the bay westward till its waves darken into the grassy levels, where here and there a hay-rick shows perfectly black against the light. Afar off, south-eastward and westward the uplands wear a tinge of tenderest blue; and in the nearer distance, on the low shores of the river, hover the white plumes of arriving and departing trains. The windows of the stately houses that overlook the water take the sunset from it evanescently, and begin to chill and darken before the crimson burns out of the sky. The windows are, in fact, best after nightfall, when they are brilliantly lighted from within; and when, if it is a dark, warm night, and the briny fragrance comes up strong from the falling tide, the lights reflected far down in the still water, bring a dream, as I have heard travelled Bostonians say, of Venice and her magical effects in the same kind. But for me the beauty of the scene needs the help of no such association; I am content with it for what it is. I enjoy also the hints of spring which one gets in riding over the Long Bridge at low tide in the first open days. Then there is not only a vernal beating of carpets on the piers of the draw-bridge, but the piles and walls left bare by the receding water show green patches of sea-weeds and mosses, and flatter the willing eye with a dim hint of summer. This reeking and saturated herbage,—which always seems to me in contrast with dry-land growths what the water-logged life of sea-faring folk is to that which we happier men lead on shore,—taking so kindly the deceitful warmth and brightness of the sun, has then a charm which it loses when summer really comes; nor does one, later, have so keen an interest in the men wading about in the shallows below the bridge, who, as in the distance they stoop over to gather whatever shell-fish they seek, make a very fair show of being some ungainlier sort of storks, and

are as near as we can hope to come to the spring-prophesying storks of song and story. A sentiment of the drowsiness that goes before the awakening of the year, and is so different from the drowsiness that precedes the great autumnal slumber, is in the air, but is gone when we leave the river behind, and strike into the straggling village beyond.

I maintain that Boston, as one approaches it, and passingly takes in the line of Bunker Hill Monument, soaring pre-eminent among the emulous foundry-chimneys of the sister city, is fine enough to need no comparison with other fine sights. Thanks to the mansard curves and dormer-windows of the newer houses, there is a singularly picturesque variety among the roofs that stretch along the bay, and rise one above another on the city's three hills, grouping themselves about the State House, and surmounted by its india-rubber dome. But, after all, does human weakness crave some legendary charm, some grace of uncertain antiquity, in the picturesqueness it sees? I own that the future, to which we are often referred for the "stuff that dreams are made of," is more difficult for the fancy than the past, that the airy amplitude of its possibilities is somewhat chilly, and that we naturally long for the snug quarters of old, made warm by many generations of life. Besides, Europe spoils us ingenuous Americans, and flatters our sentimentality into ruinous extravagances. Looking at her many-storied former times, we forget our own past, neat, compact, and convenient for the poorest memory to dwell in. Yet an American not infected with the discontent of travel could hardly approach this superb city without feeling something of the coveted pleasure in her, without a revery of her Puritan and Revolutionary times, and the great names and deeds of her heroic annals. I think, however, we were well to be rid of this yearning for a native American antiquity; for in its indulgence one cannot but regard himself and his contemporaries as cum-

berers of the ground, delaying the consummation of that hoary past which will be so fascinating to a semi-Chinese posterity, and will be, ages hence, the inspiration of Pigeon-English poetry and romance. Let us make much of our two hundred and fifty years, and cherish the present as our golden age. We healthy-minded people in the horse-car are loath to lose a moment of it, and are aggrieved that the draw of the bridge should be up, naturally looking on what is constantly liable to happen as an especial malice of the fates. All the drivers of the vehicles that clog the draw on either side have a like sense of personal injury; and apparently it would go hard with the captain of that leisurely vessel below if he were delivered into our hands. But this impatience and anger are entirely illusive.

We are really the most patient people in the world, especially as regards any incorporated, non-political oppressions. A lively Gaul, who travelled among us some thirty years ago, found that, in the absence of political control, we gratified the human instinct of obedience by submitting to small tyrannies unknown abroad, and were subject to the steamboat-captain, the hotel-clerk, the stage-driver, and the waiter, who all bullied us fearlessly; but though some vestiges of this bondage remain, it is probably passing away. The abusive Frenchman's assertion would not at least hold good concerning the horse-car conductors, who, in spite of a lingering preference for touching or punching passengers for their fares instead of asking for it, are commonly mild-mannered and good-tempered, and disposed to molest us as little as possible. I have even received from one of them a mark of such kindly familiarity as the offer of a check which he held between his lips, and thrust out his face to give me, both his hands being otherwise occupied; and their lives are in nowise such luxurious careers as we should expect in public despots. The oppression of the horse-car passenger is not from them, and the passenger him-

self is finally to blame for it. When the draw closes at last, and we rumble forward into the city street, a certain stir of expectation is felt among us. The long and eventful journey is nearly ended, and now we who are to get out of the cars can philosophically amuse ourselves with the passions and sufferings of those who are to return in our places. You must choose the time between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, if you would make this grand study of the national character in its perfection. Then the spectacle offered in any arriving horse-car will serve your purpose. At nearly every corner of the street up which it climbs stands an experienced suburban, who darts out upon the car, and seizes a vacant place in it. Presently all the places are taken, and before we reach Temple Street, where helpless groups of women are gathered to avail themselves of the first seats vacated, an alert citizen is stationed before each passenger who is to retire at the summons, "Please pass out forrad." When this is heard in Bowdoin Square, we rise and push forward, knuckling one another's backs in our eagerness, and perhaps glancing behind us at the tumult within. Not only are all our places occupied, but the aisle is left full of passengers precariously supporting themselves by the straps in the roof. The rear platform is stormed and carried by a party with bundles; the driver is instantly surrounded by another detachment; and as the car moves away from the office, the platform steps are filled. The people who are thus indecorously huddled and jammed together, without regard to age or sex, otherwise lead lives of at least comfort, and a good half of them cherish themselves in every physical way with unparalleled zeal. They are handsomely clothed; they are delicately neat in linen; they eat well, or, if not well, as well as their cooks will let them, and at all events expensively; they house in dwellings appointed in a manner undreamt of elsewhere in the world,—dwellings wherein furnaces make a sum-

mer-heat, where fountains of hot and cold water flow at a touch, where light is created or quenched by the turning of a key, where all is luxurious upholstery, and miraculous ministry to real or fancied needs. They carry the same tastes with them to their places of business; and when they "attend divine service," it is with the understanding that God is to receive them in a richly carpeted house, deliciously warmed and perfectly ventilated, where they may adore him at their ease upon cushioned seats,—secured seats. Yet these spoiled children of comfort, when they ride to or from business or church, fail to assert rights that the vulgarast Cockney, who never heard of our plumbing and registers, or even the oppressed Parisian, who is believed not to change his linen from one revolution to another,—having paid for,—enjoys. When they enter the "full" horse-car, they find themselves in a place inexorable as the grave to their greenbacks, where not only is their adventitious consequence stripped from them, but the courtesies of life are impossible, the inherent dignity of the person is denied, and they are reduced below the level of the most uncomfortable nations of the Old World. The philosopher accustomed to draw consolation from the sufferings of his richer fellow-men, and to infer an overruling Providence from their disgraces, might well bless Heaven for the spectacle of such degradation, if his thanksgiving were not prevented by his knowledge that this is quite voluntary. And now consider that on every car leaving the city at this time the scene is much the same; reflect that the horror is enacting, not only in Boston, but in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati,—wherever the horse-car, that tinkles wellnigh round the continent, is known; remember that the same victims are thus daily sacrificed, without an effort to right themselves; and then you will begin to realize—dimly and imperfectly, of course—the unfathomable meekness of the American character. The "full" horse-car is a prodigy

whose likeness is absolutely unknown elsewhere, since the Neapolitan gig went out; and I suppose it will be incredible to the future in our own country. When I see such a horse-car as I have sketched move away from its station, I feel that it is something not only emblematic and interpretative, but monumental; and I know that when art becomes truly national, the overloaded horse-car will be celebrated in

painting and sculpture. And in after ages, when the oblique-eyed, swarthy American of that time, pausing before some commemorative bronze or historical picture of our epoch, contemplates this stupendous spectacle of human endurance, I hope he will be able to philosophize more satisfactorily than we can now, concerning the mystery of our strength as a nation and our weakness as a public.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Discovery of the Great West. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," etc. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WHOEVER makes a sentiment or a thought spring up where none had been, merits the honor we are supposed to pay him who makes a stalk of wheat grow in a place wild before: we are not sure but he ministers to a higher need, and is entitled to a greater regard: at any rate it is with a grateful feeling that we view labors like those of Mr. Parkman in the field—if we ought not to say the prairie—of New World history. The area which he has brought under cultivation, and the thoroughness with which he has done his work, are both surprising; annals hitherto impossible to general knowledge or sympathy are cleared for our pleasure; vast waste spaces of discovery and adventure are reclaimed from the dry local records and the confusion and contradiction of the original chroniclers, and made delightful to the mind. It is true that Mr. Parkman has dealt chiefly with the characters and actions of a race that lends itself kindlier than ours to the purposes of dramatic and picturesque narration; but we are not the less to applaud his success or to thank him for his good work, because they were not achieved among the tougher and knottier fibres of our own annals. It would be difficult, upon any theory, to refuse to enjoy his books, and we should own to having found in this one the charm of a romance, if romances were not really so dull as to afford no fit comparison for any piece of veritable his-

tory not treating too exclusively of affairs of state. And the story of the "Discovery of the Mississippi" is almost wholly one of personal character and adventure, with a man of the grandest purposes for its hero and chief figure, while it is at the same time true to the general spirit of Louis Fourteenth's magnificent era of civil and religious intriguing, unscrupulous ambition, corruption, and all kinds of violence and bad faith.

Mainly, the history is the account of the life and death in the New World of that wonderful Robert Cavalier, *Sieur de la Salle*, who, to the many qualities of courage, endurance, and perseverance necessary for a career of discovery and adventure, added a certain harshness and coldness, an antipathetic hauteur, which made enemies of most men powerful enough to second his enterprises, would not let him gain the hearts of those under him, and forbade him to be the successful founder of a state or even a triumphant explorer. He was among the first to dream of the discovery of the Mississippi and an empire on its shores, but it was the priest Marquette and the trader Joliet who first saw the great river after De Soto. La Salle conceived the idea of a French-Indian state in the West, which should resist the invasions of the English and the Iroquois on one hand, and on the other bar the progress of the Spaniards; but his plan was a failure, except in the small measure in which its execution rested upon his lieutenant Tonty, the one white man who cherished for him the unswerving admiration and devotion of the savages: provided finally with ships

and men and arms from France for the ascent of the Mississippi, he was pursued by disaffection and envy and treachery, failed to strike the mouth of the river, and leaving a wretched half of his followers to waste in Texas, started northward with the rest in search of the fatal stream, and before he could find it was miserably murdered by one of his men. Yet with all his defects, and in spite of his almost incessant defeats, La Salle rarely fails to inspire the reader with the sympathy which his comrades never felt for him; and we see as they could not what a superb and admirable soul he was,—undeflected by any calamity, and of steadfast and grand designs. "He belonged," as our author says, "not to the age of the knight-errant and the saint, but to the modern world of practical study and practical action. He was the hero, not of a principle nor of a faith, but simply of a fixed idea and a determined purpose. As often happens with concentrated and energetic natures, his purpose was to him a passion and an inspiration; and he clung to it with a certain fanaticism of devotion. It was the offspring of an ambition vast and comprehensive, yet acting in the interest both of France and of civilization. . . . In the pursuit of his purpose, he spared no man, and least of all himself. He bore the brunt of every hardship and every danger; but he seemed to expect from all beneath him a courage and endurance equal to his own, joined with an implicit deference to his authority. Most of his disasters may be ascribed, in some measure, to himself; and Fortune and his own fault seemed always in league to ruin him. It is easy to reckon up his defects, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders above them all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and of the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine, and disease, delay, disappointment, and deferred hope, emptied their quivers in vain. That very pride, which, Coriolanus-like, declared itself most sternly in the thickest press of foes, has in it something to challenge admiration. Never, under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must

follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure, cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

Next him in grandeur is his faithful friend Tonty, the Gallicized Italian, who held his fort in Illinois, and kept up the tradition of La Salle's name and power among the wild tribes, while misfortune and malice were wronging both among his own countrymen; but, besides Tonty and some of the missionaries, there are few among the distinctly drawn persons of the long tragedy which appeal favorably to us. The good Father Hennepin certainly does not; and no one, after Mr. Parkman's study of his writings and character, can fail to recognize him as one of the idlest and most marvellous of liars. Indeed, Mr. Parkman has as great good luck with portraits of the rogues and desperadoes as with those of the heroes; and he is as forcible and graphic in depicting the squalor and misery of the life the adventurers found and led in the great unknown West, as the nobler aspects of it. Perhaps it is not possible or even desirable to restore a perfect image of the past; but all of Mr. Parkman's books, while they cannot ease our consciences as to the way in which we have got rid of the Indians, leave the fondest sentimentalist without a regret for their disappearance. They were essentially uninteresting races in themselves, and became otherwise only through contact and relation with civilized men. For any merely æsthetic purpose, even, how much more useful are the *coureurs de bois*, the French deserters and settlers who took to savage life, than the savages themselves! In this book Mr. Parkman paints the life of our Southern tribes in no more attractive colors than he has done that of the Iroquois; though it is curious to note the difference of the two. The Indian as he was found southward grew more and more gregarious; dwelt in vast lodges holding many families, and in populous villages; submitted himself to more despotic chiefs; and approached the Mexicans in religion as well as in polity, by offering human sacrifices to his gods.

Those who are familiar with our author will justly expect from him an effective presentation of all great natural characteristics in the vast scene of his story. The descriptive passages all seem to us more than usually good, and there is an entire sympathy between them and the tone of the narrative. A certain feeling of desolation creeps over the reader in contemplating those pictures of idle wealth and unenjoyed beauty, which harmonizes perfectly with the sentiment produced by the spectacle of great aspiration and endeavor thwarted by means so pitiful and motives so base.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

MR. ALDRICH has done a new thing in—we use the phrase with some gasps of reluctance, it is so threadbare and so near meaning nothing—American literature. We might go much farther without overpraising his pleasant book, and call it an absolute novelty, on the whole. No one else seems to have thought of telling the story of a boy's life, with so great desire to show what a boy's life is, and so little purpose of teaching what it should be; certainly no one else has thought of doing this for the life of an American boy. The conception of such a performance is altogether his in this case; but with regard to more full-grown figures of fiction, it is that of the best and oldest masters of the art of story-telling; and it is one that will at last give us, we believe, the work which has so long hovered in the mental atmosphere a pathetic ante-natal phantom, pleading to be born into the world,—the American novel, namely.

Autobiography has a charm which passes that of all other kinds of reading; it has almost the relish of the gossip we talk about our friends; and whoever chooses its form for his inventions is sure to prepossess us; and if then he can give his incidents and characters the simple order and air of actual occurrences and people, it does not matter much what they are,—his success is assured. We think this is the open secret of the pleasure which "The Story of a Bad Boy" has afforded to the boys themselves, and to every man that happens to have been a boy. There must be a great deal of fact mixed up with the feigning, but the author has the art which imbues all with

the same quality, and will not let us tell one from the other. He asks us to know a boy coming from his father's house in New Orleans, where he has almost become a high-toned Southerner, to be educated under his grandfather's care in a little New England seaport. His ideas, impulses, and adventures here are those of the great average of boys, and the effect of a boy's small interests, ignorant ambition, and narrow horizon is admirably produced and sustained. His year is half made up of Fourth-of-Julys and Thanksgivings; he has so little vantage-ground of experience that life blackens before him when he is left to pay for twelve ice-creams out of an empty pocket; he has that sense of isolation and of immeasurable remoteness from the sphere of men, which causes half the pleasure and half the pain of childhood; and his character and surroundings are all so well managed, that this propriety is rarely violated. Now and then, however, the author mars the good result by an after-thought that seems almost an alien stroke, affecting one as if some other brain had "edited" the original inspiration. We should say, for example, that in all that account of the boy-theatricals it is the author who speaks, till after Pepper Whitcomb, standing for Tell's son, receives the erring bolt in his mouth, when, emulous of the natural touches, the editor appears and adds: "The place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had n't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, 'Hear! hear!' I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience."

Most of the characters of the book are as good as the incidents and the principal idea. Captain Nutter, the grandfather, and Miss Abigail, the maiden aunt, are true New England types, the very truth of which makes them seem at first glance wanting in novelty; but they develop their originality gradually, as New England acquaintance should, until we feel for them the tenderness and appreciation with which they are studied. The Captain is the better of the

two; he is such a grandfather as any boy might be glad to have, and is well done as a personage and as a sketch of hearty and kindly old age, — outwardly a little austere, but full of an ill-hidden tolerance and secret sympathies with the wildness of boyhood. Others among the townspeople, merely sketched, or seen falsely with a boy's vision, are no less living to us; the pony becomes a valued acquaintance; nay, the old Nutter house itself, and the sleepy old town, have a personal fascination. Of Kitty, the Irish servant, and of her sea-faring husband, we are not so sure, — at least we are not so sure of the latter, who seems too much like the sailors we have met in the forecastes of novels and theatres, though for all we know he may be a veritable person. We like much better some of the merely indicated figures, like that mistaken genius who bought up all the old cannon from the privater at the close of the war of 1812, in the persuasion that hostilities must soon break out again; and that shrewd Yankee who looked on from his hiding-place while the boys stole his worn-out stage-coach for a bonfire, and then exacted a fabulous price from their families for a property that had proved itself otherwise unsalable. The boys also are all true boys, and none is truer than the most difficult character to treat, — Binny Wallace, whose gentleness and sweetness are never suffered to appear what boys call "softness"; and on the whole we think the chapter which tells of his loss is the best in the book; it is the simplest and directest piece of narration, and is singularly touching, with such breadth and depth of impression that when you look at it a second time, you are surprised to find the account so brief and slight. Mr. Aldrich has the same good fortune wherever he means to be pathetic. The touches with which he indicates his hero's homesickness when he is first left at Rivermouth are delicate and sufficient; so are those making known the sorrow that befalls him in the death of his father. In these passages, and in some description of his lovesickness, he does not push his effects too far, as he is tempted to do where he would be most amusing. "Pepper," he says the hero said to his friend who found him prowling about an old graveyard after his great disappointment, "don't ask me. All is not well here," — touching his breast mysteriously. "Earthly happiness is a delusion and a snare," — all which fails to strike us as an

original or probable statement of the case; while this little picture of a boy's forlorn attempt to make love to a young lady seems as natural as it is charming: —

"Here the conversation died a natural death. Nelly sank into a sort of dream, and I meditated. Fearing every moment to be interrupted by some member of the family, I nerved myself to make a bold dash: —

"'Nelly.'

"'Well.'

"'Do you —' I hesitated.

"'Do I what?'

"'Love any one very much?'

"'Why, of course I do,' said Nelly, scattering her reverie with a merry laugh. 'I love Uncle Nutter, and Aunt Nutter, and you, — and Towser.'

"'Towser, our new dog! I could n't stand that. I pushed back the stool impatiently and stood in front of her.

"'That's not what I mean,' I said angrily.

"'Well, what do you mean?'

"'Do you love any one to marry him?'

"'The idea of it!' cried Nelly, laughing.

"'But you must tell me.'

"'Must, Tom?'

"'Indeed you must, Nelly.'

"She had arisen from the chair with an amused, perplexed look in her eyes. I held her an instant by the dress.

"'Please tell me.'

"'O you silly boy!' cried Nelly. Then she rumbled my hair all over my forehead and ran laughing out of the room."

Mr. Aldrich is a capital *conteur*; the narrative is invariably good, neither hurried nor spun out, but easily discursive, and tolerant of a great deal of anecdote that goes finally to complete the charm of a life-like and delightful little story, while the moralizing is always as brief as it is pointed and generous. When he comes to tell a tale for older heads, — as we hope he some day will, — we shall not ask him to do it better than this in essentials, and in less important particulars shall only pray him to be always himself down to the very last word and smallest turn of expression. We think him good enough.

The Identification of the Artisan and the Artist. Boston: Adams & Co.

THIS pamphlet consists, in the first place, of the report of a lecture given in 1853 by

the late Cardinal Wiseman, to an association of workmen in Manchester, England, upon "The Relations of the Arts of Production with the Arts of Design." His immediate object seems to have been to promote art exhibitions and galleries of art, for the cultivation of the taste of English artisans; but its general importance consists in its suggestion that in the great ages of classic and mediæval art, the identification of the artisan and artist was an historical fact; which is the explanation of the hitherto unexplained fact, that everything made in those ages was a beautiful thing, exhibiting the individual genius of its maker, even though in the classic ages it was the humblest utensil of culinary art. Whatever is taken out of Pompeii and Herculæum is found to be a work of art, and is immediately carried to the great museum of Naples, to become the subject of study, and the delight of the eye and mind of all nations; for the people of that older age had penetrated with their highly developed intellect beyond all that separates men into nations; and discovered that eternal beauty and truth of form, in which all minds unite and find themselves cultivated by so doing. It is plain that in the *adyta* of those old pagan temples was accomplished an education of a profoundly artistic character for all the initiated. All human genius was then believed to be the inspiration of some god; and the temples of Apollo and Mercury were unquestionably schools of art. The artisans, being artists, were not of the lower class of society; and the labor of production had always the dignity of being a religious service, which was, in the Grecian times, not a service of the heart, but of the imaginative intellect. There is a very interesting work by Hay, "on symmetrical beauty," in which are analyzed the antique vases, all of which are reduced either to one form, or to three forms combined, or to five forms combined, the curves relating to each other. Those whose curves all belong to one form are of the highest beauty. Hay gives a mathematical appreciation of the generation of each form, and then of their combinations, which shows that the production of beauty by the human hand is no accident, but that a high consciousness of mind guides the cunning hand. The delight which the contemplation of these vases gives is a refining process, and how much more must have been the *creation* of these forms or these principles!

In the mediæval times, when the revival of classic art met the inspirations of Christian faith, there was another culmination of human genius in art. Then the initiated were instructed by secret religious societies, and in cloisters, where artisan work again became artistic, because the artisans were educated, and their works were acts of faith. Hence the Gothic architecture, and the mixed Gothic and Roman art, which scattered its exquisite works over all Christendom. Nothing is more wonderful to an American contemplating the cathedrals, churches, and chapels of Europe, than the overflow of human genius in these marvelous constructions. Where did the multitudes of artists come from? We hear, before we go abroad, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a great host of artists; but when we come to look with our own eyes, we see that there were unnamed thousands and thousands, besides all those we have heard of, whose works are hardly less exquisite than those of the renowned great masters. There is a little chapel on the hill of St. Elmo, in Naples,—opened to the world's eyes only since the Italian government secularized church property,—which is a perfect gem of art in every particular. The pavement is a most beautiful and elaborate mosaic of marble, the design and work of one monk. The altar and the railing which encloses it in front are all of the most delicate and beautiful Florentine mosaic. Every inch of wall and roof, in each of the six chapels that flank the nave, is equally elaborate. All was the work of the resident monks. This is but one specimen of the ornamentation of very many chapels in convents now for the first time open to the profane world. But everybody knows the enormous quantity of wood and stone work in ecclesiastical buildings,—to say nothing of the gorgeous decoration of palaces and dwelling-houses, especially in Venice. It is not the display of the wealth and power of those who contributed the costly material for these works that makes them interesting to our imagination; but it is the wealth of *genius*, and a perception of the delight of the artisans who did these things, as artists designing their own works, and thus immortalizing every transient phase of their fancy and thought. It is the religious art which is always the most exquisite; and when we go into the choirs of cathedrals, and see a hundred stalls of which the carved ornamentation does not show two patterns

alike, we feel that truly here the curse was taken out of labor; and that these hewers of wood were no mechanical slavish laborers, to be pitied, but conscious creators of beauty, to be envied for their opportunity of expressing their devotion.

It was only for about three hundred years that the artisans of Europe were artists as well. This identification of the artist and artisan had two good effects. One was the effect on art. It seemed that there should be no mere mechanical work, but that everything should be a work of high art. For he who designed was obliged to execute; and thus he never transgressed the bounds of possibility, but kept to the sobriety of nature. Our artists only design, they are not disciplined to labor; and therefore they grow fantastic, and miss a certain high influence upon the mind which comes from the exercise of the hand and body. Whatever gives one-sided activity to a man disturbs the symmetry of his being, and develops the spiritual evil of self-sufficiency, with a contempt for the fellow-man who merely executes his design, as if he were his tool. When the artisan and artist are one, there is a more symmetrical being, and the issue of the activity is a humble self-respect which is the second and best effect of the identification.

Cardinal Wiseman illustrates his views by a multitude of anecdotes of that era when Raphael was a house-painter, and Michael Angelo a stone-cutter and fort-builder, and Benvenuto Cellini was a smith who worked all day with his apron on, in a shop on the street, but spent his evenings with princes, instructing them in the principles of beauty by which God created the world.

The Cardinal does not hold out to the workmen of Manchester any hope, however, that even if the artisan of to-day shall again become an artist, he shall find his social position raised thereby in the modern artificial European society.

But in America there is no reason why this identification, if it can be produced, shall not bring some such result; and this is set forth with a great deal of zeal in the *Plea for the Reform of Primary Education*, postulated and worked out by Friedrich Froebel, which constitutes the other part of the present pamphlet. It is here shown that this plan of education, which is applied to early infancy, taking children from the age of three, is a training of the body, mind, and heart in harmony, by employing the ac-

tivity of children in the production of some object within the sphere of the childish thought, for some motive dear to the childish heart; and thus that it begins the education actively, at an age before the mind can be addressed with any abstract truths, preparing the intellectual ground for instruction, by educating children to be practical artists, as it were, at first. In the history of the world, art seems to precede science always.

The thing is certainly worth looking into; and the American artisan will see in the splendid statement of Cardinal Wiseman good reason to believe that the future holds in store for him a beautiful destiny; since it is obvious that the same causes will always produce the same effects. The constitution of the country in which the American artisan lives protects his freedom to worship and work artistically, by supporting his right to be educated to the full development of all his powers. Science, too, has come to rescue him from the harder work which depresses the body and moral spirit, and quenches inspiration; it has made slaves of the great insensible forces of nature, and has left man free to do what only man can do,—express his heart and mind by the work of his hands.

Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by Francis Calley Gray. By LOUIS THIES. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

CATALOGUES, as a general rule, seem to belong to that class of books which are characterized by Charles Lamb as *biblio-a-biblio*, books which are no books, like "court-calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards, bound and lettered at the back"; but the work before us is an exception to the rule, as Charles Lamb himself, with his love of prints, would have admitted. It is a remarkable production, deserving a permanent place on the shelves of every lover of art. The collection of engravings which it describes was made by the late Francis Calley Gray, a man of a vigorous, active, and highly cultivated mind, of whom the preface says, with strict truth, that "in variety and accuracy of knowledge he was admitted, by common consent, to have had no superior in the community in which he lived." His range of reading was immense, his love of knowledge was a ruling passion to the last, and his memory held with a tenacious grasp everything it had once seized.

He was often in Europe; and his early visits were made at a time when few Americans, at least few cultivated Americans, went abroad. What he saw in Europe developed in him a love of art, in addition to that love of literature which was born with him, and had been fostered by all the means and appliances which his native country could furnish. He began early to buy engravings, and having ample means, he became gradually the owner of the large and precious collection which is here minutely described. His purchases were made with judgment and taste. He was not an artist himself, nor was he largely endowed with the imaginative and poetic element; and his collection was made to satisfy his love of knowledge as well as to gratify his love of beauty. It was his aim to gather a series of engravings which should be of value as a history of the art, and many of his acquisitions were made with that view. His engravings and his library were regarded by him as complementary to each other and parts of one whole.

Mr. Gray devised his collection to Harvard College, and with it a choice library of works and several valuable illustrated works. It was his request that a catalogue should be prepared by Mr. Louis Thies, who had been for many years a diligent student of art, whose knowledge of engravings was extensive and accurate, and who was entirely familiar with the collection, having been, indeed, the agent through whom many of its choicest treasures were acquired. The Catalogue before us, which has been a long time in preparation, was drawn up in compliance with Mr. Gray's request. And a glance at almost any page will furnish an answer to a question which has been sometimes asked, — why the publication has been so long delayed; for nearly every page contains proof of the immense amount of thorough and conscientious labor which the compiler has bestowed upon his modest task. Not only have all the approved manuals and monographs been consulted, but much of the information contained in the Catalogue is the fruit of personal observation and long-continued research in the galleries, collections, and print-shops of Europe; and the compiler does himself no more than justice when he

expresses in his preface the hope "that the pains which have been taken to determine the states of the prints, and to make reference to the original pictures, will prove of use to other collectors, as well as to future compilers of manuals of engravings."

To all such persons indeed the Catalogue will prove an invaluable aid. We doubt whether there is in our language a manual of the kind which, within its range, is so full of useful information. There have been larger collections than Mr. Gray's, and catalogues of them; but such catalogues do not equal this in thoroughness and completeness. Here we have a large and admirable collection, with a catalogue which is absolutely perfect in all that the print-collector can desire. It is a marvel of accurate knowledge and persevering research. And no amount of book-knowledge alone would have sufficed to prepare it. Mr. Thies has spent many years in Europe, is very familiar with the great picture-galleries there, and with such collections of engravings as are accessible to the public; and we presume there is not a dealer in engravings, in France, Germany, and England at least, whose treasures he has not examined. Thus a great deal of the information he has put into his pages is derived at first hand.

And in the consciousness of having produced a thorough piece of work, which the few will appreciate, Mr. Thies must find compensation and consolation for the fact that the value of his immense labors cannot be apprehended by the many. Indeed, the Catalogue is perhaps open to the criticism of presuming too much upon the knowledge of the reader, and not condescending enough to his ignorance. Its value to the general reader might have been greater, had there been an Introduction, with some elementary information as to the kinds of engraving, the processes, the several states of a plate, and the style and manner of great engravers. But we are not disposed to criticise a production which does so much honor to Mr. Thies's knowledge, industry, and taste, and is so informed with the spirit of the true artist, whether working with pen, pencil, chisel, or burin; and that is the love of excellence for its own sake.

